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OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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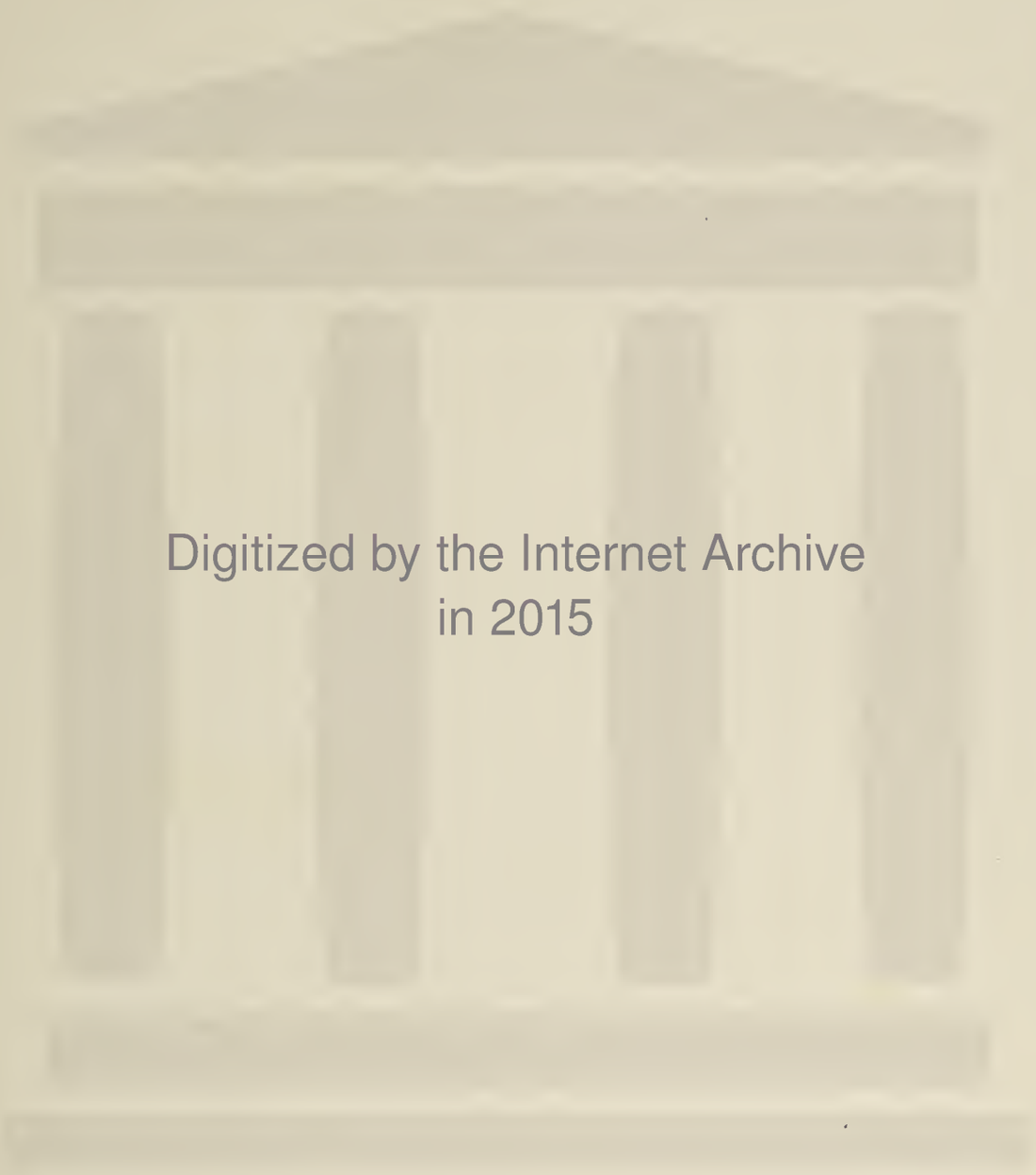

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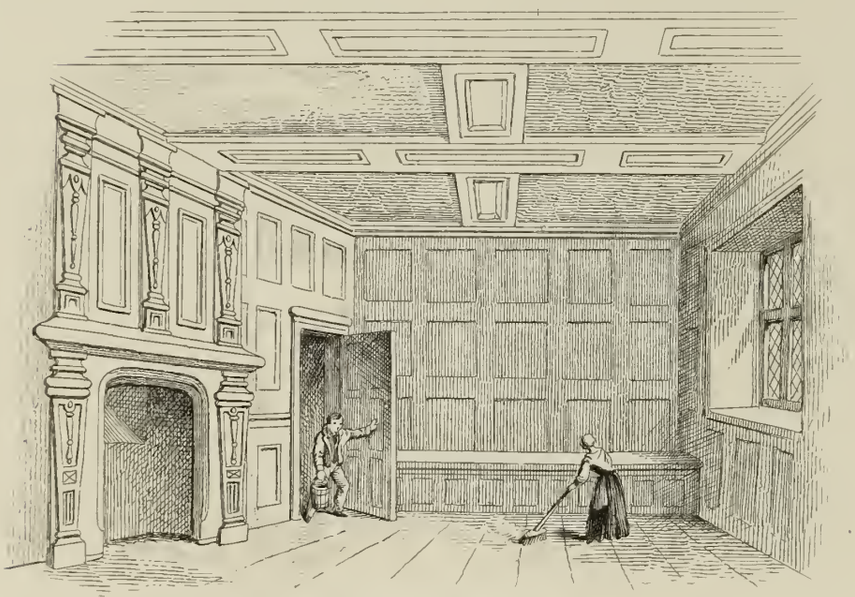

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OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

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A new Collation of the early Editions:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED ALL

THE ORIGINAL NOVELS AND TALES ON WHICH THE PLAYS ARE FOUNDED;
COPIOUS ARCHÆOLOGICAL ANNOTATIONS ON EACH PLAY;
AN ESSAY ON THE FORMATION OF THE TEXT;
AND A LIFE OF THE POET:

BY

JAMES O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY; THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE; THE NEWCASTLE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY; THE ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY, AND THE SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE; FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES; AND CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETIES OF SCOTLAND, POICTIERS, PICARDIE, AND CAEN (ACADEMIE DES SCIENCES), AND OF THE COMITE DES ARTS ET MONUMENTS.

VOLUME IX.

RICHARD THE SECOND.
THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH.

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BY

FREDERICK WILLIAM FAIRHOLT, ESQ., F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF 'COSTUME IN ENGLAND,' ETC.

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Richard the Second.

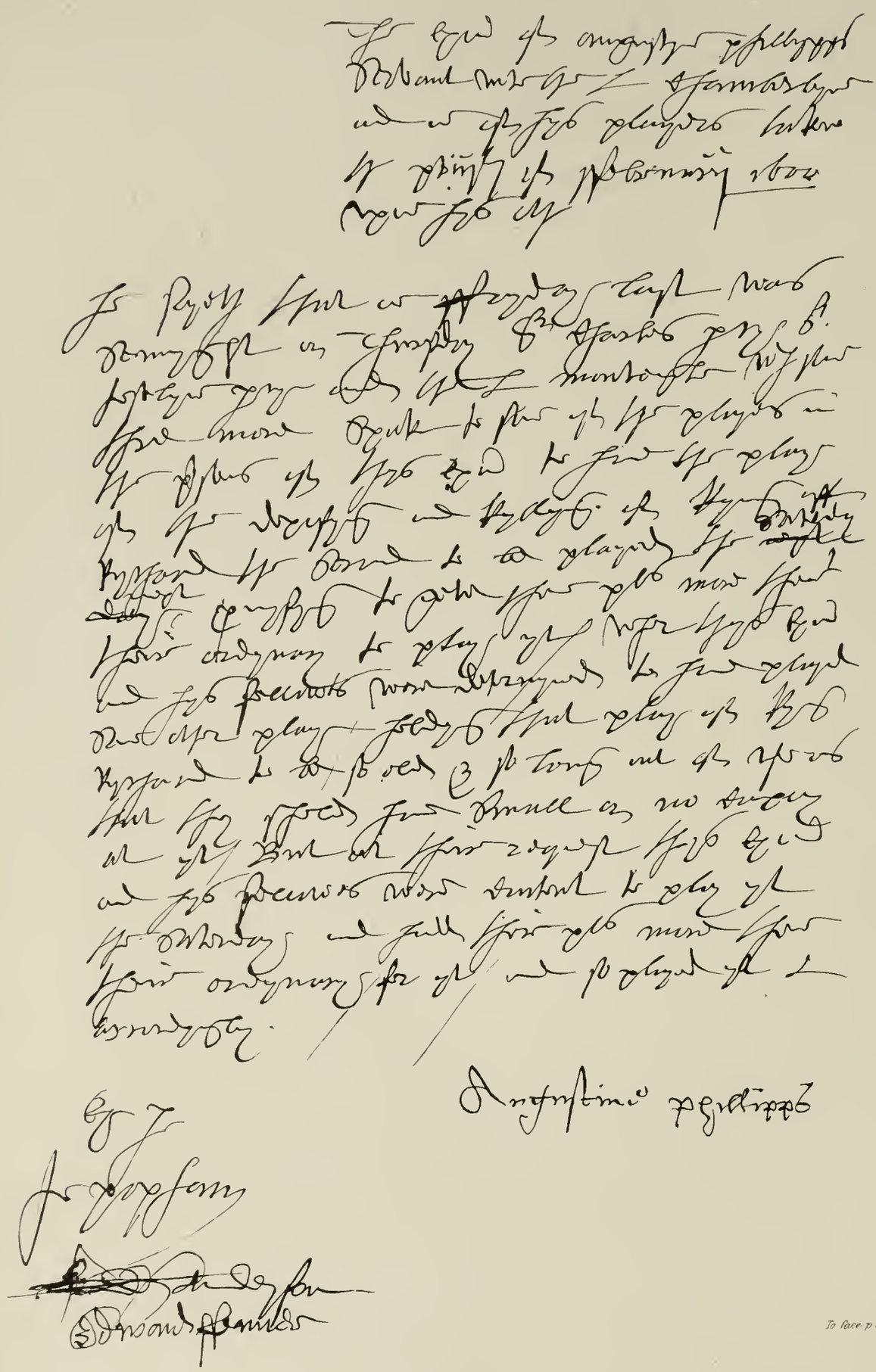
INTRODUCTION.

The subject of the deposition and murder of Richard the Second, and the ascension of Henry Bolingbroke to the throne of England, was employed for dramatic purposes a considerable time before the publication of Shakespeare's drama in 1597. This earlier play had a title which involved both the assassination of Richard the Second and the success of Henry the Fourth; it is sometimes alluded to as the play of Henry the Fourth, and at others as that of Richard the Second; and is mentioned early in 1601 as "the playe of Kyng Harry the Fourth and the kyllyng of Kyng Richard the Second." No copy of this production is known to exist, but it was one probably of the earlier dramas preceding the commencement of Shakespeare's career as an author, for it is described by the players in February, 1601, as "so old, and so long out of use, that they should have small or no company at it." There is other testimony to the same effect. The main incident of the play was, in all probability, the deposition of Richard, and it was in reference to this that some of the persons who were engaged in the conspiracy headed by the Earl of Essex in 1601, which had for its object the displacing of Queen Elizabeth from her throne, selected it for representation at the Globe theatre, for the twofold purpose of sedition and amusement, on the night immediately preceding the rebellion. The players at the Globe, who were the company of which Shakespeare himself was a member, were induced by some of the leading conspirators, a few days before, to consent to act the old drama of Richard the Second, and, in con-

sideration of an expectation it would not prove attractive, they paid the company not a large bribe, but a sum that might be supposed fairly to represent the anticipated deficiency. At the trial of the persons concerned in this rebellion, it was stated that Sir Gilly Meyrick was the individual who negociated with the players, but the probability seems to be that, if present on the occasion, he was only one of several who had an interview with them on the subject. In the official account of the conspiracy entitled, "A Declaration of the Practises and Treasons attempted and committed by Robert late Earle of Essex and his Complices," published in the same year, 1601, it is stated that, in order to prove Meyrick privy to the seditious attempt, it was given in evidence,—"That the afternoone before the rebellion, Merricke, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to bee played before them the play of Deposing of King Richard the Second; neither was it casuall, but a play bespoken by Merrick; and not so onely, but when it was told him by one of the players that the play was olde, and they should have losse in playing it, because fewe would come to it, there was fourty shillings extraordinarie given to play it, and so thereupon playd it was; so earnest hee was to satisfie his eyes with the sight of that tragedie which hee thought soone after his lord should bring from the stage to the state; but that God turned it upon their owne heads."

A similar account is given in a contemporary narrative of the trial of Essex, from which it appears that the Attorney-General, in arguing the case against Sir Gilly Meyrick, observed,—"the story of Henry the Fourth being set forth in a play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of the king upon a stage, the Friday before, Sir Gilly and some others of the earl's train having an humour to see a play, they must needs have the play of Henry the Fourth; the players told them that was stale, they should get nothing by playing of that, but no play else would serve, and Sir Gilly gives fourty shillings to Philips the player to play this, besides whatsoever he could get," State Trials, ed. 1816, i. 1445, from a manuscript formerly belonging to Peter le Neve, sold at the auction of his library in 1731, Catalogue, p. 93, art. 378. Another account of a like character is preserved by Camden, who thus writes, speaking of Meyrick,—"et propugnasset *exoletam* tragœdiam de tragica abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi in publico theatro coram conjuratis data pecunia agi curasset; quod ab eo factum interpretati sunt jurisconsulti,

Memorandum of the Statement of Augustine Phillipps respecting the Play of Richard the Second, from the Original in the State Paper Office.



The Exam of Augustine Phillipps
Servant unto the L. Chamberlyne
and one of his players taken
the [illegible] of February 1600
upon his oth

He sayeth that on Friday last was
Sennyght on Thursday Sr Charles Prys Sr
Jeffrye Prys and the L. Montagle with some
three more spoke to some of the players in
the Presence of this Exam to have the play
of the deposyng and killyng of Kyng
Richard the Second to be played the Saturday
[illegible] to gett their pls more than
their ordynary to play yt where this Exam
and his fellowes were determyned to have played
some other play holdyng that play of Kyng
Richard to be so old & so long out of use as
that they shold have small or no [illegible]
at yt but at their request this Exam
and his fellowes were [illegible] to play yt
the Saturday and had their pls more than
their ordynary for yt and so played yt [illegible]
accordyngly.

Augustine Phillipps

Ex Jo
Jo Popham
[illegible]
Edward Fleming

To face p 5

Ashbee & Dangerfield, Tac-sm.
22 Bedford Street, Covent Garden

quasi illud pridie in scena agi speetarent, quod postridie in Elizabetha abdieanda agendum," Camdeni Annales, 1615, p. 246. "Merieke is aeeused for giving mony, and eausing an olde obsolete tragedy of the deposing of Riehard the Second to be acted publiquely before the conspirators, whieh the lawyers did judge of, as if he had shewen them now that upon the stage, whieh he would have them aet the next day upon the Queene," translation, ed. 1625. In addition to these evidences, there are preserved in the State-Paper Office, where they were reeently diseovered by Mr. Collier, the original depositions of Augustine Phillips, one of the aetors, and of Sir Gilly Meyriek, taken before the Chief Justices of the Queen's Beneh and Common Pleas. These papers are so exceedingly eurious, that they must be quoted at length. The first is entitled, "The exam. of Augustyne Phillypps, Servant unto the L. Chamberleyne, and one of hys players, taken the xviijth of Februarij, 1600, upon hys othe;" and is as follows,—"He sayeth that on Fryday last was sennyght, or Thursday, Sir Charles Pryee, or Jostlyne Pryee, and the L. Montegle, with some thre more, spake to some of the players, in the presens of thys examinant to have the playe of the deposyng and kyllyng of Kyng Ryehard the Seeond to be played the Saterday next, promysyng to geve them xl.*s* more then their ordynary to play yt; when thys examinant and hys fellowes were determyned to have played some other play, holdyng that play of Kyng Ryehard to be so old, and so long out of yous (use), that they should have small or no eumpany at yt. But at theire request, this examinant and his fellowes were eontent to play yt the Saterday, and have theise xl.*s* more then theire ordynary for yt, and so played yt aecordyngly." This statement is signed by Phillips, and attested by Chief Justiee Popham, Sir E. Anderson, and Edward Fenner, one of the judges of the Court of Queen's Beneh. The name of Sir Gilly Meyriek is not mentioned, but he may, notwithstanding his own statement to the eontrary made in self-defenee, have been one of the three who are not named. The statement of this person is entitled, "The examinaeion of Sir Gelly Meryke, taken the xvij.th of February, 1600," that is, 1600-1, and is as follows,—"He sayeth that, upon Saterday last was sennyght, he dyned at Gunters in the eompany of the L. Montegle, Sir Christoffer Blont, Sir Charles Pereye, Ellys Jones and Edward Bushell, and who else he remembreth not; and after dynner that day, and at the motyon of Sir Charles Perey and the rest, they went all together to the

Globe, over the water, wher the L. Chamberlen's men use to playe, and were ther sumwhat before the playe began, Sir Charles tellyng them that the playe wold be of Harry the iiij.th. Whether Sir John Davyes wer ther, or not, this examinant can not tell, but he sayed he wold be ther, yf he cold. He can not tell who procured that playe to be played at that tyme, except yt were Sir Charles Percy; but, as he thynketh, yt was Sir Charles Percye. There he was at the same playe, and cam in sumwhat after yt was begone; and the playe was of Kyng Harry the iiij.th and of the kyllyng of Kyng Richard the Second, played by the L. Chamberlens players." This affidavit is witnessed by Chief Justice Popham and Justice Fenner. Shakespeare's name does not appear in these transactions, but, as he was then a leading member of the company at the Globe theatre, he was doubtlessly acquainted with them, even if he were not present at the interview with the conspirators. He was on friendly terms with Phillips, the actor who appears to have conducted the negociation; and, moreover, Lord Southampton, the patron of the great dramatist, was involved in the conspiracy.

During the few years that closed the eventful reign of Queen Elizabeth, the subject of the deposition of Richard the Second bore so close an analogy, in the important respects of the wishes of those who desired a repetition of a similar occurrence, it was an exceedingly dangerous theme for either a poet or historian. Hayward, who, in 1599, published his account of the fall of Richard under the title of, "The First Part of the Life and Raigne of King Henrie the Fourth, extending to the end of the first yeare of his raigne," and imprudently dedicated it to the Earl of Essex, displeased the court so seriously, that he was severely censured in the Star Chamber, and committed to prison. Queen Elizabeth was so sensitive on the subject, that, in an interview with Lambarde, who was exhibiting a work on the public records, his Pandecta Rotulorum, on opening at the reign of Richard, said, in allusion to his being deposed, and to the recent rebellion of the Earl of Essex, "I am Richard the Second, knowe yee not that?," to which he replied, "Such a wicked immagination was determined and attempted by a most unkind gentleman; the most adorned creature that ever your Majestie made." The rejoinder of the Queen is very remarkable,—"He that will forget God, will also forget his benefactors; this tragedy was played fourtie times in open strects and houses." The concluding sentence is curious, if it can

refer to the old play on the subject of the deposition, which may have been popular and even issued in a printed form, for Lord Bacon can hardly refer to Shakespeare's drama when he writes, —"and for your comparison with Richard the Second, I see you follow the example of them that brought him upon the stage, and into print, in Queen Elizabeth's time." It is possible that Bacon here intends a double allusion, the first to the play, and the second to the history of Sir John Hayward. In Shakespeare's Richard the Second, the scene of the deposition occupies but a small space; it cannot be considered the leading feature of the tragedy, which, moreover, includes much on the indefeasible rights of kings that could not fail to please the friends of the reigning sovereign, so that, even in its complete state, it could not well have been the play selected by the partisans of Essex. On the other hand, the publishers of Richard the Second in 1597, the year succeeding the promulgation of the Papal bull exciting the subjects of Elizabeth to take up arms against her, might well have been inclined to suppress the portion of the drama which specially referred to the tender subject of Richard's deposition; which, as has been noticed, was only attempted to be treated upon by an historian under a deceptive title. It seems unlikely that such a scene should have been subsequently written by Shakespeare, as a new addition, and the speech of the Abbot of Westminster immediately succeeding it,—"A woful pageant have we here beheld"—seems better suited to the perfect copy of the drama, than to the act as it appears in the first edition. At a later period, the state of public affairs allowed the insertion of the omitted scene to take place without any fear of unpleasant consequences accruing to the publisher.

There is a curious letter from Sir Walter Raleigh to Secretary Cecil, discovered by Mr. Sainsbury in the State-Paper Office, which may possibly have reference to one of the plays on the subject of Richard the Second. It was written at Weymouth on the sixth of July, 1597, just before the writer set out on the naval expedition, known as the Island Voyage, which was commanded by the Earl of Essex; and in the course of it, he says,—"I acquaynted the Lord Generall with your letter to mee, and your kynd acceptance of your enterteynemente; hee was also wonderfull merry att the consait of Richard the Second." The allusion is obscure, and, in the absence of further evidence, any explanation of it must be conjectural; but as the Lord

General referred to was the Earl of Essex, it is possible that the occurrences of the reign of Richard the Second, as related in some play, had been the subject of conversation. It is difficult to imagine that there are any scenes in Shakespeare's tragedy, that could have given occasion to the burst of merriment referred to by Raleigh.

It is a curious circumstance that there was another play on the subject of the reign of Richard the Second, and bearing the same title, which differed altogether from Shakespeare's tragedy, and was most likely unconnected with the older drama played before the conspirators in 1601. This play was seen at the Globe theatre in the year 1611, by Dr. Simon Forman, whose autograph description of the performance is still preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford; whence it appears that the incidents referred to events, some historical, and others fanciful, spreading over nearly the entire reign of Richard the Second, from the period of Jack Straw's rebellion to the succession of Henry the Fourth. The deposition and murder of Richard may incidentally have been noticed, or the facts tacitly admitted, but they could scarcely have formed prominent features in the play, or Forman would surely have made further allusion to events of so momentous a character; and, as we know that, in the old play, "the killing of the king was set forth upon the stage," and cannot but believe that the fact of the drama being selected by the followers of Essex is sufficient to show that the deposition was at least distinctly brought forward, it may be concluded that the play exhibited in 1611 was a separate performance by some other author. It may also be remarked, in confirmation of this opinion, that a dramatic production, which was so far obsolete in 1601, that the actors at the Globe hesitated to perform it, was unlikely to have been revived by the same company as late as 1611. The account given by Forman, which is here printed at length, is very curious. It is preceded, in the original manuscript, by the following memorandum,—"In Richard the 2 at the Glob, 1611, the 30. of Aprill, Tuesday,"—

Remember therin howe Jack Straw, by his overmoch boldnes, not beinge pollitick nor suspecting anye thinge, was soddenly at Smithfeld Bars stabbed by Walworth, the Major of London, and soe he and his wholle army was overthrowen; therfore in such a case or the like, never admit any parly without a bar betwen, for a man cannot be to wise, nor kepe himselfe to safe. Also remember howe the Duke of Gloster, the Erell of Arundell, Oxford and others, crossing the kinge in his humor about the Duke of Erland and Bushy, wer glad to fly and raise an hoste

Fac-simile of Dr. Forman's Account of the Representation of Richard the Second, 1611.

In Richard the 2 at the glob
1611 the 30 of April /o/

Remember therin howe Jack straw by his ovesmoch
boldnes not beinge pollilick nor suspecting anye
thinge was soddenly at Smithfeld Bars
stabbed by walworth the major of London &
soe he and his wholle Army was overthrown
therfore in such a case & the like, never ad
mit any parly wont a lac betwen for a man
cannot be to wise, nor hope him selfe to safe.
Also remembes howe the duke of glostes the Ezell
of Arundell oxford and others crosing the kinge
in his smoore about the duke of Erlaud and Busey
wor glad to fly and raise an hoste of men and
beinge in his Castell howe the d. of Erlaud cam by
nighte to betray him w. 300 men. but hainige
prynce warninge thir of kept his gates faste
and wold not suffer the Enimie to Enter wt
went back again w a flie in his eare. and after
was slaunte by the Errell of Arundell in the battell
Remember also when the duke and Arundell cam to
London w their Army king Richard cam forth to
him and met them and gave them fair words and
promised them pardon and that all sionte be
well yf they wold dishearge their Army. upon
wqost promises and faier speaches they did yt and
after the king byd them all to a banket and for
betraid them and cut of their heads & cr because
they had not his pardon under his hand & scallo be
for but his words

Remember therin also howe the duke of Lankaster
prynce contryned all villany. to set them all to
gether by the ears and to mak the nobilyty to
envy the kinge and mislyke of him and his gouern
mentes by which means he made his own sonn
king which was henry Bullinbrock
Remember also howe the duke of Lankaster asked
a wise man, wher him self should ever be kinge
and he told him no, but his sonn should be a
kinge. and when he had told him, he hanged
him up for his labor. because he should not
brute yt abrod or speke thor of to others. this
was a pollicie in the common wealthes opinion
Bulk sai yt was a villains pte and a Judas
kisse to hange the man. for telling him the truth
Beware by this Example of noble men and of
their fair words & sai lyttell to them, lest they
doe the like by thee. for thy good will,

To face p 8

Ashbee & Langerfield, Fac-sim
27 Bedford Street Covent Garden.

of men, and beinge in his castell, howe the D. of Erland cam by nighte to betray him with 300 men, but havinge pryvie warninge therof, kept his gates faste, and wold not suffer the enimie to enter, which went back again with a flie in his eare, and after was slainte by the Errell of Arundell in the battell.—Remember also when the Duke and Arundell cam to London with their army, Kyng Richard came forth to them and met him, and gave them fair wordes, and promised them pardon, and that all should be well yf they wold discharge their army. Upon whose promises and fair speaches, they did yt; and after, the king byd them all to a banket, and soe betraid them, and cut of their heades, &c., because they had not his pardon under his hand and sealle before, but his worde.—Remember therin also howe the Duck of Lankaster pryvily contryved all villany to set them all together by the ears, and to mak the nobilyty to envy the kinge, and mislyke of him and his governmentes, by which means he made his own sonn king, which was Henry Bullinbrock.—Remember also howe the Duk of Lankaster asked a wise man wher himself should ever be kinge, and he told him no, but his sonn should be a kinge; and when he had told him, he hanged him up for his labor, because he should not brute yt abrod or speke therof to others. This was a pollicie in the commonwealthes opinion, but I sai yt was a villains parte, and a Judas kisse to hange the man for telling him the truth. Beware by this example of noblemen and of their fair wordes, and sai lyttell to them, lest they doe the like by thee or fthy good will.

The author of the play here described could not have followed the chronicles very literally, and perhaps some of the incidents he employed were altogether imaginary. When Shakespeare adopted the events of a portion of the same historical period for the subject of his drama, he pursued a stricter method, adhering, with the exception of chronological anachronisms and a few deviations from fact of minor importance, to the narrative of Holinshed with singular fidelity. Amongst the variations from the latter that are prominent in the tragedy, may be mentioned the scenes relating to the proceedings of Richard in North Wales, which differ considerably from those narrated by the chronicler. Thus, instead of the relation which concludes with Richard falling into the snare artfully contrived by Bolingbroke for the sake of obtaining the command of his person, in the play the latter is represented as conferring with Richard in a submissive manner at Flint Castle. It should also be noticed that some of the transactions which really took place in the parliament summoned, under new writs, in the name of Henry the Fourth, are introduced by Shakespeare as occurring in that which confirmed and proclaimed the deposition of Richard the Second. The queen, who was then only twelve years old, is, for the sake of dramatic effect, converted into a woman, endued with the thoughts, feelings, and expressions of maturity. With these exceptions, Shakespeare adopted the statements of Holinshed with few variations of

importance, and, as far as has yet been shown, he does not appear to have had recourse to any other authority. There are a few similarities of expression and thought to be traced between passages in the tragedy and others in Daniel's poem on the Civil Wars between the two Houses of Lancaster and York, the first four books of which were published in 1595, but they are not sufficiently striking to be considered fairly as distinctly proving any acquaintance of either author with the work of the other. The following portions of the chronicle of Holinshed, from the edition of 1587, will be sufficient to show the nature of Shakespeare's obligations for his facts to the old historian; while the narrative of the latter, in those parts of our extracts which were not followed by the poet, will explain much in the position of the public affairs of the time that is essential to a correct understanding of many allusions in the tragedy.

1398.—The king then came downe to Lichfield, and there held a roiall Christmasse, which being ended, he tooke his journie towards Shrewesburie, where the parlement was appointed to begin in the quinden of saint Hilarie, as before yee have heard. In which parlement there holden upon prorogation, for the love that the king bare to the gentlemen and commons of the shire of Chester, he caused it to be ordeined, that from thencefoorth it should be called and knowne by the name of the principalitie of Chester; and herewith he intituled himselfe prince of Chester. He held also a roiall feast, keeping open houshold for all honest commers, during the which feast, he created five dukes and a duchesse, a marquesse, and foure earles. The earle of Derbie was created duke of Hereford, the earle of Notingham that was also earle marshall duke of Norfolke, the earle of Rutland duke of Aubemarle, the earle of Kent duke of Surrie, and the earle of Huntington duke of Excester; the ladie Margaret marshall countesse of Norfolke, was created duchesse of Norfolke; the earle of Summerset marques Dorset, the lord Spenser earle of Glocester, the lord Nevill surnamed Daurabie earle of Westmerland, the lord William Scroope lord chamberleine earle of Wiltshire, and the lord Thomas Persie lord steward of the kings house earle of Worcester. And for the better maintenance of the estate of these noble men, whome he had thus advanced to higher degrees of honour, he gave unto them a great part of those lands that belonged to the duke of Glocester, the earles of Warwike, and Arundell. And now he was in good hope, that he had rooted up all plants of treason, and therefore cared lesse who might be his freend or his fo, than before he had doone, esteeming himselfe higher in degree than anie prince living, and so presumed further than ever his grandfather did, and tooke upon him to beare the armes of saint Edward, joining them unto his owne armes. To conclude, whatsoever he then did, none durst speake a word contrarie thereunto. And yet such as were cheefe of his councell, were esteemed of the commons to be the woorst creatures that might be, as the dukes of Aumarle, Norfolke and Excester, the earle of Wiltshire, sir John Bushie, sir William Bagot, and sir Thomas Greene; which three last remembred were knights of the Bath, against whom the commons undoubtedlie bare great and privie hatred.—But now to proceed. In this parlement holden at Shrewsburie, the lord Reginald Cobham, being a verie aged man, simple and upright in all his dealings, was condemned for none other cause, but

for that in the eleventh yeere of the kings reigne he was appointed with other to be attendant about the king as one of his governours. The acts and ordinances also devised and established in the parlement holden in the eleventh yeare were likewise repealed. Moreover, in this parlement at Shrewesburie, it was decreed that the lord John Cobham should be sent into the ile of Gernesie, there to remaine in exile, having a small portion assigned him to live upon. The king so wrought and brought things about, that he obteined the whole power of both houses to be granted to certeine persons, as to John duke of Lancaster, Edmund duke of Yorke, Edmund duke of Aumarle, Thomas duke of Surrie, John duke of Exeester, John marquesse Dorset, Roger earle of March, John earle of Salisburie, and Henrie earle of Northumberland, Thomas earle of Glocester, and William earle of Wiltshire, John Hussie, Henrie Cheimeswike, Robert Teie, and John Goulofer knights, or to seaven or eight of them. These were appointed to heare and determine certeine petitions and matters yet depending and not ended; but by vertue of this grant, they proceeded to conclude upon other things, which generallie touched the knowledge of the whole parlement, in derogation of the states therof, to the disadvantage of the king, and perillous example in time to come. When the king had spent much monie in time of this parlement, he demanded a disme and a halfe of the clergie, and a fifteenth of the temporaltie. Finallie, a generall pardon was granted for all offenses to all the kings subjects (fiftie onelie excepted) whose names he would not by anie meanes expresse, but reserved them to his owne knowledge, that when anie of the nobilitie offended him, he might at his plesure name him to be one of the number excepted, and so keepe them still within his danger. To the end that the ordinances, judgements, and acts made, pronounced and established in this parlement, might be and abide in perpetuall strength and force, the king purchased the popes buls, in which were conteined greevous censures and cursses, pronounced against all such as did by anie means go about to breake and violate the statutes in the same parlement ordeined. These buls were openlie published and read at Paules crosse in London, and in other the most publike places of the realme.—Manie other things were doone in this parlement, to the displeasure of no small number of people; namelie, for that diverse rightfull heires were disherited of their lands and livings, by authoritie of the same parlement: with which wrongfull dooings the people were much offended, so that the king and those that were about him, and cheefe in counceil, came into great infamie and slander. Indeed, the king, after he had dispatched the duke of Glocester, and the other noblemen, was not a little glad, for that he knew them still readie to disappoint him in all his purposes; and therefore being now as it were carelesse, did not behave himselfe as some have written, in such discreet order, as manie wished: but rather, as in time of prosperitie it often happeneth, he forgot himselfe, and began to rule by will more than by reason, threatning death to each one that obeied not his inordinate desires. By means whereof, the lords of the realme began to feare their owne estates, being in danger of his furious outrage, whome they tooke for a man destitute of sobrietie and wisedome, and therfore could not like of him, that so abused his authoritie.—Hereupon there were sundrie of the nobles, that lamented these mischeefes and speciallie shewed their greefes unto such, by whose naughtie counsell they understood the king to be misled; and this they did, to the end that they being about him, might either turne their copies, and give him better counsell; or else he having knowledge what evill report went of him, might mend his maners misliked of his nobles. But all was in vaine, for so it fell out, that in this parlement holden at Shrewsburie, Henrie duke of Hereford accused Thomas Mowbraie duke of Norfolke, of certeine words which he should utter in talke had betwixt them, as they rode togither latelie before betwixt London and Brainford, sounding

highlie to the kings dishonor. And for further proofe thereof, he presented a supplication to the king, wherein he appealed the duke of Norfolke in field of battell, for a traitor, false and disloiall to the king, and enimie unto the realme. This supplication was red before both the dukes, in presence of the king: which doone, the duke of Norfolke tooke upon him to answer it, declaring that whatsoever the Duke of Hereford had said against him other than well, he lied falselie like an untrue knight as he was. And when the king asked of the duke of Hereford what he said to it: he taking his hood off his head, said; "My sovereigne lord, even as the supplication which I tooke you importeth, right so I saie for truth, that Thomas Mowbraie, duke of Norfolke, is a traitour, false and disloiall to your roiall majestie, your crowne, and to all the states of your realme. Then the duke of Norfolke being asked what he said to this, he answered: "Right deere lord, with your favour that I make answer unto your coosine here, I saie (your reverence saved) that Henrie of Lancaster, duke of Hereford, like a false and disloiall traitor as he is, dooth lie, in that he hath or shall say of me otherwise than well." No more, said the king, we have heard inough: and herewith commanded the duke of Surrie, for that turne marshall of England, to arrest in his name the two dukes: the duke of Lancaster father to the duke of Hereford, the duke of Yorke, the duke of Aumarle constable of England; and the duke of Surrie marshall of the realme undertooke as pledges bodie for bodie, for the duke of Hereford: but the duke of Northfolke was not suffered to put in pledges, and so under arrest was led unto Windsor castell, and there garded with keepers that were appointed to see him safelie kept.

Now after the dissolving of the parlement at Shrewsburie, there was a daie appointed about six weeks after, for the king to come unto Windsor, to heare and to take some order betwixt the two dukes, which had thus appealed ech other. There was a great scaffold erected within the castell of Windsor for the king to sit with the lords and prelats of his realme; and so at the daie appointed, he with the said lords and prelats being come thither, and set in their places, the duke of Hereford appellant, and the duke of Norfolke defendant, were sent for to come and appeare before the king, sitting there in his seat of justice. And then began sir John Bushie to speake for the king, declaring to the lords how they should understand, that where the duke of Hereford had presented a supplication to the king, who was there set to minister justice to all men that would demand the same, as apperteined to his roiall majestie, he therefore would now heare what the parties could say one against an other, and withall the king commanded the dukes of Aumarle and Surrie, the one being constable, and the other marshall, to go unto the two dukes, appellant and defendant, requiring them, on his behalfe, to grow to some agreement; and for his part, he would be readie to pardon all that had beene said or doone amisse betwixt them, touching anie harme or dishonor to him or his realme: but they answered both assuredlie, that it was not possible to have anie peace or agreement made betwixt them. When he heard that they had answered, he commanded that they should be brought foorthwith before his presence, to heare what they would say. Herewith an herald in the kings name with lowd voice commanded the dukes to come before the king, either of them to shew his reason, or else to make peace togither without more delaie. When they were come before the king and lords, the king spake himselfe to them, willing them to agree, and make peace togither; for it is, said he, the best waie ye can take. The duke of Norfolke with due reverence hereunto answered, it could not be so brought to passe, his honor saved. Then the king asked of the duke of Hereford, what it was that he demanded of the duke of Norfolke, and what is the matter that ye can not make peace togither, and become friends? Then stood foorth a knight; who asking and obteining licence to speake for the duke of Hereford, said; "Right

deare and sovereigne lord, here is Henrie of Lancaster duke of Hereford and earle of Derbie, who saith, and I for him likewise say, that Thomas Mowbraie, duke of Norfolke, is a false and disloiall traitor to you and your roiall majestie, and to your whole realme: and likewise the duke of Hereford saith, and I for him, that Thomas Mowbraie, duke of Norfolke, hath received eight thousand nobles to pay the souldiers that keepe your towne of Calis, which he hath not doone as he ought; and furthermore the said duke of Norfolke hath beene the occasion of all the treason that hath beene contrived in your realme for the space of these eightcene yeares, and by his false suggestions and malicious counsell, he hath caused to die and to be murdered your right deere uncle, the duke of Glocester, sonne to king Edward. Moreover, the duke of Hereford saith, and I for him, that he will prove this with his bodie against the bodie of the said duke of Norfolke within lists." The king herewith waxed angrie, and asked the duke of Hereford, if these were his woords, who answered: "Right deere lord, they are my woords; and hereof I require right, and the battell against him." There was a knight also that asked licence to speake for the duke of Norfolke, and obteining it, began to answer thus; "Right deere sovereigne lord, here is Thomas Mowbraie, duke of Norfolke, who answereth and saith, and I for him, that all which Henrie of Lancaster hath said and declared, saving the reverence due to the king and his councell, is a lie; and the said Henrie of Lancaster hath falselie and wickedlie lied as a false and disloiall knight, and both hath beene, and is, a traitor against you, your crowne, roiall majestie, and realme. This will I prove and defend as becommeth a loiall knight to doo with my bodie against his; right deere lord, I beseech you therefore, and your councell, that it maie please you, in your roiall discretion, to consider and marke, what Henrie of Lancaster, duke of Hereford, such a one as he is, hath said." The king then demanded of the duke of Norfolke, if these were his woords, and whether he had anie more to saie. The duke of Norfolke then answered for himselfe; "Right deere sir, true it is, that I have received so much gold to paie your people of the towne of Calis; which I have doone, and I doo avouch that your towne of Calis is as well kept at your commandement as ever it was at anie time before, and that there never hath beene by anie of Calis anie complaint made unto you of me. Right deere and my sovereigne lord, for the voiage that I made into France, about your marriage, I never received either gold or silver of you, nor yet for the voiage that the duke of Aumarle and I made into Almane, where we spent great treasure: Marie, true it is, that once I laid an ambush to have slaine the duke of Lancaster, that there sitteth: but neverthelesse he hath pardoned me thereof, and there was good peace made betwixt us, for the which I yeeld him hartie thankes. This is that which I have to answer, and I am readie to defend my selfe against mine adversarie; I beseech you therefore of right, and to have the battell against him in upright judgement." After this, when the king had communed with his councell a little, he commanded the two dukes to stand foorth, that their answers might be heard. The king then caused them once againe to be asked, if they would agree and make peace togither, but they both flatlie answered that they would not: and withall the duke of Hereford cast downe his gage, and the duke of Norfolke tooke it up. The king perceiving this demeanor betwixt them, sware by saint John Baptist, that he would never seeke to make peace betwixt them againe. And therfore sir John Bushie in name of the king and his councell declared, that the king and his councell had commanded and ordeined, that they should have a daie of battell appointed them at Coventrie. Here writers disagree about the daie that was appointed: for some saie, it was upon a mondaie in August; other upon saint Lamberts daie, being the seventeenth of September, other on the eleventh of September; but true it is, that the king assigned them not onlie the daie, but also appointed them listes and place for

the combat, and thereupon great preparation was made, as to such a matter apperteined.

Anno Reg. 22.—At the time appointed, the king came to Coventrie, where the two dukes were readie, according to the order prescribed therein, comming thither in great arraie, accompanied with the lords and gentlemen of their linages. The king caused a sumptuous scaffold or theater, and roiall listes there to be erected and prepared. The sundaie before they should fight, after dinner the duke of Hereford came to the king, being lodged about a quarter of a mile without the towne in a tower that belonged to sir William Bagot, to take his leave of him. The morow after, being the daie appointed for the combat, about the spring of the daie, came the duke of Norfolke to the court to take leave likewise of the king. The duke of Hereford armed him in his tent, that was set up neere to the lists, and the duke of Norfolke put on his armor betwixt the gate and the barrier of the towne, in a beautifull house, having a faire perclois of wood towards the gate, that none might see what was doone within the house. The duke of Aumarle that daie, being high constable of England, and the duke of Surrie marshall, placed themselves betwixt them, well armed and appointed; and when they saw their time, they first entered into the listes with a great companie of men apparelled in silke sendall, imbrodered with silver, both richlie and curiouslie, everie man having a tipped staffe to keepe the field in order. About the houre of prime came to the barriers of the listes, the duke of Hereford, mounted on a white courser, barded with greene and blew velvet imbrodered sumptuouslie with swans and antelops of goldsmiths woorke, armed at all points. The constable and marshall came to the barriers, demanding of him what he was, he answered; "I am Henrie of Lancaster duke of Hereford, which am come hither to doo mine indevor against Thomas Mowbraie duke of Norfolke, as a traitor untrue to God, the king, his realme, and me." Then incontinentlie he sware upon the holie evangelists, that his quarrell was true and just, and upon that point he required to enter the lists. Then he put up his sword, which before he held naked in his hand, and putting downe his visor, made a crosse on his horsse, and with speare in hand, entered into the lists, and descended from his horsse, and set him downe in a chaire of greene velvet, at the one end of the lists, and there reposed himselfe, abiding the comming of his adversarie. Soone after him, entred into the field with great triumph, king Richard accompanied with all the peeres of the realme, and in his companie was the earle of saint Paule, which was come out of France in post to see this challenge performed. The king had there above ten thousand men in armour, least some fraie or tumult might rise amongst his nobles, by quarelling or partaking. When the king was set in his seat, which was richlie hanged and adorned; a king at armes made open proclamation, prohibiting all men in the name of the king, and of the high constable and marshall, to enterprise or attempt to approch or touch any part of the lists upon paine of death, except such as were appointed to order or marshall the field. The proclamation ended, an other herald cried; "Behold here Henrie of Lancaster duke of Hereford, appellant, which is entred into the lists roiall to doo his devoir against Thomas Mowbraie duke of Norfolke, defendant, upon paine to be found false and recreant." The duke of Norfolke hovered on horssebacke at the entrie of the lists, his horsse being barded with crimosen velvet, imbrodered richlie with lions of silver and mulberie trees; and when he had made his oth before the constable and marshall that his quarrell was just and true, he entred the field manfullie, saieng alowd: "God aid him that hath the right," and then he departed from his horsse, and sate him downe in his chaire which was of crimosen velvet, courtined about with white and red damaske. The lord marshall viewed their speares, to see that they were of equall length, and delivered the one speare himselfe to the duke of

Hereford, and sent the other unto the duke of Norfolke by a knight. Then the herald proclamed that the traverses and chaires of the champions should be remooved, commanding them on the kings behalfe to mount on horssebaeke, and addresse themselves to the battell and combat. The duke of Hereford was quicklie horssed, and closed his bavier, and cast his speare into the rest, and when the trumpet sounded set forward couragiouslie towards his enimie six or seven pases. The duke of Norfolke was not fullie set forward, when the king cast downe his warder, and the heralds cried, Ho, ho. Then the king caused their speares to be taken from them, and commanded them to repaire againe to their chaires, where they remained two long houres, while the king and his counceil deliberatlie consulted what order was best to be had in so weightie a cause. Finallie, after they had devised, and fullie determined what should be doone therein, the heralds cried silence; and sir John Bushie, the kings secretarie, read the sentence and determination of the king and his counceil, in a long roll, the effect wherof was, that Henrie duke of Hereford should within fifteene daies depart out of the realme, and not to returne before the terme of ten yeares were expired, except by the king he should be repealed againe, and this upon paine of death; and that Thomas Mowbraie, duke of Norfolke, bicause he had sowen sedition in the relme by his words, should likewise avoid the realme, and never to returne againe into England, nor approch the borders or confines thereof upon paine of death; and that the king would staie the profits of his lands, till he had levied thereof such summes of monie as the duke had taken up of the kings treasuror for the wages of the garrison of Calis, which were still unpaid. When these judgements were once read, the king called before him both the parties, and made them to sweare that the one should never come in place where the other was, willinglie; nor keepe any companie togither in any forren region; which oth they both received humblie, and so went their waies. The duke of Norfolke departed sorowfullie out of the relme into Almanie, and at the last came to Veniee, where he for thought and melancholie deceassed: for he was in hope, as writers record, that he should have beene borne out in the matter by the king, which when it fell out otherwise, it grieved him not a little. The duke of Hereford tooke his leave of the king at Eltham, who there released foure yeares of his banishment; so he tooke his jornie over into Calis, and from thence went into France, where he remained. A woonder it was to see what number of people ran after him in everie towne and street where he came, before he tooke the sea, lamenting and bewailing his departure, as who would saie, that, when he departed, the onelie shield, defense, and comfort of the commonwealth was vaded and gone. At his comming into France, king Charles, hearing the cause of his banishment, which he esteemed to be verie light, received him gentlie, and him honorablie interteined, in so much that he had by favour obteined in mariage the onelie daughter of the duke of Berrie, uncle to the French king, if king Richard had not beene a let in that matter, who being thereof certified, sent the earle of Salisburie with all speed into France, both to surmize by untrue suggestion, heinous offenses against him, and also to require the French king that in no wise he would suffer his cousine to be matched in mariage with him that was so manifest an offendor. This was a pestilent kind of proceeding against that nobleman then being in a forren countrie, having beene so honorablie received as he was at his entrance into France, and upon view and good liking of his behaviour there, so forward in mariage with a ladie of noble linage. So sharpe, so severe, and so heinous an accusation, brought to a strange king from a naturall prince, against his subject, after punishment inflicted, for he was banished, was inough to have made the French king his fatall fo, and upon suspicion of assaieng the like trecherie against him, to have throwne him out of the limits of his land. Ye have heard before, how

the archbishop of Canturburie Thomas Arundell, was banisht the relme, and Roger Walden was made archbishop of that see, who was a great favourer of the citie of London, the which was eftsoones about this season fallen into the kings displeasure: but by the diligent labour of this archbishop, and of Robert Braibrooke then bishop of London, upon the humble supplication of the citizens, the kings wrath was pacified. But yet to content the kings mind, manie blanke charters were devised, and brought into the citie, which manie of the substantiall and wealthie citizens were faine to seale, to their great charge, as in the end appeared. And the like charters were sent abroad into all shires within the realme, whereby great grudge and murmuring arose among the people: for when they were so sealed, the kings officers wrote in the same what liked them, as well for charging the parties with paiment of monie, as otherwise. In this meane time, the duke of Lancaster departed out of this life at the bishop of Elies place in Holborne, and lieth buried in the cathedrall church of saint Paule in London on the north-side of the high altar, by the ladie Blanch his first wife. The death of this duke gave occasion of increasing more hatred in the people of this realme toward the king, for he seized into his hands all the goods that belonged to him, and also received all the rents and revenues of his lands which ought to have descended unto the duke of Hereford by lawfull inheritance, in revoking his letters patents, which he had granted to him, before by vertue whereof he might make his attorneis generall to sue liverie for him, of any maner of inheritances or possessions that might from thencefoorth fall unto him, and that his homage might be respited, with making reasonable fine: whereby it was evident, that the king meant his utter undooing. This hard dealing was much misliked of all the nobilitie, and cried out against of the meaner sort: but namelie the duke of Yorke was therewith sore mooved, who before this time, had borne things with so patient a mind as he could, though the same touched him verie neere, as the death of his brother the duke of Glocester, the banishment of his nephue the said duke of Hereford, and other mo injuries in great number, which for the slipperie youth of the king, he passed over for the time, and did forget aswell as he might. But now perceiving that neither law, justice, nor equitie could take place, where the kings wilfull will was bent upon any wrongfull purpose, he considered that the glorie of the publike wealth of his countrie must needs decaie, by reason of the king his lacke of wit, and want of such as would (without flatterie) admonish him of his dutie: and therefore he thought it the part of a wise man to get him in time to a resting place, and to leave the following of such an unadvised capteine as with a leden sword would cut his owne throat. Hereupon he, with the duke of Aumarle his sonne, went to his house at Langlie, rejoising that nothing had mishappened in the common-wealth through his devise or consent. The common brute ran, that the king had set to farme the realme of England, unto sir William Scroope earle of Wiltshire, and then treasuror of England, to sir John Bushie, sir John Bagot, and sir Henrie Greene knights. About the same time, the earle of Arundels sonne, named Thomas, which was kept in the duke of Excters house, escaped out of the realme, by meanes of one William Scot mercer, and went to his uncle Thomas Arundell late Archbishop of Canturburie, as then sojourning at Cullen. King Richard, being destitute of treasure to furnish such a princelie port as he maintained, borrowed great summes of monie of manie of the great lords and peeres of his realme, both spirituall and temporall, and likewise of other meane persons, promising them in good earnest, by delivering to them his letters patents for assurance, that he would repaie the monie so borrowed at a daie appointed: which notwithstanding he never paid. Moreover, this yeare he caused seventeene shires of the realme by waie of putting them to their fines to paie no small summes of monie, for redeeming their offenses, that they had aided the duke of Glocester,

the earles of Arundell, and Warwike, when they rose in armor against him. The nobles, gentlemen, and commons of those shires were inforced also to receive a new oth to assure the king of their fidelitie in time to come; and withall certeine prelats and other honorable personages, were sent into the same shires to persuade men to this paiment, and to see things ordered at the pleasure of the prince: and suerlie the fines which the nobles, and other the meaner estates of those shires were constreined to paie, were not small, but exceeding great, to the offense of manie. Moreover, the kings letters patents were sent into everie shire within this land, by vertue whereof, an oth was demanded of all the kings liege people for a further assurance of their due obedience, and they were constreined to ratifie the same in writing under their hands and seales. Moreover they were compelled to put their hands and seales to certeine blankes, wherof ye have heard before, in the which, when it pleased him he might write what he thought good. There was also a new oth devised for the shiriffes of everie countie through the realme to receive: finallie, manie of the kings liege people were through spite, envie, and malice, accused, apprehended, and put in prison, and after brought before the constable and marshall of England, in the court of chivalrie, and might not otherwise be delivered, except they could justifie themselves by combat and fighting in lists against their accusers hand to hand, although the accusers for the most part were lustie, yoong and valiant, where the parties accused were perchance old, impotent, maimed and sicklie. Whereupon not onelie the great destruction of the realme in generall, but also of everie singular person in particular, was to be feared and looked for.

In this yeare in a manner throughout all the realme of England, old baie trees withered, and afterwards, contrarie to all mens thinking, grew greene againe, a strange sight, and supposed to import some unknowne event. In this meane time, the king, being advertised that the wild Irish dailie wasted and destroied the townes and villages within the English pale, and had slaine manie of the souldiers which laie there in garison for defense of that countrie, determined to make eftsoones a voiage thither, and prepared all things necessarie for his passage now against the spring. A little before his setting foorth, he caused a justs to be holden at Windesor of fourtie knights and fourtie esquiers, against all commers, and they to be apparelled in greene, with a white falcon, and the queene to be there well accompanied with ladies and damsels. When these justs were finished, the king departed toward Bristow, from thence to passe into Ireland, leaving the queene with hir traine still at Windesor: he appointed for his lieutenant-generall in his absence, his uncle the duke of Yorke: and so in the moneth of Aprill, as diverse authors write, he set forward from Windesor, and finallie tooke shipping at Milford, and from thence, with two hundred ships, and a puissant power of men of armes and archers he sailed into Ireland. The fridaie next after his arrivall, there were slaine two hundred Irishmen at Fourd in Kenlis within the countie of Kildare, by that valiant gentleman Jenico Dartois, and such Englishmen as he had there with him; and on the morrow next insuing the citizens of Dublin invaded the countrie of Obrin, and slue thirtie and three Irishmen. Now whilest he was thus occupied in devising how to reduce them into subjection, and taking orders for the good staie and quiet government of the countrie, diverse of the nobilitie, as well prelats as other, and likewise manie of the magistrats and rulers of the cities, townes, and communaltie, here in England, perceiving dailie how the realme drew to utter ruine, not like to be recovered to the former state of wealth, whilest king Richard lived and reigned, as they tooke it, devised with great deliberation, and considerate advise, to send and signifie by letters unto duke Henrie, whome they now called, as he was in deed, duke of Lancaster and Hereford, requiring him with all convenient speed to conveie himselfe into England, promising him all their aid, power and assistance, if he expelling K. Richard, as a man not

meet for the office he bare, would take upon him the scepter, rule, and diademe of his native land and region. He therefore being thus called upon by messengers and letters from his freends, and cheeflie through the earnest persuasion of Thomas Arundell, late archbishop of Canturburie, who, as before yee have heard, had beene remooved from his see, and banished the realme by king Richards means, got him downe to Britaine, togither with the said archbishop, where he was joifullie received of the duke and dutchesse, and found such freendship at the dukes hands, that there were certeine ships rigged, and made readie for him, at a place in base Britaine, called Le-port-blanc, as we find in the chronicles of Britaine; and when all his provision was made readie, he tooke the sea, togither with the said archbishop of Canturburie, and his nephue Thomas Arundell, sonne and heire to the late earle of Arundell, beheaded at the Tower hill, as you have heard. There were also with him, Reginald lord Cobham, sir Thomas Erpingham, and sir Thomas Ramston knights, John Norburie, Robert Waterton, and Francis Coint esquires; few else were there, for, as some write, he had not past fifteene lances, as they tearmed them in those daies, that is to saie, men of armes, furnished and appointed as the use then was. Yet other write that the duke of Britaine delivered unto him three thousand men of warre, to attend him, and that he had eight ships well furnished for the warre, where Froissard yet speaketh but of three. Moreover, where Froissard and also the chronicles of Britaine avouch, that he should land at Plimmouth, by our English writers it seemeth otherwise; for it appeareth by their assured report, that he approching to the shore, did not streight take land, but lay hovering aloofe, and shewed himselfe now in this place, and now in that, to see what countenance was made by the people, whether they meant enviouslie to resist him, or freendlie to receive him. When the lord governor Edmund duke of Yorke was advertised, that the duke of Lancaster kept still the sea, and was readie to arrive, but where he ment first to set foot on land, there was not any that understood the certeintie, he sent for the lord chancellor Edmund Stafford bishop of Excester, and for the lord treasuror William Scroope earle of Wiltshire, and other of the kings privie councell, as John Bushie, William Bagot, Henrie Greene, and John Russell, knights; of these he required to know what they thought good to be doone in this matter, concerning the duke of Lancaster, being on the seas. Their advise was, to depart from London unto S. Albons, and there to gather an armie to resist the duke in his landing, but to how small purpose their counsell served, the conclusion thereof plainlie declared, for the most part that were called, when they came thither, boldlie protested, that they would not fight against the duke of Lancaster, whome they knew to be evill dealt withall. The lord treasuror, Bushie, Bagot, and Greene, perceiving that the commons would cleave unto, and take part with the duke, slipped awaie, leaving the lord governour of the realme, and the lord chancellor to make what shift they could for themselves; Bagot got him to Chester, and so escaped into Ireland; the other fled to the castell of Bristow, in hope there to be in safetie. The duke of Lancaster, after that he had coasted alongst the shore a certeine time, and had got some intelligence how the peoples minds were affected towards him, landed about the beginning of Julie in Yorkshire, at a place sometime called Ravenspur, betwixt Hull and Bridlington, and with him not past threescore persons, as some write: but he was so joifullie received of the lords, knights, and gentlemen of those parts, that he found means, by their helpe, forthwith to assemble a great number of people, that were willing to take his part. The first that came to him, were the lords of Lincolneshire, and other countries adjoining, as the lords Willoughbie, Ros, Darcie, and Beaumont. At his comming unto Doncaster, the earle of Northumberland, and his sonne sir Henrie Persie, wardens of the marches against Scotland, with the earle of Westmerland, came unto him, where he sware unto

those lords, that he would demand no more, but the lands that were to him descended by inheritence from his father, and in right of his wife. Moreover, he undertooke to cause the paiment of taxes and tallages to be laid downe, and to bring the king to good government, and to remoove from him the Cheshire men, which were envied of manie; for that the king esteemed of them more than of anie other; happilie, bicause they were more faithfull to him than other, readie in all respects to obeie his commandements and pleasure. From Doncaster having now got a mightie armie about him, he marched foorth with all speed through the countries, comming by Evesham unto Berkelie; within the space of three daies, all the kings castels in those parts were surrendred unto him. The duke of Yorke, whome king Richard had left as governour of the realme in his absence, hearing that his nephue the duke of Lancaster was thus arrived, and had gathered an armie, he also assembled a puissant power of men of armes and archers, as before yee have heard, but all was in vaine, for there was not a man that willinglie would thrust out one arrow against the duke of Lancaster, or his partakers, or in anie wise offend him or his freends. The duke of Yorke, therefore, passing foorth towards Wales to meet the king, at his comming foorth of Ireland, was received into the castell of Berkelie, and there remained, till the comming thither of the duke of Lancaster, whom when he perceived that he was not able to resist, on the sundaie, after the feast of saint James, which as that yeare came about, fell upon the fridaie, he came foorth into the church that stood without the castell, and there communed with the duke of Lancaster. With the duke of Yorke were the bishops of Norwich, the lord Berkelie, the lord Seimour, and other; with the duke of Lancaster were these, Thomas Arundell archbishop of Canturburie that had beene banished, the abbat of Leicester, the earles of Northumberland and Westmerland, Thomas Arundell sonne to Richard late earle of Arundell, the baron of Greistoke, the lords Willoughbie and Ros, with diverse other lords, knights, and other people, which dailie came to him from everie part of the realme: those that came not, were spoiled of all they had, so as they were never able to recover themselves againe, for their goods being then taken awaie, were never restored. And thus what for love, and what for feare of losse, they came flocking unto him from everie part. At the same present there was arrested, and committed to safe custodie, the bishop of Norwich, sir William Elmam, and sir Walter Burlie, knights, Laurence Drew, and John Golofer, esquiers. On the morow after, the forsaid dukes with their power, went towards Bristow, where, at their comming, they shewed themselves before the towne and castell, being an huge multitude of people. There were inclosed within the castell, the lord William Scroope earle of Wiltshire and treasuror of England, sir Henrie Greene, and sir John Bushie knights, who prepared to make resistance: but when it would not prevaile, they were taken and brought foorth bound as prisoners into the campe, before the duke of Lancaster. On the morow, next insuing they were arraigned before the constable and marshall, and found giltie of treason, for misgoverning the king and realme, and foorthwith had their heads smit off. Sir John Russell was also taken there, who feining himselfe to be out of his wits, escaped their hands for a time.

In this meane time, king Richard advertised how the duke of Lancaster was landed in England, and that the lords, gentlemen, and commons assembled themselves to take his part, forthwith caused the lord Henrie, sonne to the said duke of Lancaster, and the lord Humfrie, sonne to the duke of Glocester, to be shut up fast in the castell of Trimme, and with all speed made hast to returne into England, in hope with an armie to incounter the duke, before he should have time to assemble his freends togither. But here you shall note, that it fortuned at the same time, in which the duke of Hereford or Lancaster, whether ye list to call him, arrived thus in England, the seas were so troubled by tempests, and the

winds blew so contrarie for anie passage, to come over foorth of England to the king, remaining still in Ireland, that for the space of six weeks, he received no advertisements from thence; yet at length, when the seas became calme, and the wind once turned anie thing favourable, there came over a ship, whereby the king understood the manner of the dukes arrivall, and all his proceedings till that daie, in which the ship departed from the coast of England, whereupon he meant foorthwith to have returned over into England, to make resistance against the duke: but through persuasion of the duke of Aumarle (as was thought) he staied, till he might have all his ships, and other provision, fullie readie for his passage. In the meane time, he sent the earle of Salisburie over into England, to gather a power togither, by helpe of the kings freends in Wales, and Cheshire, with all speed possible, that they might be readie to assist him against the duke, upon his arrivall, for he meant himselfe to follow the earle, within six daies after. The earle passing over into Wales, landed at Conwaie, and sent foorth letters to the kings freends, both in Wales and Cheshire, to leavie their people, and to come with all speed to assist the king, whose request, with great desire, and very willing minds they fulfilled, hoping to have found the king himselfe at Conwaie; insomuch that within foure daies space, there were to the number of fortie thousand men assembled, readie to march with the king against his enimies, if he had beene there himselfe in person. But when they missed the king, there was a brute spred amongst them, that the king was suerlie dead, which wrought such an impression, and evill disposition, in the minds of the Welshmen and others, that for anie persuasion which the earle of Salisburie might use, they would not go foorth with him, till they saw the king; onelie they were contented to staie foureteene daies to see if he should come or not; but when he came not within that tearme, they would no longer abide, but scaled and departed awaie; wheras if the king had come before their breaking up, no doubt, but they would have put the duke of Hereford in adventure of a field: so that the kings lingering of time before his comming over, gave opportunitie to the duke to bring things to passe as he could have wished, and tooke from the king all occasion to recover afterwards anie forces sufficient to resist him. At length, about eighteene daies after that the king had sent from him the earle of Salisburie, he tooke the sea, togither with the dukes of Aumarle, Excester, Surrie, and diverse others of the nobilitie, with the bishops of London, Lincolne, and Carleill. They landed neere the castell of Barclowlie in Wales, about the feast of saint James the apostle, and staied a while in the same castell, being advertised of the great forces which the duke of Lancaster had got togither against him, wherewith he was marvellouslie amazed, knowing certeinelie that those which were thus in armes with the duke of Lancaster against him, would rather die than give place, as well for the hatred as feare which they had conceived at him. Neverthelesse he departing from Barclowlie, hasted with all speed towards Conwaie, where he understood the earle of Salisburie to be still remaining. He therefore taking with him such Cheshire men as he had with him at that present, in whom all his trust was reposed, he doubted not to revenge himselfe of his adversaries, and so at the first he passed with a good courage: but when he understood as he went thus forward, that all the castels, even from the borders of Scotland unto Bristow were delivered unto the duke of Lancaster, and that likewise the nobles and commons, as well of the south parts, as the north, were fullie bent to take part with the same duke against him; and further, hearing how his trustie councellors had lost their heads at Bristow, he became so greatlie discomforted, that sorowfullie lamenting his miserable state, he utterlie despaired of his owne safetie, and calling his armie togither, which was not small, licenced everie man to depart to his home. The souldiers being well bent to fight in his defense, besought him to be of good

cheere, promising with an oth to stand with him against the duke, and all his partakers unto death; but this could not incourage him at all, so that in the night next insuing, he stole from his armie, and with the dukes of Exceeter and Surrie, the bishop of Carleill, and sir Stephan Scroope, and about halfe a score others, he got him to the castell of Conwaie, where he found the earle of Salisburie, determining there to hold himselfe, till he might see the world at some better staie; for what counsell to take to remedie the mischeefe thus pressing upon him he wist not. On the one part he knew his title just, true, and infallible; and his conscience cleane, pure, and without spot of envie or malice: he had also no small affianee in the Welshmen, and Cheshire men. On the other side, he saw the puissanee of his adversaries, the sudden departing of them whom he most trusted, and all things turned upside downe: he evidentlie saw, and manifestlie perceived, that he was forsaken of them, by whom in time he might have beene aided and relieved, where now it was too late, and too farre overpassed.

Sir Thomas Persie, earle of Worcester, lord steward of the kings house, either being so commanded by the king, or else upon displeasure, as some write, for that the king had proclaimed his brother the earle of Northumberland traitor, brake his white staffe, which is the representing signe and token of his office, and without delaie went to duke Henrie. When the kings servants of houshold saw this, for it was doone before them all, they dispersed themselves, some into one countrie, and some into an other. When the duke of Lancaster understood that king Richard was returned foorth of Ireland, he left the duke of Yorke still at Bristow, and came backe with his power unto Berkleie; the second daie he came to Gloecester, and so to Roos, after to Hereford, where came to him the bishop of Hereford, and sir Edmund Mortimer knight. On the sundaie following, he went to Limster, and there the lord Charleton came to him. From thence he went to Ludlow, and the next daie to Shrewsburie, where he rested one daie, and thither came to him sir Robert Leigh, and sir John Leigh, and manie other being sent from Chester, to treat with the duke of Lancaster, for the citie and countie of Chester, that were now readie to submit themselves unto him in all things. There came hither unto him the lord Scales, and the lord Berdolfe, foorth of Ireland, having beene spoiled of all they had about them in Wales, as they came through the countrie. From Shrewsburie, he kept on his journie towards Chester, and lodging one night by the waie, in a towne there in the borders of Wales, he came the second night to Chester, and staied there certeine daies togither, making a jollie muster of his armie there in sight of the citie. The clergie met, and received him with procession; he sent foorthwith for his sonne and heire, and likewise for the duke of Glocesters sonne and heire, that were as yet remaining in Ireland, commanding them with all speed to returne home into England. But the duke of Gloecesters sonne, through mischance perished, as he was on the seas to come over, for whose losse his mother tooke such greefe, that shortlie after through immoderate sorow she likewise passed out of this transitorie life.

In this meane time, king Richard being in the castell of Conwaie sore discomfited, and fearing lest he could not remaine there long in safetie, upon knowledge had by his trustie freends John Paulet, and Richard Seimour, of the dealings and approch of his adversaries, sent the duke of Exeester to talke with the duke of Lancaster, who in this meane while had caused one of king Richards faithfull and trustie freends, sir Piers a Leigh, commonlie called Perkin a Lee, to lose his head, and commanded the same to be set up, upon one of the highest turrets about all the citie; and so that true and faithfull gentleman, for his stedfast faith, and assured loialtie to his loving sovereigne, thus lost his life. There came to him about the same time, or somewhat before, the dukes of Aumarle and Surrie, the lord Lovell, and sir John Stanleie, beseeching him to

receive him into his favour. By some writers it should seeme, not onelie the duke of Excester, but also the duke of Surrie were sent unto duke Henrie from king Richard, and that duke Henrie staied them both, and would not suffer them to returne to the king againe, keeping the duke of Excester still about him, and committing the duke of Surrie to prison, within the castell of Chester. The king herewith went to Beaumaris, and after to Carnarvan: but finding no provision either of vittels or other things in those castels, no not so much as a bed to lie in, he came backe againe to Conwaie, and in the meane time was the castell of Holt delivered to the duke of Hereford, by those that had it in keeping, wherein was great store of jewels, to the value of two hundred thousand marks; besides an hundred thousand marks in readie coine. After this, the duke, with advise of his councell, sent the earle of Northumberland unto the king, accompanied with foure hundred lances, and a thousand archers, who comming to the castell of Flint, had it delivered unto him; and from thence he hasted foorth towards Conwaie. But before he approched neere the place, he left his power behind him, hid closelie in two ambushes, behind a craggie mounteine, beside the high waie that leadeth from Flint to Conwaie. This doone, taking not past foure or five with him, he passed foorth, till he came before the towne, and then sending an herald to the king, requested a safe conduct from the king, that he might come and talke with him, which the king granted, and so the earle of Northumberland passing the water, entred the castell, and comming to the king, declared to him, that if it might please his grace to undertake that there should be a parlement assembled, in the which justice might be had, against such as were enimies to the common-wealth, and had procured the destruction of the duke of Glocester, and other noblemen, and herewith pardon the duke of Hereford of all things wherin he had offended him, the duke would be readie to come to him on his knees, to crave of him forgivenesse, and as an humble subject, to obeie him in all dutifull services. The king taking advise upon these offers, and other made by the earle of Northumberland on the behalfe of the duke of Hereford; upon the earles oth, for assurance that the same should be performed in ech condition, agreed to go with the earle to meete the duke, and here upon taking their horsses, they rode foorth, but the earle rode before, as it were, to prepare dinner for the king at Rutland, but comming to the place where he had left his people, he staied there with them. The king keeping on his waie, had not ridden past foure miles, when he came to the place where the ambushes were lodged, and being entred within danger of them, before he was aware, shewed himselfe to be sore abashed. But now there was no remedie; for the earle being there with his men, would not suffer him to returne, as he gladlie would have doone if he might; but being inclosed with the sea on the one side, and the rocks on the other, having his adversaries so neere at hand before him, he could not shift awaie by any meanes, for if he should have fled backe, they might easilie have overtaken him, yer he could have got out of their danger. And thus of force he was then constrained to go with the earle, who brought him to Rutland, where they dined, and from thence they rode unto Flint to bed. The king had verie few about him of his freends, except onelie the earle of Salisburie, the bishop of Carleill, the lord Stephan Scroope, sir Nicholas Ferebie, a sonne also of the countesse of Salisburie, and Jenico Dartois, a Gascoigne, that still ware the cognisance or devise of his maister king Richard, that is to saie, a white hart, and would not put it from him, neither for persuasions nor threats; by reason whereof, when the duke of Hereford understood it, he caused him to be committed to prison within the castell of Chester. This man was the last (as saieth mine author) which ware that devise, and shewed well thereby his constant hart toward his maister, for the which it was thought he should have lost his life, but yet he was pardoned, and at length reconciled to

the dukes favour, after he was king.—But now to our purpose. King Richard being thus come unto the castell of Flint, on the mondaie, the eighteenth of August, and the duke of Hereford being still advertised from houre to houre by posts how the earle of Northumberland sped, the morow following being tuesdaie, and the nineteenth of August, he came thither, and mustered his armie before the kings presence, which undoubtedlie made a passing faire shew, being verie well ordered by the lord Henrie Persie, that was appointed generall, or rather, as we maie call him, master of the campe, under the duke, of the whole armie. There were come alreadie to the castell, before the approching of the maine armie, the archbishop of Canturburie, the duke of Aumarle, the earle of Worcester, and diverse other. The archbishop entred first, and then followed the other, comming into the first ward. The king that was walking aloft on the braics of the wals, to behold the comming of the duke a farre off, might see that the archbishop and the other were come, and, as he tooke it, to talke with him; whereupon he foorthwith came downe unto them, and beholding that they did their due reverence to him on their knees, he tooke them up, and drawing the archbishop aside from the residue, talked with him a good while, and as it was reported, the archbishop willed him to be of good comfort, for he should be assured, not to have anie hurt, as touching his person; but he prophesied not as a prelat, but as a Pilat. For, was it no hurt, thinke you, to his person, to be spoiled of his roialtie, to be deposed from his crowne, to be translated from principalitie to prison, and to fall from honor into horror. All which befell him to his extreame hart greefe, no doubt: which to increase, meanes, alas! there were manie; but to diminish, helps, God wot, but a few. Some write that the archbishop of Canturburie went with the earle of Northumberland unto Conwaie, and there talked with him; and further, that even then the king offered, in consideration of his insufficiencie to governe, freelie to resigne the crowne, and his kinglie title to the same, unto the duke of Hereford. But forsomuch as those that were continuallie attendant about the king, during the whole time of his abode at Conwaie, and till his comming to Flint, doo plainelie affirme, that the archbishop came not to him, till this tuesdaie before his remooving from Flint unto Chester, it maie be thought, the circumstances well considered, that he rather made that promise here at Flint, than at Conwaie, although by the tenour of an instrument, conteining the declaration of the archbishop of Yorke, and other commissioners sent from the estates assembled in the next parlement, unto the said king, it is recorded to be at Conwaie, as after ye maie read. But there maie be some default in the copie, as taking the one place for the other. But wheresoever this offer was made, after that the archbishop had now here at Flint communed with the king, he departed, and taking his horsse againe, rode backe to meet the duke, who began at that present to approch the castell, and compassed it round about, even downe to the sea, with his people ranged in good and seemelie order, at the foot of the mounteins; and then the earle of Northumberland passing foorth of the castell to the duke, talked with him a while in sight of the king, being againe got up to the walles, to take better view of the armie, being now advanced within two bowe shootes of the castell, to the small rejoising, ye may be sure, of the sorowfull king. The earle of Northumberland returning to the castell, appointed the king to be set to dinner, for he was fasting till then, and after he had dined, the duke came downe to the castell himselfe, and entred the same all armed, his bassenet onelie excepted, and being within the first gate, he staied there till the king came foorth of the inner part of the castell unto him. The king, accompanied with the bishop of Carleill, the earle of Salisburie, and sir Stephan Scroope knight, who bare the sword before him, and a few other, came foorth into the utter ward, and sate downe in a place prepared for him. Foorthwith as the duke got sight of the king, he shewed a reverend dutie as became him, in bowing his knee, and

comming forward, did so likewise the second and third time, till the king tooke him by the hand, and lift him up, saieng; "Deere cousine, ye are welcome." The duke humblie thanking him, said; "My sovereigne lord and king, the cause of my comming at this present, is (your honor saved) to have againe restitution of my person, my lands and heritage, through your favourable licence." The king herunto answered; "Deere cousine, I am readie to accomplish your will, so that ye may injoy all that is yours, without exception." Meeting thus togither, they came foorth of the castell, and the king there called for wine, and after they had dronke, they mounted on horssebacke, and rode that night to Flint, and the next daie unto Chester, the third unto Nantwich, the fourth to Newcastell. Here, with glad countenance, the lord Thomas Beauchampe, earle of Warwike, met them, that had beene confined into the Ile of Man; but now was revoked home by the duke of Lancaster. From Newcastell they rode to Stafford, and the sixt daie unto Lichfield, and there rested sundaie all daie. After this, they rode foorth, and lodged at these places insuing, Coventrie, Dantree, Northampton, Dunstable, S. Albons, and so came to London; neither was the king permitted all this while to change his apparell, but rode still through all these townes simplie clothed in one sute of raiment, and yet he was in his time exceeding sumptuous in apparell, in so much as he had one cote, which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, valued at 30,000 marks: and so he was brought the next waie to Westminster. As for the duke, he was received with all the joy and pompe that might be of the Londoners, and was lodged in the bishops palace, by Paules church. It was a woonder to see what great concursse of people, and what number of horsses came to him on the waie as he thus passed the countries, till his comming to London, where (upon his approch to the citie) the maior rode foorth to receive him, and a great number of other citizens. Also the cleargie met him with procession, and such joy appeared in the countenances of the people, uttering the same also with words, as the like not lightlie beene seene. For in everie towne and village where he passed, children rejoised, women clapped their hands, and men cried out for joy. But to speake of the great numbers of people that flocked togither in the fields and streets of London at his comming, I here omit; neither will I speake of the presents, welcommings, lauds, and gratifications made to him by the citizens and communaltie.—But now to the purpose. The next day after his comming to London, the king from Westminster was had to the Tower, and there committed to safe custodie. Manie evill disposed persons, assembling themselves togither in great numbers, intended to have met with him, and to have taken him from such as had the conveieng of him, that they might have slaine him. But the maior and aldermen gathered to them the worshipfull commoners and grave citizens, by whose policie, and not without much adoo, the other were revoked from their evill purpose: albeit, before they might be pacified, they comming to Westminster, tooke maister John Sclake deane of the kings chappell, and from thence brought him to Newgate, and there laid him fast in irons. After this was a parlement called by the duke of Lancaster, using the name of king Richard in the writs directed foorth to the lords, and other states for their summons. This parlement began the thirteenth daie of September, in the which manie heinous points of misgovernance and injurious dealings in the administration of his kinglie office, were laid to the charge of this noble prince king Richard, the which, to the end the commons might be persuaded, that he was an unprofitable prince to the common-wealth, and worthie to be deposed, were ingrossed up in 33 solemne articles, heinous to the cares of all men, and to some almost incredible. Then for so much as these articles, and other heinous and detestable accusations were laid against him in open parlement, it was thought by the most part, that he was worthie to be deposed from all kinglie honor, and

princelie governement: and to bring the matter without slander the better to passe, diverse of the kings servants, which by licence had accesse to his person, comforted him, being with sorrow almost consumed, and in manner halfe dead, in the best wise they could, exhorting him to regard his health, and save his life. And first, they advised him willinglie to suffer himselfe to be deposed, and to resigne his right of his owne accord, so that the duke of Lancaster might without murther or battell obteine the scepter and diademe, after which, they well perceived, he gaped; by meane whereof they thought he might be in perfect assurance of his life long to continue. Whether this their persuasion procceded by the suborning of the duke of Lancaster and his favourers, or of a sincere affection which they bare to the king, as supposing it most sure in such an extremitie, it is uncerteine; but yet the effect followed not, howsoever their meaning was; notwithstanding, the king being now in the hands of his enimies, and utterlie despairing of all comfort, was easilie persuaded to renounce his crowne and princelie preheminence, so that in hope of life onelie, he agreed to all things that were of him demanded. And so, as it should seeme by the copie of an instrument hereafter following, he renounced and voluntarilie was deposed from his roiall crowne and kinglie dignitie, the mondaie being the nine and twentith daie of September, and feast of S. Michaell the archangell, in the yeare of our Lord 1399, and in the three and twentith yeare of his reigne.

Upon the morrow after being Tuesdaie, and the last daie of September, all the lords spirituall and temporall, with the commons of the said parlement, assembled at Westminster, where, in the presence of them, the archbishop of Yorke, and the bishop of Hereford, according to the kings request, shewed unto them the voluntarie renouncing of the king, with the favour also which he bare to his cousine of Lancaster to have him his successour. And moreover shewed them the schedule or bill of renouncement, signed with king Richards owne hand, which they caused to be read first in Latine, as it was written, and after in English. This doone, the question was first asked of the lords, if they would admit and allow that renouncement; the which when it was of them granted and confirmed, the like question was asked of the commons, and of them in like manner confirmed. After this, it was then declared, that notwithstanding the foresaid renouncing, so by the lords and commons admitted and confirmed, it were necessarie, in avoiding of all suspicions and surmises, of evill disposed persons, to have in writing and registred the manifold crimes and defaults before doone by king Richard, to the end that they might first be openlie declared to the people, and after to remaine of record amongst other of the kings records for ever. All this was doone accordinglie, for the articles were drawne and ingrossed up, and there shewed readie to be read; but for other causes more needfull as then to be preferred, the reading of those articles at that season was deferred. Then for so much as the lords of the parlement had well considered the voluntarie resignation of king Richard, and that it was behoovefull and as they thought necessarie for the weale of the realme, to proceed unto the sentence of his deposing, there were appointed by the authoritie of all the estates there in parlement assembled, the bishop of saint Asaph, the abbat of Glastenburie, the earle of Glocester, the lord Berkleie, William Thirning justice, and Thomas Erpingham, with Thomas Graie, knights, that they should give and pronounce the open sentence of the deposing of king Richard. Wherupon the said commissioners taking counsell togither, by good and deliberate advise therein had, with one assent agreed, that the bishop of S. Asaph should publish the sentence for them and in their names. After which sentence thus openlie declared, the said estates admitted foorthwith the forenamed commissioners for their procurators, to resigne and yeeld up unto king Richard, all their homage and fealtie which in times past they had made and owght unto him, and also for to declare

unto him (if need were) all things before doone that concerned the purpose and cause of his deposing; the which resignation was respited till the morow following. Immediatlie as the sentence was in this wise passed, and that by reason thereof the realme stood void without head or governour for the time, the duke of Lancaster rising from the place where before he sate, and standing where all those in the house might behold him, in reverend manner made a signe of the crosse on his forhead, and likewise on his brest, and after silence by an officer commanded, said unto the people there being present these words following.—"In the name of the Father, and of the Sonne, and of the Holie-ghost. I Henrie of Lancaster claime the realme of England and the crowne, with all the appurtenances, as I that am descended by right line of the blood comming from that good lord king Henrie the third, and through the right that God of his grace hath sent me, with the helpe of my kin, and of my freends, to recover the same, which was in point to be undoone for default of good governance and due justice." After these words thus by him uttered, he returned and sate him downe in the place where before he had sitten. Then the lords having heard and well perceived this claime thus made by this noble man, ech of them asked of other what they thought therein. At length, after a little pausing or staie made, the archbishop of Canturburie having notice of the minds of the lords, stood up and asked the commons if they would assent to the lords, which in their minds thought the claime of the duke made, to be rightfull and necessarie for the wealth of the realme and them all; whereto the commons with one voice cried, Yea, yea, yea. After which answer, the said archbishop going to the duke, and kneeling downe before him on his knee, addressed to him all his purpose in few words. The which when he had ended, he rose, and taking the duke by the right hand, led him unto the kings seate, the archbishop of Yorke assisting him, and with great reverence set him therein, after that the duke had first upon his knees made his praier in devout manner unto almightie God. When he was thus placed in his throne to the great rejoising of the people, the archbishop of Canturburie began a breefe collation, taking for his theme these words, written in the first booke of kings the ninth chapter,—*Vir dominabitur in populo, &c.;* handling the same, and the whole tenour of his tale to the praise of the king, whose setled judgement, grounded wisedome, perfect reason, and ripe discretion was such, said he, as declared him to be no child, neither in yeares, nor in light conditions, but a man able and meete for the governement of a realme: so that there was no small cause of comfort ministred to them through the favourable goodnesse of almightie God, which had provided them of such a governor, as like a discreet judge shall deeme in causes by skilfull doomes, and rule his subjects in upright equitie, setting apart all wilfull pleasures, and childish inconstancie. After the archbishop had ended, wishing that it might so come to passe, and the people answered, Amen; the king standing on his feet, said unto the lords and commons there present: "I thanke you, my lords both spirituall and temporall, and all the states of this land, and doo you to wit, that it is not my will that any man thinke, that I by the waie of conquest would disherit any man of his heritage, franches, or other rights, that him ought to have of right, nor to put him out of that which he now injoieth, and hath had before time by custome or good law of this realme, except such privat persons as have beene against the good purpose, and the common profit of the realme." When he had thus ended, all the shiriffes and other officers were put in their authorities againe, to exercise the same as before, which they could not doo whilest the kings roiall throne was void. Moreover, a proclamation was made that the states should assemble againe in parlement on mondaie then next insuing, being the feast day of saint Faith, which is the sixt of October; and that the monday then next following, being the 13 of the same moneth, and the feast

day of saint Edward the king and confessor, the coronation should be solemnized, and that all such as had to claime any service to be doone by them at the same by any tenure, they should come to the White-hall, in the kings palace, before the steward and constable of England, on Saturdaie next before the same day of the parlement, and presenting their petitions that were due and rightfull, they should obteine that to them apperteined. Excuse was also made on the kings behalfe, for calling of a parlement upon so short a warning, so as the knights and burgesses were not changed, but onelie appointed to assemble againe, as if the other parlement had rather beene continued than dissolved. The cause was alledged to be for easing of the charges that would have risen, if ech man had beene sent home, and new knights and burgesses called. These things doone, the king rose from his place, and with a cheerefull and right courteous countenance regarding the people went to White-hall, where the same day he held a great feast. In the after-noone were proclamations made in the accustomed places of the citie, in the name of king Henrie the fourth. On the morrow following, being wednesdaie and first of October, the procurators above named repaired to the tower of London, and there signified unto king Richard the admission of king Henrie. And the aforesaid justice William Thirning, in name of the other, and for all the states of the land, renounced unto the said Richard late king, all homage and fealtie unto him before time due, in maner and forme as apperteined. Which renuntiation to the deposed king, was a redoubling of his greefe, in so much as thereby it came to his mind, how in former times he was acknowledged and taken for their liege lord and sovereigne, who now, whether in contempt or in malice, God knoweth, to his face forsware him to be their king. Thus was king Richard deprived of all kinglie honour and princelie dignitie, by reason he was so given to follow evill counsell, and used such inconvenient waies and meanes, through insolent misgovernance, and youthfull outrage, though otherwise a right noble and woorthie prince. He reigned two and twentie yeares, three moneths and eight daies. He delivered to king Henrie now that he was thus deposed, all the goods that he had, to the summe of three hundred thousand pounds in coine, besides plate and jewels, as a pledge and satisfaction of the injuries by him committed and doone, in hope to be in more suertie of life for the deliverie thereof: but whatsoever was promised, he was deceived therein. For shortlie after his resignation, he was conveied to the castell of Leeds in Kent, and from thence to Pomfret, where he departed out of this miserable life, as after you shall heare. He was seemelie of shape and favor, and of nature good inough, if the wickednesse and naughtie demeanor of such as were about him had not altered it. He was prodigall, ambitious, and much given to the pleasure of the bodie. He kept the greatest port, and mainteined the most plentifull house that ever any king in England did either before his time or since. For there resorted dailie to his court above ten thousand persons that had meat and drinke there allowed them. In his kitchen there were three hundred servitors, and everie other office was furnished after the like rate. Of ladies, chamberers, and landerers, there were above three hundred at the least. And in gorgious and costlie apparell they exceeded all measure, not one of them that kept within the bounds of his degree. Yeomen and groomes were clothed in silkes, with cloth of graine and skarlet, over sumptuous ye may be sure for their estates. And this vanitie was not onelie used in the court in those daies, but also other people abroad in the towns and countries, had their garments cut far otherwise than had beene accustomed before his daies, with imbroderies, rich furres, and goldsmiths worke, and everie daie there was devising of new fashions to the great hinderance and decaie of the common-welth.

The solemnitie of the coronation being ended, the morow after being tuesdaie, the parlement began againe, and the next daie sir John Cheinie that was speaker,

excusing himselfe, by reason of his infirmitie and sicknesse, not to be able to exercise that roome, was dismissed, and one William Durward esquier was admitted. Herewith were the acts established in the parlement of the one and twentith yeare of king Richards reigne repealed and made void, and the ordinances devised in the parlement holden the eleventh yeare of the same king, confirmed, and againe established for good and profitable. On the same daie, the kings eldest sonne lord Henrie, by assent of all the states in the parlement, was created prince of Wales, duke of Cornwall, and earle of Chester, then being of the age of twelve yeares. Upon the thursdaie, the commons came and rehearsed all the errors of the last parlement holden in the one and twentith yeare of king Richard, and namelie in certeine five of them.—First, that where the king that now is, was readie to arraigne an appeale against the duke of Norfolke, he dooing what perteined to his dutie in that behalfe, was yet banished afterwards without anie reasonable cause. Secondlie, the archbishop of Canturburie, metropolitan of the realme, was forejudged without answer. Thirdlie, the duke of Glocester was murthered, and after forejudged. Fourthlie, where the earle of Arundell alledged his charters of pardon, the same might not be allowed. Fiftlie, that all the power of that evill parlement was granted and assigned over to certeine persons, and sith that such heinous errors could not be committed, as was thought, without the assent and advise of them that were of the late kings councell, they made sute that they might be put under arrest, and committed to safe keeping, till order might be further taken for them. Thus much adoo there was in this parlement, speciallie about them that were thought to be guiltie of the duke of Glocesters death, and of the condemning of the other lords that were adjudged traitors in the forsaid late parlement holden in the said one and twentith yeare of king Richards reigne. Sir John Bagot knight, then prisoner in the tower, disclosed manie secrets, unto the which he was privie; and being brought on a daie to the barre, a bill was read in English which he had made, conteining certeine evill practises of king Richard; and further what great affection the same king bare to the duke of Aumarle, insomuch that he heard him say, that if he should renounce the governement of the kingdome, he wished to leave it to the said duke, as to the most able man, for wisdome and manhood, of all other; for though he could like better of the duke of Hereford, yet he said that he knew if he were once king, he would prove an extreame enimie and cruell tyrant to the church. It was further conteined in that bill, that as the same Bagot rode on a daie behind the duke of Norfolke in the Savoy street toward Westminster, the duke asked him what he knew of the manner of the duke of Glocester his death, and he answered that he knew nothing at all; but the people, quoth he, doo say that you have murthered him. Whereunto the duke sware great othes that it was untrue, and that he had saved his life contrarie to the will of the king, and certeine other lords, by the space of three weeks, and more; affirming withall, that he was never in all his life time more affraid of death, than he was at his comming home againe from Calis at that time, to the kings presence, by reason he had not put the duke to death. And then, said he, the king appointed one of his owne servants, and certeine other that were servants to other lords to go with him to see the said duke of Glocester put to death, swearing that as he should answer afore God, it was never his mind that he should have died in the fort, but onelie for feare of the king, and saving of his owne life. Neverthelesse, there was no man in the realme to whom king Richard was so much beholden, as to the duke of Aumarle; for he was the man that to fulfill his mind, had set him in hand with all that was doone against the said duke, and the other lords. There was also conteined in that bill, what secret malice king Richard had conceived against the duke of Hereford being in exile, whereof the same Bagot had sent intelligence unto the duke into France, by one

Roger Smart, who certified it to him by Piers Buckton, and others, to the intent he should the better have regard to himselfe. There was also conteined in the said bill, that Bagot had heard the duke of Aumarle say that he had rather than twentie thousand pounds that the duke of Hereford were dead, not for anie feare he had of him, but for the trouble and mischeefe that he was like to procure within the realme. After that the bill had beene read and heard, the duke of Aumarle rose up and said, that, as touching the points conteined in the bill concerning him, they were utterlie false and untrue, which he would prove with his bodie, in what manner soever it should be thought requisit. Therewith also the duke of Excester rose up, and willed Bagot that if he could say anie thing against him to speake it openlie. Bagot answered, that for his part he could say nothing against him: But there is, said he, a yeoman in Newgat one John Hall that can say somewhat. Well then, said the duke of Excester, "this that I doo and shall say is true, that the late king, the duke of Norfolke, and thou being at Woodstoke, made me to go with you into the chappell, and there the doore being shut, ye made me to sweare upon the altar, to keepe counsell in that ye had to say to me, and then ye rehearsed that we should never have our purpose, so long as the duke of Lancaster lived, and therefore ye purposed to have councell at Lichfield, and there you would arrest the duke of Lancaster, in such sort as by colour of his disobeieng the arrest, he should be dispatched out of life. And in this maner ye imagined his death. To the which I answered, that it were convenient the king should send for his councell, and if they agreed hereunto, I would not be against it, and so I departed." To this Bagot made no answer. After this, the king commanded that the lords, Berkleie, and Lovell, and sir knights of the lower house, should go after dinner to examine the said Hall. This was on a thursdaie being the fifteenth of October. On the saturdaie next insuing, sir William Bagot and the said John Hall were brought both to the barre, and Bagot was examined of certeine points, and sent againe to prison. The lord Fitzwater herewith rose up, and said to the king, that where the duke of Aumarle excuseth himselfe of the duke of Glocesters death, I say, quoth he, that he was the verie cause of his death, and so he appealed him of treason, offering by throwing downe his hood as a gage to prove it with his bodie. There were twentie other lords also that threw downe their hoods, as pledges to prove the like matter against the duke of Aumarle. The duke of Aumarle threw downe his hood to trie it against the lord Fitzwater, as against him that lied falselie, in that he had charged him with, by that his appeale. These gages were delivered to the constable and marshall of England, and the parties put under arrest. The duke of Surrie stood up also against the lord Fitzwater, avouching that where he had said that the appellants were causers of the duke of Glocesters death, it was false, for they were constrained to sue the same appeale, in like manner as the said lord Fitzwater was compelled to give judgement against the duke of Glocester, and the earle of Arundell; so that the suing of the appeale was doone by constraint, and if he said contrarie he lied: and therewith he threw downe his hood. The lord Fitzwater answered hereunto, that he was not present in the parlement house, when judgement was given against them, and all the lords bare witnesse thereof. Moreover, where it was alledged that the duke of Aumarle should send two of his servants to Calis, to murther the duke of Glocester, the said duke of Aumarle said, that if the duke of Norfolke affirme it, he lied falselie, and that he would prove with his bodie, throwing downe an other hood which he had borowed. The same was likewise delivered to the constable and marshall of England, and the king licenced the duke of Norfolke to returne, that he might arraigne his appeale. After this was John Hall condemned of treason by authoritie of the parlement, for that he had confessed himselfe to be one of them that put the duke

of Glocester to death at Calis, and so on the mondaie following, he was drawne from the Tower to Tiburne, and there hanged, bowelled, headed, and quartered; his head being sent to Calis there to be set up, where the duke was murthered. On wednesdaie following, request was made by the commons, that sith king Richard had resigned, and was lawfullie deposed from his roiall dignitie, he might have judgement decreed against him, so as the realme were not troubled by him, and that the causes of his deposing might be published through the realme for satisfieng of the people; which demand was granted. Whereupon the bishop of Carleill, a man both learned, wise, and stout of stomach, boldlie shewed foorth his opinion concerning that demand; affirming that there was none amongst them woorthie or meet to give judgement upon so noble a prince as king Richard was, whom they had taken for their sovereigne and liege lord, by the space of two and twentie yeares and more; "And I assure you," said he, "there is not so ranke a traitor, nor so errant a theef, nor yet so cruell a murtherer apprehended or deteined in prison for his offense, but he shall be brought before the justice to heare his judgement; and will ye proceed to the judgement of an anointed king, hearing neither his answer nor excuse? I say, that the duke of Lancaster, whom ye call king, hath more trespassed to king Richard and his realme, than king Richard hath doone either to him, or us; for it is manifest and well knowne, that the duke was banished the realme by king Richard and his councell, and by the judgement of his owne father, for the space of ten yeares, for what cause ye know, and yet without licence of king Richard, he is returned againe into the realme, and, that is woorse, hath taken upon him the name, title, and preheminence of king. And therfore I say, that you have doone manifest wrong, to proceed in anie thing against king Richard, without calling him openlie to his answer and defense." As soone as the bishop had ended this tale, he was attached by the earle marshall, and committed to ward in the abbeie of saint Albons. After this came the lord Fitzwater, and praied to have day and place to arreigne his appeale against the earle of Rutland. The king said he would send for the duke of Norffolke to returne home, and then upon his returne he said he would proceed in that matter.

But now to speake of the conspiracie, which was contrived by the abbat of Westminster as cheefe instrument thereof. Ye shall understand that this abbat, as it is reported, upon a time heard king Henrie saie, when he was but earle of Derbie, and yoong of yeares, that princes had too little, and religious men too much. He therfore doubting now, least if the king continued long in the estate, he would remoove the great beame that then greeved his eies, and pricked his conscience, became an instrument to search out the minds of the nobilitie, and to bring them to an assemblie and councell, where they might consult and commen togither, how to bring that to effect, which they earnestlie wished and desired; that was, the destruction of king Henrie, and the restoring of king Richard. For there were diverse lords that shewed themselves outwardlie to favor king Henrie, where they secretlie wished and sought his confusion. The abbat, after he had felt the minds of sundrie of them, called to his house on a day in the terme time, all such lords and other persons which he either knew or thought to be as affectioned to king Richard, so envious to the prosperitie of king Henrie, whose names were, John Holland earle of Huntington late duke of Excester, Thomas Holland earle of Kent late duke of Surrie, Edward earle of Rutland late duke of Aumarle sonne to the duke of Yorke, John Montacute earle of Salisburie, Hugh lord Spenser late earle of Glocester, John the Bishop of Carleill, sir Thomas Blunt, and Maudelen a priest one of king Richards chappell, a man as like him in stature and proportion in all lineaments of bodie, as unlike in birth, dignitie, and conditions. The abbat highlie feasted these lords, his speciall freends, and when they had well dined, they

withdrew into a secret chamber, where they sat downe in councell, and after much talke and conference had about the bringing of their purpose to passe concerning the destruction of king Henrie, at length by the advise of the earle of Huntington it was devised that they should take upon them a solemne justs to be enterprised betweene him and twenty on his part, and the earle of Salisburie and twenty with him at Oxford, to the which triumph King Henrie should be desired, and when he should be most busilie marking the martiall pastime, he suddenlie should be slaine and destroied, and so by that means king Richard, who as yet lived, might be restored to libertie, and have his former estate and dignitie. It was further appointed, who should assemble the people, the number and persons which should accomplish and put in execution their devised enterprise. Herupon was an indenture sextipartite made, sealed with their seales, and signed with their hands, in the which each stood bound to other, to do their whole indevour for the accomplishing of their purposed exploit. Moreover, they sware on the holie evangelists to be true and secret each to other, even to the houre and point of death. When all things were thus appointed, the earle of Huntington came to the king unto Windsore, earnestlie requiring him that he would vouchsafe to be at Oxenford on the daie appointed of their justes, both to behold the same, and to be the discoverer and indifferent judge, if anie ambiguitie should rise, of their couragious acts and dooings. The king being thus instantlie required of his brother in law, and nothing lesse imagining than that which was pretended, gentlie granted to fulfill his request. Which thing obteined, all the lords of the conspiracie departed home to their houses, as they noised it, to set armorers on worke about the trimming of their armour against the justs, and to prepare all other furniture and things readie, as to such an high and solemne triumph apperteined. The earle of Huntington came to his house and raised men on everie side, and prepared horsse and harnesse for his compassed purpose, and when he had all things readie he departed towards Oxenford, and at his comming thither, he found all his mates and confederates there, well appointed for their purpose, except the earle of Rutland, by whose follie their practised conspiracie was brought to light and disclosed to king Henrie. For this earle of Rutland departing before from Westminster to see his father the duke of Yorke, as he sat at dinner, had his counterpane of the indenture of the confederacie in his bosome. The father espieng it, would needs see what it was: and though the sonne humblie denied to shew it, the father being more earnest to see it, by force tooke it out of his bosome; and perceiving the contents therof, in a great rage caused his horsses to be sadled out of hand, and spitefullie reprooving his sonne of treason, for whome he was become suertie and mainpernour for his good abearing in open parlement, he incontinentlie mounted on horssebacke to ride towards Windsore to the king, to declare unto him the malicious intent of his complices. The earle of Rutland seeing in what danger he stood, tooke his horsse, and rode another waie to Windsore in post, so that he got thither before his father, and when he was alighted at the castell gate, he caused the gates to be shut, saieng that he must needs deliver the keies to the king. When he came before the kings presence, he kneeled downe on his knees, beseeching him of mercie and forgivenesse, and declaring the whole matter unto him in order as everie thing had passed, obteined pardon. Therewith came his father, and being let in, delivered the indenture which he had taken from his sonne, unto the king, who thereby perceiving his sonnes words to be true, changed his purpose for his going to Oxenford, and dispatched messengers foorth to signifie unto the earle of Northumberland his high constable, and to the earle of Westmerland his high marshall, and to other his assured freends, of all the doubtfull danger and perillous jeopardie. The conspirators being at Oxenford, at length perceived by the lacke of the earle of

Rutland, that their enterprise was revealed to the king, and thereupon determined now openlie with speare and shield to bring that to passe which before they covertlie attempted, and so they adorned Maudelen, a man most resembling king Richard, in roiall and princelie vesture, and named him to be king Richard, affirming that by favour of his keepers he was escaped out of prison, and so they came forwards in order of warre, to the intent to destroie king Henrie. Whilest the confederators with their new published idoll, accompanied with a strong armie of men, tooke the direct waie towards Windsore, king Henrie admonished thereof, with a few horssemen in the night came to the Tower of London about twelve of the clocke, where in the morning he caused the maior of the citie to apparell in armour the best and most couragious persons of the citie, which brought to him three thousand archers, and three thousand bill-men, besides them that were appointed to keepe and defend the citie. The conspirators comming to Windsore, entered the castell, and understanding that the king was gon from thence to London, determined with all speed to make towards the citie; but changing that determination as they were on their waie, they turned to Colbroke, and there staied. King Henrie issuing out of London with twentie thousand men, came streight to Hunslo heath, and there pitched his campe to abide the comming of his enimies; but when they were advertised of the kings puissance, amazed with feare, and forthinking their begun enterprise, as men mistrusting their owne companie, departed from thence to Berkhamsteed, and so to Circester, and there the lords tooke their lodging. The earle of Kent, and the earle of Salisburie in one inne, and the earle of Huntington and lord Spenser in an other, and all the host laie in the fields, whereupon in the night season, the bailiffe of the towne with fourescore archers set on the house, where the erle of Kent and the other laie, which house was manfullie assaulted and stronglie defended a great space. The earle of Huntington being in an other inne with the lord Spenser, set fire on diverse houses in the towne, thinking that the assailants would leave the assault and rescue their goods, which thing they nothing regarded. The host lieng without, hearing noise, and seeing this fire in the towne, thought verelie that king Henrie had beene come thither with his puissance, and thereupon fled without measure, everie man making shift to save himselfe, and so that which the lords devised for their helpe, wrought their destruction; for if the armie that laie without the towne had not mistaken the matter, when they saw the houses on fire, they might easilie have succoured their cheefeteins in the towne, that were assailed but with a few of the townesmen, in comparison of the great multitude that laie abroad in the fields; but such was the ordinance of the mightie Lord of hostes, who disposeth al things at his pleasure. The earle of Huntington and his companie seeing the force of the townesmen to increase, fled out on the backside, intending to repaire to the armie which they found dispersed and gone. Then the earle seeing no hope of comfort, fled into Essex. The other lords which were left fighting in the towne of Circester, were wounded to death and taken, and their heads stricken off and sent to London. Thus writeth Hall of this conspiracie, in following what author I know not; but Thomas Walsingham and diverse other seeme somewhat to dissent from him in relation of this matter; for they write that the conspiratours ment upon the sudden to have set upon the king in the castell of Windsore, under colour of a maske or mummerie, and so to have dispatched him; and restoring king Richard unto the kingdome, to have recovered their former titles of honour, with the possessions which they had lost by judgement of the last parlement. But the king getting knowledge of their pretended treasons, got him with all speed unto London. The conspirators, to wit, the earles of Kent and Salisburie, sir Rafe Lumlie, and others, supposing that the king had not understood their malicious purpose, the first sundaie of the

new yeare (1400), which fell in the octaves of the Innocents, came in the twilight of the evening unto Windsore with foure hundred armed men, where understanding that the king was withdrawne upon warning had of their purposed intention, they foorthwith returned backe, and came first unto Sunnings, a manor place not farre from Reading, where the queene wife to king Richard then laie. Here setting a good countenance of the matter, the earle of Kent declared in presence of the queenes servants that the lord Henrie of Lancaster was fled from his presence with his children and freends, and had shut up himselfe and them in the Tower of London, as one afraid to come abroad, for all the brags made heretofore of his manhood: and therefore, saith he, my intention is, my lords, to go to Richard that was, is, and shall be our king, who being alreadie escaped foorth of prison, lieth now at Pomfret, with an hundred thousand men. And to cause his speech the better to be beleeved, he tooke awaie the kings cognisances from them that ware the same, as the collars from their necks, and the badges of cressants from the sleeves of the servants of houshold, and throwing them awaie, said that such cognisances were no longer to be borne. Thus having put the queene in a vaine hope of that which was nothing so, they departed from thence unto Wallingford, and after to Abington, intising the people by all meanes possible unto rebellion, all the waie as they went, and sending their agents abroad for the same purpose; at length they came to Circester in the darke of the night, and tooke up their lodgings. The inhabitants of that towne suspecting the matter, and judging, as the truth was, these rumors which the lords spred abroad to be but dreams, they tooke thereupon counsell togither, got them to armor, and stopped all the entries and outgates of the innes where these new ghestes were lodged, insomuch that when they about midnight secretlie attempted to have come foorth, and gone their waies, the townesmen with bow and arrowes were readie to staie them, and keepe them in. The lords perceiving the danger, got them to their armor and weapons, and did their best by force to breake through and repell the townesmen. But after they had fought from midnight till three of the clocke in the afternoone of the next daie, and perceived they could not prevaile, they yeelded themselves to the townesmen, beseeching them to have their lives saved, till they might come to the kings presence. This request they had obteined, if a preest that was chapleine to one of them, had not in the meane time set fire upon certeine houses in the towne, to the end that whiles the townesmen should busie themselves to quench the fire, the lords might find meanes to escape. But it came nothing to passe as he imagined, for the townesmen leaving all care to save their houses from the rage of the fire, were kindled more in furie towards the lords, and so to revenge themselves of them, they brought them foorth of the abbeie where they had them in their hands, and in the twilight of the evening, stroke off their heads. The earle of Salisburie, saith Thomas Walsingham, who in all his lifetime had beene a favourer of the Lollards or Wicklevists, a despiser of images, a contemner of canons, and a scorner of the sacraments, ended his daies, as it was reported, without the sacrament of confession. These be the words of Thomas Walsingham which are set downe, to signifie that the earle of Salisburie was a bidden ghest to Blockham feast with the rest; and, as it should seeme by his relation, the more maligned, bicause he was somwhat estranged from the corruption of the religion then received, and leaned to a sect pursued with spitefulnesse and revenge. John Holland earle of Huntington, as Thomas Walsingham writeth was not with the lords at the castell of Windsore, but staied about London to behold the end of his businesse: and hearing how the matter went, farre contrarie to that he wished, he sought to flie by sea; but not able to get awaie, by reason the wind being contrarie would not permit him, he tooke his horsse, and having a knight with him called Sir John Shellie, he road into Essex, attempting to have fled from

thence by sea: but still the wind was so against him, that he was continuallie driven backe when he was about to make saile, and so comming againe to land, he was taken one evening at Pitwell in Essex, in a mill, that belonged to one of his trustie freends, as he sat there at supper, togither with the said sir John Shellie. The commons of the countrie that tooke him, brought him first to Chelmesford, and after to Plashie, where on the daie of S. Maure, that is the fifteenth of Januarie, about sunsetting he was beheaded, in the verie place in which the duke of Glocester was arrested by King Richard. He confessed with lamentable repentance, as writers doo record, that divers and manie waies he had offended God and his prince, bicause that understanding the purpose of the other lords, he had not revealed the same. The lord Hugh Spenser, otherwise called earle of Glocester, as he would have fled into Wales, was taken and carried to Bristow, where, according to the earnest desires of the commons, he was beheaded. Maudelen fleeing into Scotland, was taken by the waie, and brought to the Tower. Manie other that were privie to this conspiracie, were taken, and put to death, some at Oxford, as sir Thomas Blunt, sir Benet Cilie knight, and Thomas Wintercell, esquier; but sir Leonard Brokas, and sir John Shellie knights, John Maudelen, and William Ferbie chapleins, were drawne, hanged, and beheaded at London. There were nineteene in all executed in one place and other, and the heads of the cheefe conspirators were set on polles over London bridge, to the terror of others. Shortlie after, the abbat of Westminster, in whose house the conspiracie was begun, as is said, gooing betweene his monasterie and mansion, for thought fell into a sudden palsie, and shortlie after, without speech, ended his life. The bishop of Carleill was impeached, and condemned of the same conspiracie; but the king of his mercifull clemencie, pardoned him of that offense, although he died shortlie after, more through feare than force of sicknesse, as some have written. Thus all the associats of this unhappie conspiracie tasted the painefull penance of their plesant pastime.

Thus have yee heard what writers have recorded of this matter, with some difference betwixt them that write, how the king should have beene made awaie at a justs; and other that testifie, how it should have beene at a maske or mummerie: but whether they meant to have dispatched him at a mumming, or at a justs, their purpose being revealed by the earle of Rutland, they were brought to confusion, as before yee have heard. And immediatlie after, king Henrie, to rid himselfe of anie such like danger to be attempted against him thereafter, caused king Richard to die of a violent death, that no man should afterward faine himselfe to represent his person, though some have said, he was not privie to that wicked offense. The common fame is, that he was everie daie served at the table with costlie meat, like a king, to the intent that no creature should suspect anie thing doone contrarie to the order taken in the parlement; and when the meat was set before him, he was forbidden once to touch it; yea, he was not permitted so much as to smell to it, and so he died of forced famine. But Thomas Walsingham is so farre from imputing his death to compulsorie famine, that he referreth it altogither to voluntarie pining of himselfe. For when he heard that the complots and attempts of such his favourers, as sought his restitution, and their owne advancement, adnihilated; and the cheefe agents shamefullie executed; he tooke such a conceit at these misfortunes, for so Thomas Walsingham termeth them, and was so beaten out of hart, that wilfullie he starved himselfe, and so died in Pomfret castell on S. Valentines daie: a happie daie to him, for it was the beginning of his ease, and the ending of his paine. One writer, which seemeth to have great knowledge of king Richards dooings, saith that king Henrie, sitting on a daie at his table, sore sighing, said; "Have I no faithfull freend which will deliver me of him, whose life will be my death, and whose death will be the preservation of my

life?" This saieng was much noted of them which were present, and especiallie of one called Sir Piers of Exton. This knight incontinentlie departed from the court, with eight strong persons in his companie, and came to Pomfret, commanding the esquier that was accustomed to sew and take the assaie before king Richard, to doo so no more, saieng; "Let him eat now, for he shall not long eat." King Richard sat downe to dinner, and was served without courtesie or assaie, whereupon much marvelling at the sudden change, he demanded of the esquier whie he did not his dutie; "Sir" said he "I am otherwise commanded by sir Piers of Exton, which is newlie come from King Henrie." When king Richard heard that word, he tooke the kerving knife in his hand, and strake the esquier on the head, saieng, "The divell take Henrie of Lancaster and thee togither." And with that word, sir Piers entred the chamber, well armed, with eight tall men likewise armed, everie of them having a bill in his hand. King Richard perceiving this, put the table from him, and steping to the formost man, wrung the bill out of his hands, and so valiantlie defended himselfe, that he slue foure of those that thus came to assaile him. Sir Piers being halfe dismaied herewith, lept into the chaire where king Richard was woont to sit, while the other foure persons fought with him, and chased him about the chamber. And in conclusion, as King Richard traversed his ground, from one side of the chamber to an other, and comming by the chaire where sir Piers stood, he was felled with a stroke of a pollax which sir Piers gave him upon the head, and therewith rid him out of life, without giving him respit once to call to God for mercie of his passed offenses. It is said, that sir Piers of Exton, after he had thus slaine him, wept right bitterlie, as one striken with the pricke of a giltie conscience, for murthering him, whome he had so long time obeied as king. After he was thus dead, his bodie was imbalmed, and seered, and covered with lead, all save the face, to the intent that all men might see him, and perceive that he was departed this life; for as the corps was conveied from Pomfret to London, in all the townes and places where those that had the conveiance of it did staie with it all night, they caused dirige to be soong in the evening, and masse of Requiem in the morning; and as well after the one service as the other, his face discovered, was shewed to all that coveted to behold it. Thus was the corps first brought to the Tower, and after through the citie, to the cathedrall church of saint Paule bare-faced, where it laie three daies togither, that all men might behold it. There was a solemne obsequie doone for him, both at Paules, and after at Westminster, at which time, both at dirige overnight, and in the morning at the masse of Requiem, the king and the citizens of London were present. When the same was ended, the corps was commanded to be had unto Langlie, there to be buried in the church of the friers preachers. The bishop of Chester, the abbats of saint Albons and Waltham, celebrated the exequies for the buriall, none of the nobles nor anie of the commons, to accompt of, being present.

The earliest notice of Shakespeare's play of Richard the Second is found in the books of the Stationers' Company, under the date of August 29th, 1597,—"Andrew Wise.—Entred for his copie by appoyntment from Mr. Warden Man, the Tragedye of Richard the Seconde, vj.*d.*" The edition here entered was published in the same year, under the following title,—"The Tragedie of King Richard the second. As it hath beene publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lorde Chamberlaine his Servants. London, printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church

yard at the signe of the Angel. 1597." In this edition, there is no mention of Shakespeare as the author; but the sale seems to have been extensive, for in the next year a new impression appeared, and in that the author's name is distinctly given in the following title,—"The Tragedie of King Richard the second. As it hath beene publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. By William Shakespeare. London, printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules churchyard at the signe of the Angell. 1598." It is also mentioned, as the work of Shakespeare, by Meres, in the Palladis Tamia, published the same year, 1598; and several quotations from it, with the poet's name appended to most of them, but one erroneously ascribed to Drayton, occur in England's Parnassus, 1600. Andrew Wise appears to have retained the copyright until 1603, when the play is entered, with two others, under the date of June 27th, to Matthew Law, "all which, by consent of the company, are sett over to him from Andrew Wyse." No edition of Richard the Second was, however, issued by Law until the year 1608, when, for the first time, it appeared in a complete form, with the scene of the deposition of Richard, which is wanting in the two earlier editions. The portion here for the first time printed consists of all that involves the personal appearance of Richard, in the scene in the fourth act, commencing with the line,—"May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit," and ending with the words,—"Lords, prepare yourselves." In the place of this, there is only, in eds. 1597, 1598, a short speech by Bolingbroke, in which he fixes the Wednesday following for the day of his coronation. Law, who used no doubt a copy of the edition of 1598, with the insertion above mentioned obtained from some other source, in the first instance took no notice of the addition, but issued the play with a title evidently copied from that of the previous editions, the company, after the accession of James the First, being no longer called the Lord Chamberlain's players;—"The Tragedie of King Richard the second. As it hath been publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servantes. By William Shakespeare. London, printed by W. W. for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608." After some copies, with this title-page, had been issued, the publisher thought probably to render the work more attractive by bringing prominently into notice

the superior value of the new edition, and a new title-page was substituted, the play in other respects being the same,—"The Tragedie of King Richard the Second: with new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Maiesties Seruantes, at the Globe. By William Shake-speare. At London, Printed by W. W. for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules churchyard, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608." It was again republished by Law, after the lapse of seven years, under the following title,—"The Tragedie of King Richard the Second: with new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Maiesties seruants, at the Globe. By William Shake-speare. At London, Printed for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe. 1615." The next impression of the play is that contained in the collective folio edition of 1623, where it is entitled "the Life and Death of King Richard the Second," although the tragedy itself relates only to the last years of his reign. Soon after the appearance of the next folio edition in 1632, a separate edition of this history was issued in quarto by another publisher under the title of,—"The Life and Death of King Richard the Second. With new Additions of the Parliament Scene, and the Deposing of King Richard. As it hath beene acted by the Kings Majesties Servants, at the Globe. By William Shake-speare. London, Printed by John Norton. 1634;" and it may perhaps be just worth notice that in London's Catalogue of the most vendible Books in England, 1658, "the life and death of Rich. the 2°," is one of the three quarto plays of Shakespeare which are mentioned in that work.

The best authorities for the text of Richard the Second are the first edition of 1597, and that portion of the impression of 1608 which contains the scene of the deposition not found in the earlier copies. With the exception of the latter insertion, the four quartos up to that of 1615 appear to have been printed in succession after each other, that of 1598 from that of 1597, that of 1608 from that of 1598, and that of 1615 from that of 1608. The folio edition of 1623 was printed from a prompter's or play-house copy of the impression of 1615, in which several of the dialogues were shortened, often very injudiciously, for the sake of the convenience of the actors. The folio, however, contains a few brief additional sentences, some of which were

probably derived from an authentic copy; but several of the readings not in the previous editions are evidently conjectural, and, on the whole, it can hardly be regarded as a good authority for the text, certainly not when placed in comparison with the early quartos. The editor of the folio also seems to have corrected his copy in some places by means of the edition of 1608, for although he has retained corruptions that satisfactorily prove the impression of 1615 was the basis of his text, yet there are so many verbal corrections that coincide with the readings of the preceding edition, there can be little doubt but that the latter was consulted. Norton's quarto edition of 1634 was merely reprinted from the copy of the play as it appears in the second folio edition of 1632, the various readings consisting of a few alterations and corrections made by the compositor. There can be no doubt that this drama continued popular up to this period, and that it was one of the established stock plays of the Globe theatre. The following interesting entry respecting two performances of it in the year 1631 occurs in the diary of Sir H. Herbert, a manuscript in the possession of the Earl of Powis,—"Received of Mr. Shanke, in the name of the kings company, for the benefitt of their summer day, upon the second daye of Richard the Seconde, at the Globe, this 12 of June, 1631,—5*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*" The popularity of the tragedy at an earlier period is evidenced by the fact of its being selected, along with Hamlet, for private representation on board a ship bound for the East Indies in the year 1607. The following memorandum occurs in the journal of the Dragon, commanded by Captain Keeling, bound with the Hector, commanded by Captain Hawkins, towards the East Indies,—"1607. September 30.—Captain Hawkins dined with me, wher my companions acted Kinge Richard the Second." The original manuscript, in which this entry occurs, is preserved in the archives of the East India House. The vessel, at the time of the performance, was at Sierra Leone.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Richard the Second.

Edmund of Langley, *Duke of York*,
John of Gaunt, *Duke of Lancaster*, } *Uncles to the King.*

Henry, *surnamed Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.*

Duke of Aumerle, *son to the duke of York.*

Thomas Mowbray, *Duke of Norfolk.*

Richard Scroop, *Archbishop of York.*

Duke of Surrey.

Earl of Salisbury.

Lord Berkley.

Sir John Bushy.

Sir William Bagot.

Sir Thomas Green.

Earl of Northumberland.

Henry Percy, *his son.*

Lord Ross.

Lord Willoughby.

Lord Fitz-walter.

Bishop of Carlisle.

Abbot of Westminster.

Sir Pierce *of Exton.*

Sir Stephen Scroop.

Captain of a band of Welshmen.

Queen to King Richard.

Duchess of Gloster.

Duchess of York.

Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—dispersedly in England and Wales.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—Windsor.[1] *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Richard, *attended;* John of Gaunt, *and other* Nobles.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,[2]
Hast thou, according to thy oath and bond,[3]
Brought hither Henry Hereford[4] thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;[5]
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,—
On some apparent danger seen in him
Aim'd at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence: face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak:—
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, *with* BOLINGBROKE[6] *and* NORFOLK.

Boling. Many years of happy days befal[7]
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;[8]
Namely, to appeal each other[9] of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Boling. First (heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,[10]
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,—
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish (so please my sovereign), ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.
Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and naught at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.

Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him ;
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain :
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds ;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,[11]
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king ;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop :
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.[12]

Nor. I take it up ; and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial :
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor or unjustly fight !

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge ?
It must be great that can inherit us[13]
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true ;—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,[14]
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land
Fetch'd from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further, I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,—

That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death,[15]
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,[16]
And consequently, like a traitor-coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar!

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir
(As he is but my father's brother's son),
Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear account,[17]
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:[18]
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,—
I slew him not; but, to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.

This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial-day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen,[19] be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.[20]
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age:—
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When,—Harry, when?[21]
Obedience bids,—I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot.

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name—
Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,[22]
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;[23]
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:—
Give me his gage:—lions make leopards tame.[24]

Nor. Yea, but not change their spots:[25] take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear[26] impeach my height
Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit* GAUNT.

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command;—
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day:
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we can not atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.[27]
Lord marshal, command our officers-at-arms
Be ready to direct these home alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the* Duke of Lancaster's *Palace.*[28]

Enter GAUNT *and* Duchess of Gloster.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Gloster's blood[29]
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life!
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see[30] the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons,[31] whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is hack'd down, and his summer-leaves all faded,[32]
By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt,—it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where, then, alas, may I complain myself?[33]

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,

And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant[34] to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee as go with me!
Duch. Yet one word more:—grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy[35] visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,[36]
Unpeopled offices,[37] untrodden stones?
And what cheer there[38] for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow;—that dwells every where.
Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Gosford Green, near Coventry.

Lists set out, and a throne;[39] *heralds, &c., attending. Enter the* Duke of SURREY *as* Lord Marshal,[40] *and* AUMERLE *as* High Constable of England.

Surrey. My Lord Aumerle,[41] is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points;[42] and longs to enter in.
Surrey. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why, then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, *who takes his seat on his throne;* GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, *and others, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter* NORFOLK *in armour, preceded by a* Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
Surrey. In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms;
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thine oath;
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour![43]
Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray,[44] Duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath
(Which God defend a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,[45]
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE *in armour, preceded by a* Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,[46]
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither[47]
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.
Surrey. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!
Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,

In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he 's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Surrey. On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,[48]
Except the marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Surrey. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms.—
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear:
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;— [*To* SURREY.
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end more sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,[49]
And furbish[50] new the name of John o'Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;

And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.
Boling. Mine innocence, and Saint George to thrive![51]
Nor. However God or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,[52]
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.
K. Rich. Farewell, my lord; securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.
Surrey. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!
Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.
Mar. Go bear this lance [*to an Officer*] to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.
First Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.
Sec. Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.
Surrey. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.
[*A charge sounded.*
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.[53]
K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,

And both return back to their chairs again:—
Withdraw with us:—and let the trumpets sound
While we return these dukes what we decree.—
[*A long flourish.*
Draw near, [*To the combatants.*
And list what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of cruel wounds[54] plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle[55]
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—
Therefore we banish you our territories:
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,[56]
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: this must my comfort be,—
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The sly-slow[57] hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;[58]
The hopeless word of—never to return[59]—
Breath I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd-for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved[60] at your highness' hands.
The language I have learned these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:

And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony:
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;[61]
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now:
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate:[62]
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [*Retiring.*

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God,—
Our part therein we banish with yourselves,[63]—
To keep the oath that we administer:—
You never shall—so help you truth and God!—
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;[64]
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy;[65]—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banished from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,

And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray:
Save back to England, all the world's my way.[66] [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banished years
Pluck'd four away.—[*To Boling.*] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:
Why at our justice seem'st thou, then, to lower?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,[67]
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander sought I to avoid,[68]
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away;

But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong.
K. Rich. Cousin, farewell;—and, uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
[*Flourish. Exeunt* King Richard *and train.*
Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where you do remain let paper show.
Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.
Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.
Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.
Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?[69]
Gaunt. All places, that the eye of heaven visits,[70]
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king:[71] woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not, the king exil'd thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:
Suppose the singing-birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,[72]
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu,
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet;
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,—
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.[73] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Eltham.[74] *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, *and* GREEN; AUMERLE *following.*

K. Rich. We did observe.[75]—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. Faith, none for me:[76] except the north-east wind
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted with him?
Aum. "Farewell:"
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That word seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word "farewell" have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.
K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,[77]
Observ'd his courtship to the common people;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;[78]
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,[79]
With,—"Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;"
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.
Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,—
Expedient[80] manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage and your highness' loss.
K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war:
And, for our coffers,—with too great a court
And liberal largess,—are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;[81]
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,

And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY, *in haste.*[82]

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely-house.[83]

K. Rich. Now put it, Heaven, in his physician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late! [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the First Act.

[1] *Windsor.*

No place for this scene is mentioned in the early editions, and London is the locality given by the modern editors; but the conference took place at Windsor, as recorded by Holinshed, p. 493,—"after the dissolving of the parlement at Shrewsburie, there was a daie appointed, about six weeks after, for the king to come unto Windsor to heare and to take some order betwixt the two dukes, which had thus appealed ech other."

[2] *Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster.*

Our ancestors, in their estimate of old age, appear to have reckoned somewhat differently from us, and to have considered men as old whom we should now esteem middle aged. With them, every man that had passed fifty seems to have been accounted an old man. John of Gaunt, who is here introduced in that character with the additional of "*time-honour'd* Lancaster," was at this time only 58 years old. He was born at Ghent (spelt and pronounced in English, *Gaunt*) in 1340, and our present play commences in 1398; he died in 1399, aged 59. King Henry is represented by Daniel, in his poem of Rosamond, as extremely old when he had a child by that lady. Henry was born at Mentz in 1133, and died on the 7th July, 1189, at the age of 56. Robert, Earl of Leicester, is called an old man by Spencer in a letter to Gabriel Harvey in 1582; at which time Leicester was not 50 years old: and the French Admiral Coligny is represented by his biographer, Lord Huntington, as a very old man, though at the time of his death he was but 53. These various instances fully ascertain what has been stated, and account for the appellation here given to John of Gaunt. I believe this is made in some measure to arise from its being customary to enter into life, in former times, at an earlier period than we do now. Those who were married at fifteen, had at fifty been masters of a house and family for thirty-five years.—*Malone.*

[3] *Hast thou, according to thy oath and bond.*

Bond is spelt *band* in the old editions, but the latter is a mere variation of

orthography. The more modern spelling is adopted in Tate's alteration, 1681, p. 1. The king here speaks to the Duke of Lancaster, as pledge and assurance for his son's appearance; for the combatants upon the challenge, or acceptance of it, were bound to bring in sufficient pledges for surety, that they, and every of them, should appear, and perform the combat, betwixt the sun rising and going down of the day, appointed for the acquittal of their pledges. The day of the battle, the constable and marshal called before them the pledges, as well of the defendant, as of the challenger, to be shew'd, and presented unto the king, there to remain within the lists as prisoners, until such time as the challenger and defendant were come, and had perform'd all their ceremonies. See Segar, iii. 17. To this Spenser seems to allude in the combat of the three brethren with Cambel, for Canacee, book 4, canto 3.—*Grey.*

[4] *Brought hither Henry Hereford.*

It is clear, from the original quarto copy of this play, 1597, where we constantly find Bolingbroke's title written *Herford*, that the author used the word as a dissyllable. Hardynge, in his Chroniele, always writes either *Herford* or *Harford;* and so also Rastal, in his Pastime of the People. This, therefore, we may be sure, was the pronunciation of Shakespeare's time, as well as of a preceding period.—*Malone.*

In the speech of Richard after the entrance of Bolingbroke, the title is printed *Hereford* in the editions of 1598, 1608, and 1615, as well as in the folio, 1623; and the most usual course in the later part of this play, in the oldest edition as well as in the folio, 1623, is to print it *Hereford.* On the other hand, in the first scene of Henry IV., part i, we have Herefordshire uniformly printed, *Herdfordshire*, in the quarto editions, and *Herefordshire* in the folio. Daniel, in his Civil Wars, 1595, always prints Bolingbroke's title, *Herford.—Knight.*

It is often printed *Herford* in the first folio, and altered to *Hereford* in the second edition of 1632.

[5] *If he appeal the duke on ancient malice.*

The origin of the quarrel between these two peers has never been satisfactorily explained, but that there was some ground for "malice" is so obvious that Shakespeare, in this and the next speech, only goes so far as to say that no confession of ill will could be obtained.

This yere also, about the feest of seynt Bartholmew, fell dysceneion and discorde atwene duke of Herforde and the duke of Norfolke, wherefore the duke of Herforde accusyd that other that he had taken iiij. M. marke of the kynges, of suche money as he shulde therewith have wagyd certeyne sowdyours at Calays, he lefte undon, and toke the same money to his owne use. But another wryter sayeth, that as the sayd ij. dukys rode upon a tyme from the parlyament towarde theyr lodgynges, the duke of Norfolke sayd unto that other, "Sir, see you not howe varyable the kynge is in his wordis, and how shamefully he puttyth his lordes and kynnesfolkys to deth, and other exylyth and holdyth in pryson; wherfore full necessary it is to take kepe, and not for to truste moche in his wordis, for without dowte in tyme to come, he wyll by suche lyke meanys bryng us unto lyke deth and distruccion." Of which wordys the sayd duke of Herforde accusyd that other unto the kynge; wherefore eyther wagyd batayle with other before the kyng, to whom day of metynge was geven to eyther upon the xj. daye of Septembre, to fyght within listys at Coventre, where all thynge was ordeyned for.—*Fabyan's Chronicle.*

[6] *Bolingbroke.*

Drayton asserts that Henry Plantagenet, the eldest son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, was not distinguished by the name of Bolingbroke till after he had assumed the crown. Our ancient historians, in speaking of his contest with the Duke of Norfolk, denominate him Earl of Hereford. He was surnamed of Bolingbroke town, in Lincolnshire, from his having been born there about the year 1366.—*Malone.*

[7] *Many years of happy days befal.*

In strictness, this line is metrically imperfect, but there is no reason to suspect any corruption. Tate, in his Alteration, 1681, added *now* at the commencement of the line.

[8] *By the cause you come.*

That is, by the cause you come on. The suppression of the preposition is by no means unusual in Shakespeare. "And I remain a pinch'd thing, a very trick for them to *play* at will," Winter's Tale; that is, play on.

[9] *To appeal each other.*

Strutt says it should be *appeach;* but there is evidence sufficient of *appeal* being used, in the present sense, by the old writers; and it is not a little remarkable, that it is so applied in the account of this very quarrel between Hereford and Norfolk, in Warner's Albion's England:—

> The other saying little, then, immediately reveales
> The secrete, and before the king his foe-made friend appeales.

The word *appeal* appears to have been formerly used with much latitude; and sometimes in such a way that it is not easy to find out what those who used it precisely meant by it. But according to its most ancient signification, it implies a reference by name to a charge or accusation, and an offer, or challenge, to support such charge by the ordeal of single combat. And something of this, its primary sense, may still be descried in all its various applications. Thus, an *appeal* from one person to another, to judge and decide; or from an inferior to a superior court, is to transfer the challenge from such as are deemed incompetent to accept it, to those who may be competent: and, as "a summons to answer a charge," it is nearly equivalent to an actual challenge.

And, likewise there were many Southland men that *appelled* others in Barrace to fight before the King to the dead, for certain crimes of lese majesty.—*Pitscottie*, p. 234.

Here the word clearly means challenge: as in the preceding page the laird of Drumlanerick and the laird of Barrace are said to have provoked (which also means challenge) others in Barrace to fight to death. . . . but being *appealed* (challenged) by the Lord Clifford, an Englishman, to fight with him in singular combat.—*Hist. of Scotland*, f. 365.—*Boucher.*

[10] *And free from other misbegotten hate.*

Other, old editions; *wrath or*, Perkins MS. Tate, in his Alteration, 1681, writes,—"Not on suggestions of a private hatred."

We ask, how can Bolingbroke say he is "free from *wrath*," when he directly after calls Mowbray "a traitor and a miscreant?" He does hate Mowbray; but he is free from any other hate than that which arises from "the devotion of a subject's love." His hate from this cause was legitimate, and not "misbegotten." —*Knight.*

[11] *Or any other ground inhabitable.*

Inhabitable is a known word; but in this passage it is used in a sense quite contrary to its usual acceptation, and means, *not habitable*, *uninhabitable*, *incapable of inhabitants*. In the same sense, the French use their word *inhabitáble*, and the Latin *inhabitabilis* has sometimes the same meaning: and for this use of the word our bard has the authority of his contemporary Ben Jonson, who uses it in the same sense:—

> To cut such poisons from the earth, and let
> Their blood out, to be drawn away in clouds,
> And pour'd on some *inhabitable* place
> Where the hot sun and slime breeds nought but moisture?

The commentators seem to forget that much of our language is Norman, and that *habitable* was, for ages, the common expression for our present inhabitable in every part of the kingdom.

And in such wise they were fro their way in a place *inhabitable*, that thei wist not what to thinke.—*Guy of Warwick*, 4to. bl. lett. Q 3.

> Lest that thy bewty make this stately towne,
> *Inhabitable*, like the burning zone,
> With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.
>
> *Old Taming of the Shrew.*

Again, in Taylor the water-poet's Short Relation of a Long Journey, &c. "—— there stands a strong castle, but the town is all spoil'd, and almost *inhabitable* by the late lamentable troubles." Collier quotes a like instance of the word from Heywood's General History of Women, 1624: "Where all the country was scorched by the heat of the sun, and the place almost *inhabitable* for the multitude of serpents." A case still more in point occurs in Holland's Plutarch: "Haply by the divine providence so ordering all, that some parts of the world should be *habitable*, others *inhabitable*, according to excessive cold, extreme heat, and a mean temperature of both."—*Var. Annot.*

[12] *What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.*

So the quarto 1597. Quarto 1598, "What I have spoke, or thou canst devise." Quarto 1608, "What I have spoke, or *what* thou canst devise." Folio, "What I have *spoken*, or thou canst devise."—*Boswell.*

The speaker's sense is that he would prove upon Mowbray, in single combat, what he had spoken, or what Mowbray could imagine him to have spoke, that was more infamous.—*Capell.*

[13] *That can inherit us.*

This word is used by Shakespeare in the sense of to possess, or obtain, merely, without any reference to the strict notion of inheritance. Again, in Romeo and Juliet, act. 1, sc. 2,—

> ——such delight
> Among fresh female buds shall you this night
> *Inherit* at my house.

Again, in a subsequent scene in this play:

> ——Gaunt as a grave,
> Whose hollow womb *inherits* nought but bones.

[14] *For lewd employments.*

The original signification of *lewd* was *unlearned*. It came afterwards to be

used in the sense of *idle* or *wicked*, and it appears here to be best interpreted by the latter word. Thus in Holinshed: The breaking of an oath, in a case that may prejudice, procureth greevous punishments from God against them that so *lewdlie* doo offend."

[15] *That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death.*

"In isto parliamento, 1399, notum erat et compertum de morte Ducis Gloucestriæ, quam dolose, et maliciose fuerat apud Calesiam, per Thomam Mowbray, Ducem Northfolciæ, capitaneum ibidem, rege jubente suffocatus," Vit. Ricardi Secundi, a monacho de Evesham, p. 161. So, in Daniel's Civil Wars,—

Long was it not ere Gloster was convey'd
To Calais, and there strangled secretly.

The note on this passage states that "Mowbray, Earl Marshall, after made Duke of Norfolk, had the charge of dispatching the Duke of Gloster at Calais."

[16] *Suggest his soon-believing adversaries.*

That is, prompt, set them on by injurious hints; he raised the duke many enemies by his false inventions and base insinuations. Thus, in the Tempest:—"They'll take *suggestion*, as a cat laps milk."—*Steevens.*

[17] *Upon remainder of a dear account.*

By *dear account*, says Davies, I understand a demand of debt of a private nature, as stated in the text. It seems rather to mean simply, a considerable sum, one of the usual senses of *dear* being, costly. So Helena, in the Midsummer Night's Dream, says of Demetrius,—if I have his thanks, "it is a dear expense," that is, it will cost him a great deal to make even so slight a return. In the Perkins MS., *dear* is altered to *clear*.

[18] *Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.*

The Duke of Norfolk was joined in commission with Edward, Earl of Rutland, (the Aumerle of this play), to go to France in the year 1395, in the king's name, to demand in marriage (Isabel, the queen of our present drama,) the eldest daughter of Charles the Sixth, then between seven and eight years of age. The contract of marriage was confirmed by the French King in March, 1396; and on November, 1396, Richard was married to his young consort in the chapel of St. Nicholas, in Calais, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. His first wife, Anne, daughter to the Emperor of Germany, Charles the Fourth, whom he had married in 1382, died at Shene, on Whitsunday, 1394. His marriage with Isabella, as is manifest from her age, was merely political; and accordingly it was accompanied with an agreement for a truce between France and England, for thirty years.—*Malone.*

[19] *Wrath-kindled gentlemen.*

"The last word is printed *gentleman* in all the quartos, excepting in ed. 1634; the king addressing himself to Norfolk, who had just concluded his angry speech. The folio reads *gentlemen;* but Bolingbroke, merely as the accuser, was not so properly 'wrath-kindled,' and, moreover, had had time to cool," Collier. In the first place, whoever reads this scene with any attention will find that Bolingbroke is to the full as angry as Norfolk. Secondly, the fifth line of the present speech proves that the preceding part of it is addressed to both the "wrath-kindled *gentlemen.*" Thirdly, the variations of the old eds. are here of no moment: in those manuscript early plays which I have had an opportunity of examining, the

contraction *gent.* is often put for *gentleman*, *gentlemen*, *gentlewoman*, and *gentlewomen;* hence frequent mistakes in the printed copies. In the following passage of Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady, act v. sc. 4,—

> I have cast beyond your wit: that *gentlewoman*
> Is your retainer Welford,

(which, of course, is the right reading, Welford having been disguised as a *gentlewoman*), the first 4to has "gent.," and the later eds. (the abbreviation having been misunderstood) "gentleman."—*Dyce.*

[20] *Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.*

Richard alludes to the almanacs of the time, where particular seasons were pointed out as the most proper time for being bled. Thus the first quarto, 1597. The folio has—"no *time.*—" But the above mentioned allusion shows that the original is the true reading.—*Malone.*

[21] *When, Harry, when!*

When is an old expression, an exclamation not a question, significative of great impatience, common in early English plays. "When, parson, when! what, can you find no more?," Sir John Oldcastle. "Nay, then, sweet sir, give reason; come on, when!," Marston's What You Will. A repetition of the following words,—"obedience bids"—is found in the old editions, and is probably incorrect, as would appear from the rhyme, unless we introduce it in the next line, and attribute it to the speaker's passion.

[22] *Despite of death, that lives upon my grave.*

That is, "my name that lives on my grave, in despight of death." This easy passage most of the editors seem to have mistaken. The construction is,—"That lives, despite of death, upon my grave."—*Johnson.*

[23] *And baffled here.*

Baffled, treated with indignity. Hence, generally, abused, reviled. "And furthermore the earle bade the herald to saie unto his maister the king; that, if he for his part, kept not his appointment, then he was content that the Scots should baffull him, which is a great reproch among the Scots, and is used, when a man is openlie perjured, and then they make of him an image painted, reversed, with his heeles upward, with his name, woondering, crieng, and blowing out on him with hornes, in the most despitefull manner they can, in token that he is worthie to be exiled the companie of all good creatures," Holinshed's Chronicle. "I summon you reasonablie to excuse that fault supposed to be yours, or else to mainteine that traitorous act with your person against mine in fight, when, where, or how you dare. Otherwise I will baffull your good name, sound with the trumpet your dishonour, and paint your picture with the heels upward, and beare it in despite of yourselfe," Letter dated 1570. Spenser, in his Faerie Queene, alludes to the same signification of the word more than once. "*Baffouer*, to baffle, abuse, revile, disgrace, handle basely in tearmes," Cotgrave.

[24] *Lions make leopards tame.*

There is a peculiar allusion here which has not been noticed. The Norfolk crest was a golden leopard.—*Malone.*

[25] *Yea, but not change their spots.*

The allusion is to Scripture,—"Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" The old copies read, *his spots*, the change from the singular

to plural, and *vice versa*, being admissible in Shakespeare's time; but, in the present edition, it has been considered justifiable to remove the grammatical inaccuracies arising from the improper use of the singulars or plurals, unless the rhyme or the circumstances of the dialogue rendered alteration unsafe.

[26] *Or with pale beggar-fear.*

This is the reading of one of the oldest quartos, 1597, and the folio. The quartos 1608 and 1615, read—beggar-*face;* that is, with a face of supplication.—*Steevens.*

[27] *Justice design the victor's chivalry.*

Design, to mark or point out, to indicate. Pope unjustifiably altered it to *decide*. To *design*, in our author's time, signified to *mark out*. See Minsheu's Dict. in v.: "To *designe* or *shew by a token*. Ital. *Denotare*, Lat. *Designare*." At the end of the article the reader is referred to the words "to *marke*, *note*, *demonstrate*, or *shew*." The word is still used with this signification in Scotland. —*Malone.*

The propriety of this expression here will be obvious, when we recollect that *designator* was "*a marshal*, a master of the play or prize, who appointed every one his place, and adjudged the victory."—*Singer.*

[28] *The Duke of Lancaster's Palace.*

The *Savoy* Palace, of which some remains existed within a few years, was situated near the Thames, almost close to the Strand end of Waterloo Bridge. This was anciently the seat of Peter Earl of Savoy, uncle to Eleanor, queen of Henry III. Upon his death it devolved to the queen, who gave it to her second son, Edmund, afterwards Earl of Lancaster. From that time the Savoy was taken as part and parcel of the earldom and honour of Lancaster, and was used as the London palace of the earls and dukes of that house. John of Gaunt married Blanch, the daughter of Henry, the first *Duke* of Lancaster. Blanch was a co-heiress with her sister Matilda to the vast estates of this duchy; and by the death of Matilda, without issue, he became subsequently possessed of all the property, in right of his wife, and was himself created Duke of Lancaster.—*Knight.*

[29] *Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood.*

This refers to his near relationship to Gloster, to whom he was brother. "In Woodstock's blood," eds. 1597, 1598, 1608, 1615; altered in later copies as in the text. Thomas, the youngest son of Edward the Third, born at Woodstock, and hence generally known as Thomas of Woodstock, until Richard the Second first created him Earl of Buckingham, and afterwards Duke of Gloucester. "In this ninth yeare, 1386, about the feast of S. Martine, Thomas of Woodstoke, Earl of Buckingham, was created Duke of Glocester," Holinshed, p. 448.

[30] *Who when they see.*

The verb is here governed by *hands*. It is not unusual for the antecedent to occur in a previous sentence. There is no necessity for altering the text to, *he sees*, considering *Heaven* as the impersonation of the Deity.

[31] *Edward's seven sons.*

The noble and victorious Prince, King Edward the third, had his fortunate gift of a long and prosperous raigne over this realme of England, much strengthened and adorned, by natures supply of seven goodly sonnes. Edward his eldest sonne, Prince of Wales, commonly called the Blacke Prince: William of Hatfield: Lyonel Duke of Clarence: John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster:

Edmund of Langley, Duke of Yorke: Thomas of Woodstocke, Duke of Glouccster: and William of Windsore. These sonnes, during the life of their renowned father, were such ornaments and such stayes to his estate, as it seemed no greater could be annexed thereunto. For neither armies, nor strong holdes are so great defences to a prince, as the multitude of children.—*Hayward's Life and Raigne of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[32] *Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded.*

Faded, eds. 1597, 1598, 1608, 1615; *vaded*, eds. 1623, 1632, 1634, 1663, 1685. These are merely different forms of the same word, both being derived from *vado;* but in one instance, in the Civill Divell, a poem in Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 1615, p. 53, a distinction of some kind appears to be made,—"Thy form's divine, no fading, vading flower." The expression *hack'd* seems to warrant the transposition of the two previous lines, which are arranged differently in the original.

All as a slope, and like the grasse,
Whose bewty soone doth *vade.*—*MS. Ashmol.* 802.

The prince is bound by oath to graunt her pleasure,
Yet from her will, he seekes her to disswade,
Hoord not (quoth he) unto yourselfe such treasure,
Nor let so sweet a flower ungathered *vade.*
Heywood's Troia Britannica, 1609.

O nothing, which dost all things mar, if made;
Why art thou nothing, yet dost thou not *vade.*
Rich Cabinet furnished with Varietie of Excellent Discriptions, 1616.

[33] *Where then, alas! may I complain myself?*

Complain is misprinted *complaint* in ed. 1623, the error being peculiar to that edition. To *complain* is commonly a verb neuter, but it is here used as a verb active. So, in a very scarce book entitled A Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cautels, translated from the French, by H. W. (Henry Wotton) Gentleman, 4to, 1578: "I coulde finde no companion, eyther to comforte me, or helpe to *complaine* my great sorrowe." Again, p. 58: "— wyth greate griefe he *complained* the calamitie of his countrey." Again, in the Queenes Majesties Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke, by Thomas Churchyard: "— Cupid encountring the Queene, beganne to *complayne* hys state and his mothers," &c. Dryden also employs the word in the same sense in his Fables:

Gaufride, who couldst so well in rhyme *complain*
The death of Richard with an arrow slain.

Complain myself (as Mr. M. Mason observes,) is a literal translation of the French phrase, *me plaindre.* See, also, the last scene of the third act.—*Steevens.*

[34] *A caitiff recreant.*

Caitiff is a word that often occurs, and yet is not common nor so generally known and understood. It is from the Latin *captivus;* and, as Dr. Johnson has observ'd, "originally signified a *captive* or prisoner; next a slave, from the condition of prisoners; then a scoundrel, or low-bred person, from the qualities of a slave." In some places in our author it seems to partake of all these significations.—*Warner.*

[35] *At Plashy visit me.*

It was at "the Duke's house at Plashie in Essex," as described by Holinshed,

where Richard called on the Duke of Gloucester previously to his arrest. The house is alluded to as a medieval mansion, with a large base-court. Malone says, "the lordship of Plashy was a town of the duchess of Gloucester's in Essex." But this is not quite accurate; Plashey, now called Pleshey, is a village, seven miles from Chelmsford. It was the seat of the lord high constable of England, from the earliest times of that office to the close of the fourteenth century. On the site of his castle (to which the duchess was then going to retire) is now (1794) a brick farm-house, called the Lodge, and near it the remains of some ancient fortifications.—*Anon.*

[36] *Unfurnish'd walls.*

In our ancient castles the naked stone walls were only covered with tapestry, or arras, hung upon tenter hooks, from which it was easily taken down on every removal of the family. See the preface to the Household Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland, begun in 1512.—*Steevens.*

[37] *Unpeopled offices.*

The *offices* of our old English mansions particularly denote the rooms designed or keeping the various stores of provisions, bread, wine, ale, &c., and for culinary purposes; that is, the butler's pantry, cellars, and kitchen; and they were always situated within the house, on the ground floor (for there were no subterraneous rooms till about the middle of the reign of Charles the First), and nearly adjoining to each other. When dinner had been set on the board by the sewers, the proper officers attended in each of these offices. Sometimes, on occasions of great festivity, these offices were all thrown open, and unlimited licence given to all comers to eat and drink at their pleasure. Thus, in Othello, where notice is given by a trumpeter, that, on account of the destruction of the Turkish Fleet, and in honour of the General's nuptials, every man was to put himself into triumph: "All *offices* are opened, and there is full licence from the present hour of five, till the bell hath toll'd eleven!" The duchess of Gloster, therefore, laments, that in consequence of the murder of her husband, all the hospitality of plenty is at an end; "the walls are unfurnished, the lodging rooms empty, the courts untrodden, and the *offices* unpeopled; being now no longer filled by the proper officers, who attended daily to execute their several functions in her husband's life-time. All now (she adds,) is solitude and silence, and my groans are the only *cheer* that my guests can now expect."—*Malone.*

[38] *And what cheer there for welcome.*

The reading *cheer* is found only in ed. 1597, the word being wrongly altered to *hear* in ed. 1598, the compositor being probably misled by the last word of the line, *groans*, imagining that the speaker intended to say that nothing but groans were to be heard there. The error is repeated in all the subsequent editions. In one copy of ed. 1597, in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, the reading is *hear*, which may perhaps show that that copy was an early uncorrected one, from a duplicate of which the next edition of 1598 may possibly have been printed. The word is *cheere* in the Capell copy, and also in another in the possession of Mr. Daniel.

[39] *Lists set out, and a throne.*

After this time, he made a great and marvellous strong theatre at Coventrie for the combate betwixte the Duke of Hereford, and the Duke of Norffolke, and gave them day for the fight, the sixteenth of September, to weete, the feast day of Saint Edith, at which day and place a great concourse and assemble of people was there gathered out of all partes of Englande. When the sayde champions

appeared in the listes, readie to fighte, the king commanded them to be quiet and not to fight, and then the kyng sitting in hys royall apparell within his tente girt with his sworde, hee commanded hys decree to bee proclaymed, and thys was the king's deeree, that Henry Duke of Hereforde, for hys disobedienee towardes the king, shoulde bee banished for tenne yeares, and likewise the Duke of Norffolke to be banished for ever out of England, taking of his revenues a thousand markes by yeare, till the towne of Caleis were repaired.—*Stowe.*

[40] *Enter the Duke of Surrey as Lord Marshal.*

Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey, is again introdueed in the fourth aet. In the present seene he is, in the old editions, marked only as "the Lord Marshal," but that office was, on this oeeasion, exeeuted by the Duke of Surrey, Mowbray, who was Earl Marshal, being one of the combatants, and therefore ineapable of officiating in that eapaeity. After Mowbray's banishment, Holland was eonstituted Marshal of England, and about the same time appointed Lieutenant of Ireland. Mowbray was ereated Earl Marshal or Lord Marshal, either title being given to the Marshal of England, for life in 1383, with remainder to him and his heirs male in 1396, so that he was nominally Lord Marshal after his banishment, when the Duke of Surrey was the person aetually in possession of the office. There were, in fact, two Lord Marshals living at the same time, a eireumstance which explains some allusions that seem at first sight to be erroneous.

[41] *My lord Aumerle.*

Edward Plantagenet was ereated Duke of Aumerle by King Richard, his cousin-german, 29 September, 1397. He was the eldest son of Edward of Langley Duke of York, fifth son of King Edward the Third, and was killed in 1415, at the battle of Agineourt. He offieiated at the lists of Coventry, as High Constable of England. *Aumerle*, or *Aumale*, is the French for what we now eall *Albemarle*, whieh is a town in Normandy. The old historians generally use the French title.—*Steevens.*

[42] *Yea, at all points.*

This phrase was speeially applied to a person completely armed, in full armour. "Arm'd at all points, prepar'd to march he stands," Roehester's Valentinian. "Base that he was, to affront a person of your honour, one that wears a sword, and knows what's what. Did he refuse me, to meet me in the said field provided *at all points*, I'd post him coward, and hire slaves to kick him," Play of the Counterfeits, 1679. The expression was sometimes, but not often, used in other ways. "He is a lover at all points," Overbury's Charaeters, 1615.

> Then armde at all points to withstand the foe,
> With holy armour: here's the martiall sword.
>
> *Greene's Never too Late*, 1590.

[43] *As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!*

That is, as you hope that heaven and your valour may defend you. Thus the original quarto, 1597, and the other aneient eopies. Rowe and the subsequent editors read—*And* so, &e.—*Malone.*

[44] *My name is Thomas Mowbray.*

It appears from Holinshed, that the Duke of Hereford, appellant, entered the lists first; and this, indeed, must have been the regular method of the combat; for the natural order of things requires that the accuser or ehallenger should be at the plaee of appointment first.—*Steevens.*

[45] *And my succeeding issue.*

My, eds. 1597, 1598, 1608, 1615; *his*, eds. 1623, 1632, 1634, 1663, 1685. There appears no reason for Norfolk to defend himself in the sight of the king's succeeding issue, and the reading here adopted is explained by the circumstance that his children would be in danger of an attainder.

[46] *Ask yonder knight in arms.*

Towards the latter part of the thirteenth century, it became the practice to apply plates of metal to some parts of the *haubert*, or tunic of mail, chiefly to the knees and elbows. The cuirasse, the casque with the visor entirely closed, and some other plates were added at the beginning of the fourteenth century, but it was not till the middle of the first half of this century, that plate armour began to be generally adopted. Ornamentation appears as yet to have been hardly thought of, and all the plate armour of the fourteenth century known, as well as the casques, is quite plain. We have no traces of the complete suit of plate armour till the close of the fifteenth century, and then the surface begins to be ornamented, but in a very simple manner. The accompanying cut, taken from an impression of a seal preserved in the national archives of France, is a very good representation of a French knight in plate armour of the beginning of the fifteenth century. It is attached to a deed of Jean lord of Ligne, which is dated in the year 1406. Among the more remarkable characteristics of his dress are the small bells hung round his girdle. We observe similar bells hung to the baldric of a knight in an illuminated manuscript of the Royal Library in the British Museum (MS. Reg. 15, D. iii), belonging also to the earlier part of the fifteenth century. The jingle of these small bells seems to have been considered at that period as a pleasant noise, and very becoming in the persons of individuals of rank or fashion.—*Thomas Wright.*

[47] *Both who he is, and why he cometh hither.*

Selden describes the manner of proceeding in combats of this kind; "The appellant and procurator first enter the gate on the right end of the lists, bounded with his esquires, cloath'd in his colours, and array'd with his arms, waiting on him. The constable and marshal demand by a herald what he is, and how he comes so array'd?" See likewise Segar, lib. 3, cap. 17.—*Grey.*

[48] *As to touch the lists.*

"A herald, by commandment of the constable and marshal, did make proclamation at four corners of the lists, thus, *Oiez, oiez:* We charge and command, in the name of the king, the constable and marshal, that no man, of what estate, title, or degree soever, shall approach the lists nearer than four foot in distance, nor shall utter any word, speech, voice, or countenance, whereof either the challenger, or defender, may take advantage, upon pain of loss of life, living, or goods, to be taken at the king's good pleasure," Segar of Honour military and civil, lib. 3, cap. 17. Where the fight was for life or death—"None of the people might cry, scryce out, make any noise, or give any signe whatsoever. And hereunto at Halle in Swevia, was so great regard taken, that the executioner stood besyde the judges,

ready with an ax to cut off the right hand, and left foot of the party offending." See Verstegan's Restitution of Decay'd Intelligence, p. 64.—*Grey.*

[49] *Mowbray's waxen coat.*

Waxen seems here to be metaphorically used for *penetrable* or *flexible.* The ancient brigandines, or coats of mail, were composed of small pieces of steel quilted over one another, and yet so flexible as to accommodate the dress they form to every motion of the body. Several of these are preserved at the armoury at Gooderich Court. Henley observes, the object of Bolingbroke's request is that the temper of his lance's point might as much exceed the mail of his adversary, as the iron of that mail was harder than wax, an explanation which appears to be an unnecessary refinement on the simple and obvious meaning of the passage. Bishop Hall uses *waxy* in the sense of *yielding*,—"he is servile in imitation, *waxy* to persuasion."

By using these words, Bolingbroke means to express a high and confident opinion of the goodness of his cause, of his own strength and courage, and of the weakness and cowardice of his adversary. As if he had said, "So little do I fear the power of my antagonist, that his coat of mail will, to my lance, be as penetrable as if it were composed of wax." The knights who went forth to battle were certainly not better secured and guarded in their armour than those who fought for life and honour in a single combat.—*Davies.*

[50] *And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt.*

All the quartos, including that of 1634, have *furbish*, all the folios reading *furnish.* Either word will do, as to *furnish* in the time of Shakespeare signified to *dress.* So, twice in As You Like It: "*furnished* like a huntsman."—"—*furnished* like a beggar."—*Steevens.*

[51] *Mine innocence, and Saint George to thrive!*

So all the old copies, the word *innocence* being unnecessarily altered to *innocency* by several modern editors. A similar phrase referring to St. George is common in early English. "*R. Royster.* Now forth in ray, sirs, and stoppe no more.—*M. Mery.* Now, sainct George to borow! Drum, dubbe a dubbe afore."—*Ralph Royster Doyster.*

[52] *As gentle and as jocund, as to jest.*

The commentators forget that to *jest* sometimes signifies in old language *to play a part in a mask.* Thus, in Hieronymo:—

> He promised us in honour of our guest,
> To grace our banquet with some pompous *jest.*

And accordingly a mask is performed.—*Farmer.*

> My rival Marian, he that cross'd our love,
> Hath cross'd me in this *jest*, and at the court
> Employs the players should have made us sport. .
>
> *Downfall of R. Earl of Huntington*, 1601.

[53] *The king hath thrown his warder down.*

A *warder* was a kind of truncheon or staff carried by persons who presided at these single combats; the throwing down of which seems to have been a solemn act of prohibition to stay proceedings. A different movement of the warder had an opposite effect. In Drayton's Battle of Agincourt, Erpingham is represented throwing it up as a signal for a charge. So, in Daniel's Civil Wars, 1595, in reference to this transaction, book i. st. 63:—

When, lo! the king chang'd suddenly his mind,
Casts down his *warder*, and so stays them there.—*Singer.*

[54] *Of cruel wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords.*

"Of *cruell* wounds plowd up with neighbours *sword*," ed. 1597, in two copies, but, in a third, *civil* occurs in the place of *cruel*. As either reading makes perfect sense, and the later editions are all of inferior authority, the only reason for adopting the latter lection is that it avoids a pleonasm, wounds made with neighbours' swords being necessarily civil wounds. The compositor of ed. 1597 had no doubt altered the word after some copies had been struck off, but it is of course impossible to ascertain which reading was first inserted. All the editions, after that of 1597, read *civil.*

[55] *To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle.*

This and the next line are restored by Pope from the first quarto; but Warburton is for rejecting them as having been omitted by Shakespeare himself on revising the play, and, in his opinion, "with great judgment; for as pretty as the image is in these two lines, yet they are absurd in the sense. *Peace awake* is, it seems, still *peace*, as well as when *asleep;* only *peace asleep* gives one the notion of a happy people sunk in sloth and luxury, from which state the sooner it was awaked the better." But Shakespeare's imagination was much superior to such strained refinement as this, which undoubtedly never once entered into his thoughts. He is speaking of the peace of Richard's reign, which was happy in the enjoyment of the most profound tranquillity, imaged under the metaphor of sleep; till it was disturbed and awakened out of it by the civil jarrs and broils of these two great noblemen.—*Theobald.*

It is true, that "peace awake is still peace, as well as when asleep;" but peace awakened by the tumults of these jarring nobles, and peace indulging in profound tranquillity, convey images sufficiently opposed to each other for the poet's purpose. "To wake peace," is to introduce discord. "Peace asleep," is peace exerting its natural influence, from which it would be frighted by the clamours of war.—*Steevens.*

The completion of the passage is somewhat involved, the king suggesting that Peace, roused up from its present calm sleep by martial sounds, might frighten itself, fair Peace, from our country. The speech is best understood by remembering that peace disturbed is no longer peace.

[56] *You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life.*

That is, of the loss of life; as we should still say,—"your life shall be the penalty." Thus all the quarto editions, and afterwards, when the king addresses Norfolk, the folio 1623, with some inconsistency, has "upon pain of *death*" in one place, and "upon pain of *life*" in another. Malone followed the folio, but does not seem to have been aware that it was opposed to the quartos, which in both instances have "upon pain of *life.*" It is obvious that it ought to be "upon pain of *life*," or "upon pain of *death*," in both sentences.—*Collier.*

[57] *The sly-slow hours.*

That is, the sly and slow hours, the slow hours that deceitfully run on, the "creeping hours of time," as they are called in As You Like It, including the "thievish minutes" as "they pass," All's Well that Ends Well. "And those slie hours that still surprise at length," Homer's Odyssey translated by Chapman. Some copies of ed. 1632 read *flye slow*, a reading adopted by Pope, the compositor using *f* instead of the long *s;* but this lection involves the incongruity of a junction

between slowness and flight, which cannot be supported even by a passage in another drama,—"run swift, slow houres," Hoffman, 1631. It is worthy of remark that Pope has used the compound epithet in his Essay on Man,—"All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes." Tate, in his alteration, 1681, alters the line in the text as follows,—"the slow succeeding hours shall not determine."

[58] *The dateless limit of thy dear exile.*

The manner in which Shakespeare uses the word *dear* often presents a difficulty to the modern reader. Twenty-five lines before this we have the "dear blood" of the kingdom—the valued blood. We have now the "dear exile" of Norfolk—the harmful exile. The apparent contradiction is immediately reconciled by looking at the etymology of the word. To *dere*, the old English verb, from the Anglo-Saxon *der-ian*, is to hurt,—to do mischief; and thence *dearth*, meaning, which hurteth, *dereth*, or maketh *dear*. In the expression *dear exile* we have the primitive meaning of to *dere*. But in the other expression, *dear blood*, we have the secondary meaning. One of the most painful consequences of mischief on a large scale, such as the mischief of a bad season, was *dearth*—the barrenness, the scarcity, produced by the hurtful agent. What was spared was thence called *dear*—precious—costly—greatly coveted—highly prized.—*Knight.*

"Mowbray, duke of Norfolk is said to have been banished the very day (by the course of the year) whereon he murdered the Duke of Glocester," Note to Daniel's Civil Wars, B. 1. s. 64.

[59] *The hopeless word of—never to return.*

Word for *sentence;* any short phrase was called a *word.* Thus Ascham, in a Letter to Queen Elizabeth, "Savinge that one unpleasaunte *word* in that patent, called, *Duringe pleasure*, turned me after to great displeasure."—*Singer.*

[60] *A dearer merit have I deserved.*

Johnson, in his note on this passage, says, *to deserve a merit* is a phrase of which he knows not any example: yet one of the senses which he attributes in his dictionary, to the word *merit*, is a reward deserved, and he supports it by a quotation from Prior. As Shakespeare uses *merit* in this place in the sense of reward, he frequently uses the word *meed*, which properly signifies reward, to express merit. —*Mason.*

[61] *Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips.*

Cartwright, in his tragi-comedy intitled, the Siedge, Act 2. sc. 5. p. 123, seems to have borrowed this thought from Shakespeare.—"*Prusias.* Lips decent, and most fit—*Phil.* To sweep a manger.—*Calli.* Which she does open like a pair of gates,—*Phil.* And then claps down her lips like a portcullis."—*Grey.*

[62] *It boots thee not to be compassionate.*

Is not this a very odd use of the term, for to *compassionate, lament*, thyself? Should we not rather read,—"It boots thee not to become passionate?" *Compassionate* is apparently here used in the sense of *complaining, plaintive;* but no other instance of the word in this sense has occurred to the commentators. May it not be an error of the press, for *so passionate*, which would give the required meaning to the passage; *passionate* being frequently used for *to express passion* or *grief, to complain.* 'Now leave we this amorous hermit *to passionate* and *playne* his misfortune.'—*Palace of Pleasure*, vol. ii. Ll. 5. "And cannot *passionate* our tenfold griefs," Tit. Andron. Act iii. Sc. 2.—*Singer.*

[63] *Our part therein we banish with yourselves.*

It is a question much debated amongst the writers of the law of nations, whether a banished man may be still tied in his allegiance to the state which sent him into exile. Tully and lord chancellor Clarendon declare for the affirmative: Hobbes and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, seems to be of the same opinion.—*Warburton.*

[64] *Nor never look upon each other's face.*

After great deliberation, the king by the mouth of the king of heraults pronounced sentence in this sort, first that Henry of Lancaster Duke of Herfford appellant, and Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norffolke defendant, have honorably and valiantly appered here within the listes this day, and have bene redy to darreyne the battaile, lyke two valiant knightes, and hardie champions; but because the matter is great and weightie betweene these two great princes, this is the order of the king and his counsaile,—that Henry Duke of Herfford for dyverse considerations, and because it hath pleased the king, shall within xv. dayes depart out of the realme, for the terme of ten yeres, without returnyng, except by the king he be repealed againe, and that upon paine of death. The herault cryed againe and sayde, that Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Northfolke, by the ordenaunce of the king and his Counsaile, because that he had sowen sedicion in the realme by his wordes, whereof he can make no proofe, shall advoyde the realme of England, and dwell where he lust out of the kinges dominions, and never to returne againe into the same upon paine of death, and that the king woulde stay the profites and revenewes of hys landes untill he had receyved such sommes of money as the duke had taken up of the kinges treasurer, for the wages of the garrison of Calice, which were still unpayd. And then they called before him the two banished persons, and made them swere that the one should never come into the place where the other was (willyngly) nor kepe companie together in any other forein region. —*Grafton's Chronicle.* The annexed engraving represents one of the principal heralds.

[65] *Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy.*

So fare, eds. 1597, and the others published before that of 1632, in which *fare* is altered to *farre*,—"so far I speak or have spoken as to mine enemy; I now proceed to address you without malevolent feelings;" or, perhaps, "so far as I may address my enemy." Bolingbroke, as Ritson observes, only uses the phrase by way of caution, lest Mowbray should think he was about to address him as a friend, or wish to conciliate him. If the reading *fare* be adopted, the sense will be,—may you meet with all the good in your banishment, that I can wish to my enemy. The line is altogether omitted in Tate's alteration, 1681.

The meaning of this address, from one implacable foe to another, seems to be this,—"Norfolk, the business of the duel is over: however, though I profess myself your enemy, let me now calmly intreat you, as a man and Christian, to disburthen your conscience and confess your treason." The expression is simply no more than, "So far as one enemy may speak to another."—*Davies.*

[66] *Save back to England, all the world's my way.*

Some editors place a comma after *stray*, and a semicolon after *England*, but the punctuation here adopted conveys the sense certainly intended by the author, —I cannot stray wherever I go, for, except the one way of back to England, all paths in the world are open to me. The explanation of the other reading is thus given,—Now every course to which I can address my feet is my right path, except that which leads me back to England; with this exception, the whole world is open before me. "The world was all before them, where to choose their place of rest."—*Milton.*

[67] *O, had it been a stranger, not my child.*

This, and the three following lines, are omitted in the folio editions, and in ed. 1634. The third and fourth lines thus omitted are arbitrarily placed by some editors at the conclusion of Gaunt's speech.

[68] *A partial slander sought I to avoid.*

That is, the *reproach* of *partiality*. This is a just picture of the struggle between principle and affection.—*Johnson.*

[69] *But that I was a journeyman to grief.*

A quibbling allusion, following the notion of apprenticeship and freedom, seems to be here intended, *journey* signifying both travel and a day's work, and *journeyman* either a traveller or a workman. The whole of this speech and all the next one are omitted in the folio editions, but are found in the four early quartos. They are also omitted in ed. 1634, an edition printed from the second folio.

[70] *All places that the eye of heaven visits.*

Davies observes that these lines are evidently borrowed from Ovid:—"Omne viro forti solum patria;" which is likewise imitated by Ben Jonson in the Fox,— "Sir, to a wise man all the world's his soil." The magnanimous words of Sir Humphrey Gilbert when his ship was sinking are extremely remarkable. That gallant officer was seen sitting in the stern of the ship with a book in his hand, and was often heard to say with a loud voice, "Courage, my lads! we are as near heaven at sea as at land." The expression, "the eye of heaven," is very common with our old writers; our author uses it again,—"The eye of heaven is out." "Titan, with burning eye," Venus and Adonis. "Her angel face, as the great eye of heaven shyned bright," Spenser's Faerie Queene. Sir John Davies— "Heaven's great rolling eye—with burning dances and with melody," Orchestra, s. 85. Burton—"Banishment is no grievance at all, omne solum forti patria, &c. et patria ubicunque bene est, that's a man's country where he is well at ease," Anat. of Melan. Part 2, Sec. 3, Mem. 4. Damon and Pythias, 1582,—"Omne solum forti patria, a wyse man may lyve every where." Malecontent,—"He is ever at home that is ever wise." Similar to this is the beginning of the 5th act of Pastor Fido.

> All places are our country, where we're well,
> Which to the wise, is wheresoe'er they dwell.

Shakespeare, when he wrote the passage before us, probably remembered that part of Lyly's Euphues, 1580, in which Euphues exhorts Botanio to take his exile patiently. Among other arguments, he observes that "Nature hath given to man a country no more than she hath a house, or lands, or livings. Socrates would neither call himself an Athenian, neither a Grecian, but a citizen of the world. Plato would never account him banished, that had the sunne, ayre, water, and earth, that he had before; where he felt the winter's blast and the summer's blaze; where the same sunne and the same moone shined; whereby he noted that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind."—*Malone.*

[71] *But thou the king.*

"When it was cast in Diogenes' teeth, that the Sinoponetes had banished him Pontus, yea, said he, I them of Diogenes," Lilly's Euphues, 1580. Shakespeare places a similar sentiment in the mouth of Coriolanus.

[72] *O, who can hold a fire in his hand.*

It has been remarked there is a passage resembling this in Tully's Fifth Book of Tusculan Questions. Speaking of Epicurus, he says:—"Sed unâ se dicit recordatione acquiescere præteritarum voluptatum: ut si quis æstuans, cum vim caloris non facile patiatur, recordari velit se aliquando in Arpinati nostro gelidis fluminibus curcumfusum fuisse. Non enim video, quomodo sedare possint mala præsentia præteritæ voluptates." The Tusculan Questions of Cicero had been translated early enough (1561) for Shakespeare to have seen them.—*Steevens.*

Shakespeare, however, I believe, was thinking on the words of Lyly, which are found in the page preceding that from which an extract has been already made: "I speake this to this end, that though thy exile seem grievous to thee, yet guiding thy selfe with the rules of philosophie, it shall be more tolerable: he that is colde doth not cover himselfe with *care* but with clothes; he that is washed in the rayne, drieth himselfe by the *fire*, not by his *fancie;* and thou which art banished," &c.—*Malone.*

[73] *Yet a true-born Englishman.*

Here the first Act ought to end, that between the first and second Acts there may be time for John of Gaunt to accompany his son, return, and fall sick. Then the first scene of the second Act begins with a natural conversation, interrupted by a message from John of Gaunt, by which the King is called to visit him, which visit is paid in the following scene. As the play is now divided, more time passes between the two last scenes of the first Act, than between the first Act and the second.—*Johnson.*

The actors of the early part of the eighteenth century used to conclude the first act with these words, omitting entirely the following scene. This, at least, is the arrangement in a prompt-book of the play, dated 1727, now before me.

[74] *Eltham.*

According to Holinshed, "the Duke of Hereford took his leave of the king at Eltham, who there released foure yeares of his banishment; so he tooke his jornie over into Calis, and from thence went into France, where he remained." The present scene opens soon after Hereford had parted with the king, who asks Aumerle how far he had accompanied the banished nobleman. This attribution of the scene also agrees with the expressions used in reference to the last illness of Gaunt, who appears to be lying ill at some distance from where the king was then keeping his court.

[75] *We did observe.*

The King here addresses Green and Bagot, who we may suppose had been talking to him of Bolingbroke's "courtship to the common people," at the time of his departure. "Yes," says Richard, "we did observe it."—*Malone.*

Soon after the decision at Coventry, the dukes of Hereford and Norfolk went into banishment. Upon reading over the passports of both these noblemen, in Rymer, we see a strong partiality of the king in those granted to Norfolk, and especially in that public act which is called, *De requestu regis ex parte ducis Norfolciæ.* Richard could not do less for the man who seems to have incurred his banishment principally for obeying his illegal orders, and one too whom he had robbed of the greatest part of his estate. Norfolk died, some few years after his banishment, at Venice, universally hated.—*Davies.*

[76] *Faith, none for me.*

That is, none on my part. Thus, we say, "*For me*, I am content;" where those words have the same signification as here. Thus the authentic copies, the quarto 1597, and the folio 1623. The reviser of the second folio, 1632, who altered whatever he did not understand, substituted—*by* me, instead of the words in the text, and has been followed by all the subsequent editors.—*Malone.*

[77] *Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green.*

The edition of 1597 omits the last four words of this line, and the same omission occurs in eds. 1598, 1608, and 1615. The folio reads:—"Ourself, and Bushy here, Bagot, and Greene." Which was perhaps what the author wrote, intending to point differently, by placing a comma after *here;* for it appears from the scenical direction of the quarto, 1597, that Bushy was now on the stage: "Enter the King, with *Bushie*," &c. But in the folio the direction is, "Enter the King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot," because it was observed that Bushy comes in afterwards with *news*, as the old quarto terms it. On this account we cannot read *Bushy* here, and are obliged to adopt a transposition made in the quarto 1634:—"Ourself and Bushy, *Bagot here*, and Green."—*Malone.*

A little before the feast of Saint Michael, the Parliament began at London, wherein Sir John Bushie, Sir William Bagot, and Sir Henrie Greene, were principall agents for the Kings purpose. These were then in all the credites and authoritie with the King, and his chiefest schoole-masters both of crueltie and deceite; they were proud, arrogant, and ambitious, and upon confidence of the Kings favour, professed enemies to men of ancient nobilitie; to the ende, that being lately start up, they might become more famous by maintaining contention with great persons. And first, by their importuned travaile, all the charters of pardon, graunted by the King, were in this Parliament annulled and revoked.—*Hayward's Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[78] *Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench.*

The Duke of Hereford tooke his leave of the King at Eltham, who there stroke away foure yeers of his banishment, and even offred himselfe to be fawned upon and thanked, for so odious a benefit. And this infortunate adventure he neither bare out vaingloriously, nor yet tooke impatiently; but in the midst of his misery, retained still his reputation and honour; shewing no signe of sorrow or submisnes in his countenance, nor letting fall any intemperate and unseemely word. The people, as he departed, by heaps flocked about him, some to see, and some to salute him; lamenting his departure in such sort, as though their onely light and delight did then forsake them: not sparing to exclaime, that it was against the law of armes, against the custome of the realme, and against all right whatsoever,

that he should be exiled, who had done his honourable endeavour for the maintenance of his appeale. This affection was the more excessive, for that the duke was driven into exile by occasion of his liberall speeches against the most hatefull persons in all the realme; and being the only noble man then alive, of the popular faction, the love was wholly accumulated upon him, which was before devided among the rest. The Duke for his part was not negligent to uncover the head, to bowe the body, to stretch forth the hand to every meane person, and to use all other complements of popular behaviour: wherewith the mindes of the common multitude are much delighted and drawen; taking that to bee courtesie, which the severer sort accompt abasement.—*Hayward's Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[79] *And had the tribute of his supple knee.*

"To illustrate this phrase, it should be remembered that courtseying (the act of reverence now confined to women) was anciently practised by men," Steevens. Though bowing and courtseying are now equally out of fashion, it may yet be full as easily remembered that the bow taught by the dancing-master was always accompanied by a motion of the foot, which could not be performed without some degree of genuflexion.—*Pye.* "At the coming into the quier, my lord made lowe curtesie to the French king's armes," Black Book of Warwick.

[80] *Expedient manage.*

That is, expeditious conduct, or arrangements. Shakespeare often uses *expedient* for *expeditious;* but here its ordinary signification of *fit, proper*, will suit the context equally well.—*Singer.*

Preparations had been making for some time: they were going on during the whole of Lent. There is an article in Rymer, dated March 2, 1399, "De equis pro curribus regiis providendis." The measures that were taken, or rather the manner in which they were enforced, tended to increase the unpopularity of the king. The grievances of purveyance heavily felt and remedied under Edward III. appear to have been revived in all their intolerable rigour. The clergy complained of having been compelled to furnish horses, and waggons, and sums of money, and the people in general were sorely afflicted by extortion; nothing that was taken for the king's use was paid for,—"Equos et quadrigas exigens, et alia necessaria profectione sua rapiens, *nihilque resolvens.*" The naval part of the armament was upon a large scale. An order had been issued, Feb. 7, for all vessels of twenty-five tons and upwards from the ports of Colchester, Orwell, and all ports and places on the sea coast northward as far as Newcastle upon Tyne, to assemble at Milford or Bristol, by the octaves of Easter, ready for shipment, and appointed with sufficient masters and mariners for the voyage of Ireland. Pressing was also resorted to upon the occasion. John Elys, master of a certain barge, called "the Nicholas de le Tour," is to arrest twenty-five able mariners wherever they may be found, "tam infra libertates quam extra," to serve in the s̄aid barge.—*Webb.*

[81] *Blank charters.*

Ferthirmore the king and his counsel ordeyned blanc chartris, and made lordis spirituel and temporel and othir worthi men sette to thaym thair selis; and therto thay were most constreyned be the Bisshoppis, as it was said.—*The Brute Chronicle.*

Yet to content a parte of the kynges mynde, many blanke chartours were devysyd and brought into the cytie, whiche many of the moost substancyall men of the same were fayne to seale to theyr payne and charge in conclusyon, the

whiche shortlye after was used thoroughe all countreys of Englonde.—*Fabyan's Chronicle.*

[82] *Enter Bushy, in haste.*

The old stage-direction is, "Enter Bushie with newes." The words "Bushy, what news?" are not found in the four early quarto editions, and are only explained on the supposition that he enters in breathless haste, leading the king to suppose that something of importance had occurred.

Sir John Bushy, a knight of the Bath, and Speaker of the House of Commons in 1397, is mentioned by Holinshed as, "a knight of Lincolneshire, accompted to be an exceeding cruell man, ambitious and covetous beyond measure," p. 490. He was the secretary of the combat, according to the same authority.

[83] *Where lies he? . . At Ely-house.*

Seymour thinks we might read,—"Where does he lie? . . At Ely-house, my liege;" which is merely cited for the purpose of giving an example of the unjustifiable licence of conjecture, when employed to amend a fancied defect in the measure.

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in Ely-house.*

GAUNT *on a couch; the* Duke of York[1] *and others standing by him.*

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they who youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before;
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,[2]
Writ in remembrance more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As, praises of his state: then, there are found[3]
Lascivious metres,[4] to whose venom-sound

The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy,[5]
Whose manners still our tardy-apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile),
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose:
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection[6] and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;[7]
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,[8]
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—
For Christian service and true chivalry—
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son;—
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm:[9]
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,

Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots,[10] and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter King RICHARD *and* Queen, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS,[11] *and* WILLOUGHBY.[12]

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts being rag'd do rage the more.[13]
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?
K. Rich. What comfort, man? how is't with aged Gaunt?
Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast,—I mean, my children's looks;
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits naught but bones.
K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.
K. Rich. Should dying men flatter those that live?[14]
Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that die.
K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.
Gaunt. O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be.
K. Rich. I am in health; I breathe, and see thee ill.
Gaunt. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.[15]
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:[16]
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;[17]
And—

K. Rich. And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,[18]
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek,[19] chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son;—
That blood already, like the pelican,[20]
Hast thou tapp'd out,[21] and drunkenly carous'd:
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
(Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
May be a precedent and witness good
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,[22]
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*

K. Rich. And let them die that age and sullens have ;[23]
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.
York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him :
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.
K. Rich. Right, you say true : as Hereford's love, so his ;
As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.[24]

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.
K. Rich. What says he ?
North. Nay, nothing ; all is said :
His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.[25]
York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so !
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he ;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be :
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars :
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom,[26] where no venom else,[27]
But only they, have privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and movables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.
York. How long shall I be patient ? ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong ?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage,[28] nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first :
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,

Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day;
Be not thyself,—for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God—God forbid I say true!—
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters-patent that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,[29]
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while:[30] my liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house
To see this business. To-morrow next

We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England;
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* King, Queen, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, *and* BAGOT.

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou would'st speak to the Duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne
In him a royal prince and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives,[31] our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd,—
As blanks, benevolences,[32] and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.
North. His noble kinsman :—most degenerate king !
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm ;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.[33]
Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer ;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.
North. Not so ; even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering ; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland :
We three are but thyself ; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts ; therefore, be bold.[34]
North. Then thus :—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Renald Lord Cobham,
The son and heir of th' Earl of Arundel,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,[35]
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,[36]
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir Thomas Ramston,
John Norbery, Robert Waterton, and Francis Coint,[37]—
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore :
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If, then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,[38]
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,[39]
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurg ;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.
Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Windsor.[40] *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter Queen, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,[41]
And entertain a cheerful disposition.
Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: yet, again, methinks
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves,[42]
More than with parting from my lord the king.
Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so;
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives,[43] which rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion,—ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is naught but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not,—more's not seen;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.
Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As,—though, in[44] thinking, on no thought I think,—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.
Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:[45]
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;[46]
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty!—and well met, gentlemen:—
I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.
Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?
Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,[47]
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.
Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!
Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?[48]
Green. We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.
Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:[49]
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.
Bushy. Despair not, madam.
Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope;—he is a flatterer,

A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.
Green. Here comes the Duke of York.
Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck:
O, full of careful business are his looks.

Enter YORK.

Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.
York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!—
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,[50]
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:—
Hold, take my ring.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,
To-day, as I came by, I called there;—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
York. What is't, knave?
Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.
York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it),
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.[51]—
What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland![52]—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon me.—

Go, fellow [*to the Servant*], get thee home, provide some earts,
And bring away the armour that is there. [*Exit Servant.*
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I know
How or which way to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:—
The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bid defend; the other, again,
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bid to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you.—Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley Castle.[53]
I should to Plashy too;—
But time will not permit:—all is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.[54]
[*Exeunt* YORK *and* Queen.

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well,
I will for refuge straight to Bristol Castle:
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

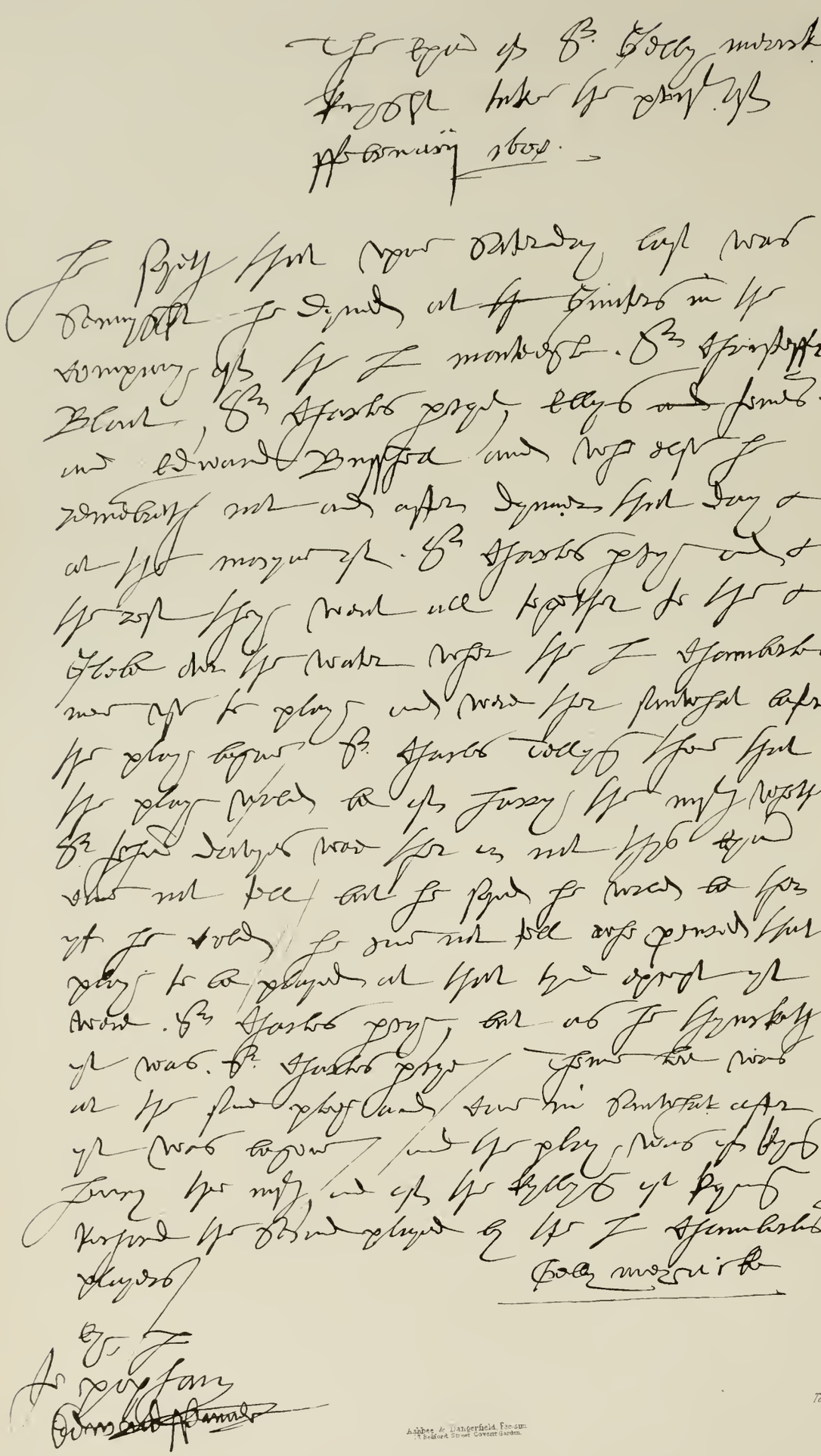
Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.[55]
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry:

Note of the Examination of Sir Gilly Meyrick respecting the Play of Richard the Second; from the Original in the State Paper Office.



The Exam of Sr. Gelly Meyrick
Knight taken the [illegible]
February 1600.

He sayeth that upon Saturday last was
Sennyght he dyned at the Cuntes in the
company of the Lt. Montegle. Sr. Christoffer
Blount, Sr. Charles Percy, Ellys and Jones
and Edward Bushell and who else he
remembreth not and after dynner that day
at the mayor of. Sr. Charles Percy and
the rest they went all together to the
Globe over the water where the Lt. Chamberlin
men use to play and were there somewhat before
the play begun. Sr. Charles telling them that
the play would be of Harry the mistry whether
Sr. John Dodyes was there in not this Exam
sure not tell but he sayed he would be there
yt he told he sure not tell who pensed that
play to be played at that time except yt
were. Sr. Charles Percy but as he thynketh
yt was. Sr. Charles Percy [illegible] was
at the same play and sure in somewhat after
yt was begun and the play was of King
Henry the mistry and of the tyllyng of King
Richard the Second played by the Lt. Chamberlin
players.

Gelly Meyrick

Ex. Lt.
Jo. Popham
~~Edward Hamilton~~

To face p. 91.

Ashbee & Dangerfield, Fac-sim.
12 Bedford Street Covent Garden.

Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once,—for once, for all, and ever.
Bushy. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me, never.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Glostershire, near Berkley Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?
North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire:
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,[56]
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse[57] hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But I bethink me what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby,[58] wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy, is little less in joy,[59]
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much less value is my company
Than your good words.—But who comes here?
North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.

Enter PERCY.

Harry, how fares your uncle?
Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.
North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd when last we spake together.
Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford;
And sent me over by Berkley, to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.
North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?
Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.
North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.
Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.
Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.
North. How far is it to Berkley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?
Percy. There stands the castle, by yond tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour,—
None else of name and noble estimate.[60]
North. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Enter ROSS *and* WILLOUGHBY.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.
Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.
Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty.—But who comes here?
North. It is my Lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Enter Lord BERKLEY.

Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;[61]
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.
Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out:[62]—
To you, my lord, I come (what lord you will),
From the most gracious regent of this land,[63]
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,[64]
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.
Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.

Enter YORK *attended.*

My noble uncle! [*Kneels.*
York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.
Boling. My gracious uncle!—
York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:[65]
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word "grace"
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But, then, more why,[66]—why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms?[67]
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt thy father, and myself,
Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition stands it and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man; and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:[68]
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.[69]
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold;
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him right.[70]

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:—

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn,[71] his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;—
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol Castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go with you:—but yet I'll pause;
For I am loth to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes,[72] to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Camp by Conway*[73] *in Wales.*

Enter SALISBURY,[74] *and a* Captain.

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury,[75] we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.
Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead;[76] we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,[77]
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;[78]
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*
Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
The sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

Notes to the Second Act.

[1] *The Duke of York.*

Edmund Plantagenet, surnamed Langley, from his birth-place in Hertfordshire, was the fifth son of Edward the Third. He was born in 1341, created Earl of Cambridge in 1362, and Duke of York in 1385.

> That Edmonde hight of Langley, of good chere
> Glede and mery, and of his owne ay lived
> Withoutyn wronge, as chroniclers have breved.
> When al lordes went to counsels and parlement,
> He wolde to huntes and also to hawkynge,
> All gentilnes disporte that myrth appent
> He used aie, and to the poor supportynge,
> Wherever he wase in any place bidynge,
> Withoute supprise or any extorcion,
> Of the porayle or any oppression. . . . .
> The kynge than made the Duke of Yorke be name
> Maister of the Mewhouse, and of hawkes feire,
> Of his venerie and maister of his game.
> In whatt cuntraie that he dyde repeire,
> Whiche wase to hym withoute any dispeyre,
> With more comforte and a gretter gladnes neire,
> Than been a lorde of worldly great riches.
>
> *Hardyng's Chronicle, MS. Harleian*, 661, fol. 147.

"He resided at his own castle," says Froissart, XII. c. 25, "with his people, and interfered not in what was passing in the country, nor had done so for a long time, but taking all things as they happened, although he was very much vexed that there should be such great differences between his nephew, the king, and his relations."

[2] *As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last.*

In England's Parnassus, 1600, where the greater portion of the present speech

is quoted, the last word of this line is given *tast*, as if it were *taste*, to be pronounced in rhyme to *past*. The line is there printed exactly as follows,—" As the last tast of sweet is sweetest tast."

[3] *As, praises of his state : then, there are found.*

The two earliest quartos, those of 1597 and 1598, give this line, " As praises, of whose taste the wise are found," which yields admirable sense, if we read *fond* for " found," a very easy corruption. The two quartos of 1608 and 1615 have the line as in our text, and they are followed by the folio, 1623 : these authorities we feel unwillingly bound to take.—*Collier.*

[4] *Lascivious metres.*

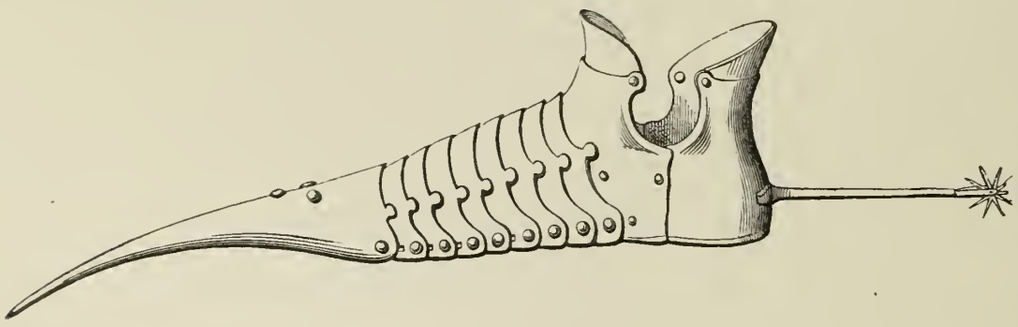
The old copies have—*meeters ;* but I believe we should read *metres* for *verses.* Thus the folio spells the word *metre* in the First Part of King Henry IV. *Venom sound* agrees well with *lascivious ditties*, but not so commodiously with *one who meets another ;* in which sense the word appears to have been generally received. —*Steevens.*

The old copies read *meeters*, which I take to be, not verses, as Steevens supposes, but the rhymers themselves.—*Seymour.*

[5] *Report of fashions in proud Italy.*

In the time of Shakespeare, Italy was the chief place whence England derived and copied the refinements of fashion. Forks and toothpicks were among the conveniences imported thence by travellers. Shakespeare, with an inaccuracy common to all the writers of his time, and therefore doubtless thought allowable, attributes the same imitation to the age of Richard the Second, when it had not yet commenced.—*Nares.*

Italy was, in the poet's time, as much in vogue with our English gallants as France has been since for fashions, &c. And indeed Harry Stevens a Frenchman, who liv'd much about Shakespeare's time, by this complaint, " that the more a Frenchman was Romaniz'd, or Italianiz'd, the sooner he should be promoted by the great men, as having bestow'd his time well and as being a man fit for employment."



The allusion to the imitation of Italian fashions, if it be really an anachronism, is not one which is of any consequence. The reference implied is of course to the grotesque fashions of costume then in vogue. One of the most curious of these was the long-toed solleret, a specimen of which, of the time of Richard the Second, in the possession of Lord Londesborough, is here engraved.

Markė, and you love me, who's yond marching hither,
Some brave Low-countrey captain, with his feather

And high-crownd-hat, see into Paules he goes,
To showe his doublet and Italian Hose.
The Mastive, or Young Whelpe of the Olde Dogge, 1615.

[6] *Against infection.*

So all the old copies, but in England's Parnassus, 1600, where the passage is quoted, *infection* is altered to *intestion*, which seems to have no meaning, unless it be supposed to be derived from the Latin, *intestinum bellum*. There are difficulties in the reception of either reading, and the chief notes of the commentators are therefore added:—

I once suspected that for *infection* we might read *invasion;* but the copies all agree, and I suppose Shakespeare meant to say that islanders are secured by their situation both from war and pestilence.—*Johnson.*

For the substitution of the word *infestion*, which was suggested by Dr. Farmer, and differs from the original word but by a single letter, I am answerable. Since the year 1665, this happy island has been entirely free from the plague; and if ever we should be again molested by that fatal malady, it will unquestionably arise from infection communicated from foreign parts. A poet, therefore, of the present day, in speaking of Great Britain, might naturally mention its being, by its insular situation, exempt from that contagion to which the natives of the continent are exposed; and also from the hostile incursions of its enemies. But in our poet's time there was in London every year an indigenous plague, if I may use the expression, from May till October; and a considerable number of the inhabitants were annually destroyed by this malignant disease. Shakespeare, therefore, I conceive, would never mention the circumstance of our being secured, by our insular situation, from foreign infection, as a fortunate circumstance, knowing that such security availed nothing; since, notwithstanding our being possessed of a fortress built by nature for herself, our own native pestilence was annually extremely destructive. I think, therefore, that in both parts of this line, he had only one circumstance in his thoughts, our not being exposed to foreign hostile incursions; and the copulative *and* seems to countenance this supposition. I may add, that the preceding verse strongly supports this notion; for a natural *fortress*, such as is here described, is opposed properly and immediately to the open hostile attacks of an enemy, and not to the lurking infection of the plague, which seems here entirely out of place. Though I have not met with an example of the use of the word *infestion*, in the sense of *infestation*, similar abbreviations occur in other places in our author's plays: thus we have *probal* for *probable* in Othello, and *captions* for *capacious* in All's Well That Ends Well. In like manner, Bishop Hall, in his Cases of Conscience, 8vo. p. 202, edit. 1651, uses *acception* for *acceptation*: "Against *infestion*, and the hand of warriors; against the *infesting* or assailing force of an enemy." I shall only add that Bacon employs the word *infestation* in the same sense;—"touching the *infestation* of pirates he hath been careful, and is,"—Speech in the Star-chamber, 1617.—*Malone.*

The sea is some defence against pestilential infections; it is also a defence against moral infections, which probably were intended. The following passage in the Dedication of the Running Register to Sir Julius Cæsar, by Lewis Owen, 1626, may be brought in support of the probability that moral not natural infection was what Shakespeare meant,—"Having in my many years travell in forain countries seene with mine eyes, and by conference with others learned, the state of the colleges, seminaries, and cloisters which our English fugitives have in all those forraine parts, together with some part of their practices, impostures, cozenage, and deceits, their whole drifte being to alienate the hearts of his

Majesty's subjects from their allegiance, and to possess them with the filthy dregs of Spanish *infection* and Popish superstition."—*Hunter.*

Infection, in Shakespeare's time, was used, as it is now, to express the taint of some pernicious quality; and was more particularly applied to that frightful disease, the plague, to whose ravages London was annually subject. For Shakespeare, therefore, to call England,—"This *fortress*, built by nature for herself,—Against *infection*," would sound very unreasonable to an audience who were constantly witnesses of the ravages of infection. "The silver sea" was then unavailing to keep out "the pestilence which walketh in darkness." But, on the other hand, England had been long free from foreign invasion. *Infestion* is taken, by Malone, to be an abbreviation of *infestation*, in the same way that, in Bishop Hall, *acception* is used for *acceptation*. Infestation appears to have designated those violent incursions of an enemy—those annoying, joy-depriving (*infestus*) ravages—to which an unprotected frontier is peculiarly exposed; and from which the sea, "as a moat defensive to a house," shut out "this sceptr'd isle." Still, *infection*, being a word of which there can be no doubt of the meaning, is to be preferred, if we can be content to receive the idea in a limited sense—that the sea in some sort kept out pestilence, though not absolutely.—*Knight.*

Dr. Johnson thinks that, by *infection*, the author means that islanders were secure by situation from war and pestilence: not surely from the latter, if they had any intercourse by trade with foreign nations. In this rhapsodical description of England by Gaunt, the poet means, I think, to include a particular and exclusive kind of moral happiness. Though we are not exempted from warlike invasions, we are secure from the contamination of such ill habits and vices as are familiar to Italy and other parts of the continent.—*Davies.*

[7] *Less happier lands.*

So read all the editions, except Hanmer's, which has *less happy*. I believe, Shakespeare, from the habit of saying *more happier*, according to the custom of his time, inadvertently writ *less happier.—Johnson.*

[8] *Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth.*

"Fear'd by their breed," that is, feared for their hereditary valour, dreaded on account of their martial descent. The above is the reading of all the quartos, excepting ed. 1634, which follows the first and second folio, which both read:—"Fear'd *by* their breed, and famous *for* their birth." Rowe reads:—"Fear'd *for* their breed, and famous *for* their birth."

There is some resemblance in the mode of expression between this passage and the following in the Farewell to Follie, one of the tracts of his predecessor Green's, which appeared in 1598: "My lordes and worthy peeres of Buda, *feared for your valour and famous for your victories*, let not the private will of one be the ruin of such a mighty kingdom."—*Malone.*

[9] *Or pelting farm.*

Whatever doubts there may be as to the origin of this word, its application is perfectly clear. It invariably means something petty—of little worth. The *pelting farm* in this passage, and "the poor pelting villages" of Lear, would leave no doubt as to its use, even if we had not "a pelting little town," and "a pelting village of barbarous people," in North's Plutarch. The epithet was not confined to inanimate things. Gabriel Harvey, it seems, wrote the word *paulting;* and as *pall* is the Teutonic word for a scrap—a rag—some say that paulting, pelting, and paltry, are the same. *Pelt*, as is well known, is a skin. The fur trade is still called the peltry trade. But skins—peltries—in former times might have

been considered comparatively worthless. A dead fowl thrown to a hawk was, according to Grose, a *pelt*. Thus *pelting* may have been derived directly from *pelt*, although it may have had some original affinity with paltry.—*Knight*.

[10] *With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.*

Inky blots, that is, inky writings, in contempt. Gaunt does not allude, as he supposes, to any loans or exactions extorted by Richard, but to the circumstance of his having actually farmed out his royal realm, as he himself styles it. In the last scene of the first act, he says:—

> And for our coffers are grown somewhat light,
> We are enforced to farm our royal realm.

And it afterwards appears that the person who farmed the realm was the Earl of Wiltshire, one of his own favourites. "In this 22d yeare of King Richard, the common fame ranne that the kinge had *letten to farm* the realme unto Sir William Scrope, earle of Wiltshire, and then treasurer of England, to Syr John Bushey, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henry Grene, knightes," Fabyan.—*Mason*.

[11] *Ross.*

Thomas de Ros, seventh baron Ros of Hamlake, afterwards Lord Treasurer of England. The name was taken from the lordship of Ros in Holderness, where the ancestors of this nobleman resided in the reign of Henry the First.

[12] *Willoughby.*

William the fifth Baron Willoughby of Eresby, who was summoned to Parliament from 1396 to 1409, in which latter year he died. He married Joan, widow of Edmund Duke of York.

[13] *For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.*

Blackstone, who is followed by Ritson, proposes *rein'd* instead of *rag'd;* but I believe the plain meaning is, that young colts, being enraged in their manage, only become *more* furious.—*Seymour*. The Perkins MS. reads *urg'd*, but surely no alteration is necessary, the original text being in agreement with the context, and the jingling repetition exactly in Shakespeare's manner.

[14] *Should dying men flatter those that live?*

The metre is defective. Possibly the poet wrote,—"Should dying men then flatter those that live?"—*Heath*. Other editors read, *flatter with*, but the original text is probably correct.

[15] *Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.*

Here is a play upon the three meanings of the word possess'd, invested with dominion, endued with a purpose, and being bewitched, or, as Steevens thinks, afflicted with a demon. The second *possess'd* in this sentence is used in the same way in which Maria speaks of Malvolio, in Twelfth Night:—"He is, sure, possess'd, madam."—*Seymour*.

[16] *Landlord of England art thou now, not king.*

This is perhaps in allusion to a statement in Holinshed,—"the common brute ran that the king had set to farme the realme of England unto Sir William Scroope, Sir John Bushie, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henrie Greene."

The profits and revenues of the crowne were said to bee let to farme, the King making himselfe *landlord* of his realme, and challenging no great priviledge by his raigne, but onely a dissolute and uncontrouled life. Great summes of money were yearely rather exacted from the subjects, then by them voluntarily graunted;

whereof no good did ensue, but the maintenance of the King's private delights, and the advancement of his hatefull favorites.—*Hayward's Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

In thys xxij. yere of kynge Rychard, the common fame ranne that the kynge hade letton to ferme the realme of Englonde unto syr Wyllyam Scrope, erle of Wylshere, and than tresourer of Englonde, to sir John Busshey, syr John Bagot, and syr Henry Grene knyghtis: the whiche tourned shortly after to theyre greate confusions.—*Fabyan's Chronicle.*

[17] *Thy state of law is bondslave to the law.*

The reasoning of Gaunt, I think, is this: "By setting the royalties to farm, thou hast reduced thyself to a state below sovereignty, thou art now no longer king but landlord of England, subject to the same restraint and limitations as other landlords; by making thy condition a state of law, a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate, thou art become a bondslave to the law; thou hast made thyself amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt.—*Johnson.*

"Thy state of law," may be briefly interpreted "thy legal state;" that rank in the state and these large demesnes which the constitution has allotted to thee, are now bond-slave to the law; being subject to the same legal restrictions as every ordinary pelting farm that has been let on lease.—*Malone.*

Johnson's explanation is in general just; but I think that the words, *of law*, must mean, *by law*, or *according to law*, as we say, *of course*, and *of right*, instead of *by right*, or *by course*.—Gaunt's reasoning is this—"Having let your kingdom by lease, you are no longer the king of England, but the landlord only; and your state is by law, subject to the law."—*M. Mason.*

Heath explains the words "state of law," somewhat differently: "Thy royal estate is now, in virtue of thy having leased it out, subjected, like that of thy vassals, to every common process of the law. Warburton hath quite mistaken our poet, when he supposes him to mean—the King's being enslaved to his favourites."

[18] *And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool.*

In the disposition of these lines I have followed the folio, in giving the word *thou* to the king; but the regulation of the first quarto, 1597, is perhaps preferable, being more in our poet's manner:—"Gaunt. *And thou*———K. Rich. ———*a lunatic, lean-witted fool*,"—And thou *a mere cypher in thy own kingdom*, Gaunt was going to say. Richard interrupts him, and takes the word *thou* in a different sense, applying it to Gaunt, instead of himself.—*Malone.*

The stage-effect of the older reading is much superior to that of the lection in the folio. Richard follows instantly, and in anger, the word *thou*, meaning to say, "*thou art* a lunatic lean-witted fool," the words *thou art* being understood. Nevertheless, as, in point of fact, the reading of the quarto involves the necessity of the king calling *himself* a lunatic fool, the alteration made in the folio is here adopted.

[19] *Make pale our cheek.*

Richard was of a ruddy complexion, and was wont to turn pale with anger. "This speech was not agreeable to the king; it appeared to me that his face grew pale with anger; he sware in great wrath by Saint Edward, that, no, never for his own, he brings young and old under subjection; they leave nothing to the poor people that can be carried away. Resolve, sire, to make haste, that you may quickly set aside his enterprise, who doeth much to blame. It seemed to me that

the king's face at this turned pale with anger, while he said,—Come hither, friends; good Lord, this man designs to deprive me of my country," Creton's contemporary narrative.

[20] *That blood already, like the pelican.*

In allusion to the well known legend of the pelican feeding her young with her own blood, the popular belief in which is well illustrated by the following account of an ancient bronze seal, of English workmanship, communicated by Mr. W. Chaffers,—"This elegant seal, or rather matrix, was discovered in Dorsetshire a few years since, and is probably unfinished, as it could not conveniently be used in its present form. The device is 'a pelican in her piety,' as it is heraldically termed, wounding her breast to feed her young, who are seen holding up their beaks to receive the fabled nourishment; the nest rests upon a tree with spreading branches, around which is the following rhyming legend:—"Jesu me smyte smertte—Dup imto the hertte." The spelling is peculiar, and the form of the letters, which are of early Gothic character, may perhaps be ascribed to the thirteenth century. It is a very curious example, and was no doubt the personal seal of some ecclesiastic, whose name is possibly to be found in the legend. In looking over the list of deans of the monastery of Wimbourne, near which the seal was discovered, I find one Walter Hertte, who died A.D. 1467. Did not the matrix bespeak a somewhat earlier origin, I should have been inclined to appropriate it to him, as these punning rebuses were very common during the middle ages."

[21] *Hast thou tapp'd out.*

The king not yet quieted, sent one of his justices called Wylliam Rykyll, borne in Ireland, to Calice, which was commaunded to enquire of the Duke of Gloucester, whether he had committed any such treasons as before were alleged agaynst the Erle of Arundell, and the Erle of Warwike, and that he should write what he sayde, and what the Duke did confesse; which after the sayde justice had speedely done, he returned unto the king, and shewed him such things of his awne devise, as he thought would best please the king, affirming that those things the Duke had franckly confessed. The king, after the sight therof, purposed the death of the Duke, and yet not willing to have him brought unto open judgement, for he feared the people, who bare him great love and favour, and therefore he sent the Erle of Nottyngham unto Thomas Mowbrey Erle Marshall, which then had the keeping of the duke in Calice, and commaunded him that privily the Duke should be killed. But he fearing to commit such an enorne deede, deferred the matter, though the king would have had it done with all speede. For the which the king was sore mooved agaynst the Erle, and sware that it shoulde coste him his lyfe, if he obeyed not quickly his commaundement. And beyng thus constreyned, he called out the Duke at midnight, as though he should have taken shypping to go into Englande, and there in his lodgyng with his servaunts, casting on fetherbeds upon him, he was smowthered. And so was this honorable and

good man miserable put to death which for the honor of the king and wealth of the realme had taken great travayles.—*Grafton's Chronicle.*

[22] *And thy unkindness be like crooked age.*

Do thou forget all proximity of blood, and become a confederate with my present sickness and *the many infirmities of old age*, to deprive me at once of life. Shakespeare had probably two different, but kindred ideas in his mind; the bend of age, and the sickle of time, which he confounded together.—*Mason.*

Shakespeare, I believe, took this idea from the figure of Time, who was represented as carrying a *sickle* as well as a *scythe*. A *sickle* was anciently called a *crook*, and sometimes, as in the following instances, *crooked* may mean armed with a *crook*. So, in Kendall's Epigrams, 1577:—

The regall king and *crooked* clowne
All one alike death driveth downe.

Again, in the 100th Sonnet of Shakespeare:—

Give my love, fame, faster than time wastes life,
So thou prevent'st his scythe and *crooked knife.*

Again, in the 119th:—

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his *bending sickle's* compass come.

It may be mentioned, however, that *crooked* is an epithet bestowed on age in the tragedy of Locrine, 1595:—"Now yield to death o'erlaid by *crooked* age." Locrine has been attributed to Shakespeare; and in this passage quoted from it, no allusion to a *scythe* can be supposed. Our poet's expressions are sometimes confused and abortive.—*Steevens.*

I do not believe our author had the figure of Time in his thoughts; but merely gave to age the same epithet which is given to it by many of his contemporaries and predecessors. So, in A Flourish upon Fancie, by N. B. (Nicholas Breton,) 1577:—

Who, when that he awhile hath bin in fancies schoole,
Doth learne in his old *crooked age* to play the doting foole.

Again, in Sylvester's translation of Dubartas, 4to, 1605, p. 251:—"If you desire your children should blesse your crooked age." Again, in Turbervile's Songs and Sonets, 1567,—"Would Death would spare to spoyle,—And crooked age to rase."—*Malone.*

Repining at his dearth his death did crave
So *crooked age* convayes him to the grave.
MS. Sloane, 1489, p. 26.

[23] *That age and sullens have.*

He is like Captaine Cloux, foole of Lyons, that would needs die of the *sullens*, because his master would entertaine a new foole besides himselfe.—*Lodge's Wits Miserie*, 1596, p. 73.

Car. Prethee good honest, old patcht peece of experience, goe home and weare thy selfe out in contemplation, and doe not vexe me with problemes, they can doe no more good upon me, then a young pittifull lover upon a mistresse, that has the sullens.—*Fid.* Well, sir, I could willingly waite upon you in the way of honour and reputation.—*Marmyon's Fine Companion*, 1633.

Sometimes a fit of *sullens* seales your jawes,
In contemplation big of Jove knowes what.
Historie of Albino and Bellama, 1638.

[24] *Enter Northumberland.*

Henry Percy, thirteenth Baron Percy; Created Earl of Northumberland 16 July, 1377; Earl Marshal; appointed Lord High Constable for life 1399; slain 1408; and being attainted, his honours became forfeited.

[25] *Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.*

He died on February 4th, 1398-9. "Thus contynuyng this mysordre within the lande, dyed syr John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, at the bysshop of Elyes place in Holborne, and from thens was caryed unto seynt Paulys, and there upon the northe syde of the quyer honourablye buryed, at whose enterrement all the chefe lordys of Englonde were present," Fabyan.

His son founded a chapel and chantry opposite to the tomb, 4 Hen. IV.; and in the tenth year of his reign gave divers messuages and lands to the dean and chapter, for the celebration of masses on the anniversaries of the death of his father and mother, at which the mayor and sheriffs of London were to attend. Eight large tapers were to be lighted around the tomb on these days of exequies, and on the morrow, and on every great festival and Sundays, at the procession, mass, and second vespers for ever. Froissart speaks thus of his death: "It happened that, about Christmas-tide, Duke John of Lancaster fell dangerously ill of a disorder which ended his life, to the great grief of all his friends. He had been sometime very low-spirited, on account of the banishment of his son, whom his nephew King Richard had forced out of England for a trifling cause, and also for the manner in which the kingdom was governed, which, if persevered in, he foresaw must be it's ruin."—*Webb.*

[26] *Which live like venom.*

Then the mariners hoisted sail without delay, and in less than two days we came in sight of the tower of Waterford, in Ireland; where the wretched and filthy people, some in rags, others girt with a rope, had the one a hole, the other a hut for their dwelling. These were forced to carry great burdens, and to go into the water up to their waists, for the speedy unloading of the barges from the sea.—*Creton.*

[27] *Where no venom else.*

This is an allusion to the well-known legend of St. Patrick freeing Ireland from reptiles. "In the wondrous effects of the clime of Ireland, and the freedom from all venomous creatures, the credulity of common conceit imputes this immunity upon the benediction of St. Patrick, as Beda and Gyraldus have left recorded," Browne's Enquiries, p. 409.

For the blessing which it hath pleased God to vouchsafe to that countrey, in purging it from all sorts of wormes that are venimous or poisonable, this benefite onely they ascribe to saint Patricke, and will in no wise acknowledge it to be the blessing of God.—*Rych's Short Survey of Ireland*, 1609.

So, in Decker's Honest Whore, 1630:—"—that Irish Judas,—Bred in a country where *no venom* prospers,—But in his blood." Again, in Fuimus Troes, 1633:—"As Irish earth doth *poison poisonous* beasts." So, in the Honest Man's Fortune,—"*Ver.* Madam?—*Lam.* How like you the country?—*Ver.* I like the air of it well, madam: and the rather because, as on Irish timber your spider will not make his web."

[28] *About his marriage.*

The Duke of Herfford tooke his leave of the king at Eltham, and there the king released unto him foure yeres of his banishment. And so he toke his

journey, and came to Calice, and so into Fraunce, where he continued a while. When he was arrived in Fraunce, king Charles heeryng the cause of his banishment, which he esteemed very small and light, receyved him gently and honorably enterteyned him: Insomuch, that he had by favour obteined the mariage of the only daughter of John Duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, if king Richard had not cast a stop in his way; For he well considered how the commonaltie loved the Duke, and howe desyrous they were of his returne into England; and then foreseeyng that if he should be joyned wyth so great an affinitie as the blood of the house of Berry was in Fraunce, and afterward sodeinly to returne into Englande, it might fortune to turne to hys more displeasure then pleasure, wherefore he letted that mariage.—*Grafton's Chronicle.*

Bolingbroke in his banishment had repaired to the court of Charles VI., where he was received with the most marked hospitality and attention. During his stay he offered his hand to Marie, youngest daughter of the Duke of Berry, who had lately lost her second husband Philip of Artois, Count of Eu, and Constable of France, who perished in Turkey. This intelligence awakened the jealousy of Richard, who apprehended that it might defeat the advantages that he expected from his union with a daughter of France. He therefore charged the Earl of Salisbury to go to Paris, and set aside the match. Salisbury was as averse to the mission as his master was to their union. However, he executed his charge most effectually; but the French were scandalised at the employment of the term "traitor" against their visitor; and Salisbury's behaviour towards him highly offended him. "He knew," says Froissart, "of the Earl of Salisbury being at Paris; but they never saw each other; and the Earl of Salisbury returned to Calais without speaking to him." And again, "the Earl of Derby was much displeased that the Earl of Salisbury should leave Paris without seeing him." He afterwards put these expressions into the mouth of Henry's friends; "the Earl of Salisbury has done very wrong to carry such a message to France, and make so heavy a charge against the most honourable man in the world. The day will come when he shall repent of this, and say; 'It weighs heavily on me that I ever carried a message to France against the Earl of Derby.'"—*Webb.*

[29] *To sue his livery.*

Malone gives the following explanation of this passage:—"On the death of every person who held by knight's service, the escheator of the court in which he died summoned a jury, who inquired what estate he died seized of, and of what age his next heir was. If he was under age, he became a ward of the king's; but if he was found to be of full age, he then had a right to sue out a writ of *ouster le main*,—that is, *his livery*,—that the *king's hand might be taken off*, and the land *delivered* to him." Bolingbroke had appointed attorneys to execute this office for him, if his father should die during the period of his banishment.—*Knight.*

After his death, the duchy of Lancaster did in right devolve to the duke of Hereford, his eldest son; but the King (as the nature of man is inclinable to hate those whom hee hath harmed) seazed all the landes and goods which appertained to the Duke of Lancaster, into his owne handes, and determined to perpetuate the banishment of Duke Henry his sonne; revoking the letters patents, which were graunted to him at his departure: whereby his generall atturneis were enabled to prosecute his causes, and sue liverie of any inheritance; which during his exile, might fall unto him.—*Hayward's Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[30] *I'll not be by, the while.*

Duryng the first yere of the exile of this duke, his father John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster dyed, and is buryed on the North syde of the quier of the church

of Saint Paules in London. The death of this duke shortened the life of King Rychard, for he, notwithstandyng that the Duchie of Lancaster was to this Duke Henrye lawfully discended, not onely seased without right or title all the goodes of the sayde Duke John his parent, but also defrauded his heyre of his laufull inheritaunce, receyvyng the rentes and revenues of all his patrimonie, and gevyng to other that which was not his, and distributed the duke's landes to his parasites, and flatteryng folowers. This act was judged of all the nobilitie to be unlawfull, unjust, and ungodly, to deprive a man beyng banished out of the realme without desart, of his inheritaunce. But Edmond Duke of Yorke, uncle to Henrie nowe lawfully Duke of Lancaster, was sore moved with this chaunce, to see the king breake and violate all lawes; and after the murther of hys brother the Duke of Gloucester, to spoyle and robbe the sonne of his other brother. For he before this tyme, as much as his pacience could beare, dyd tolerate and suffer the death of his brother, the banishment of his nephew, and many mo injuryes, which for the lightnesse and youth of the king he passed over; but nowe that he sawe there was no hope of amendment of the kinges governement, and that he had no man nere him that durst boldely admonishe him of his office and dutie, he therefore, as a wise man, thought it meete in tyme to get him to a restyng place, and to leave the folowyng of so doubtfull and wilfull a captaine; wherefore he, with the Duke of Aumerle, his sonne, departed from the court, and went to his house at Langley.—*Grafton's Chronicle.*

[31] *'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.*

Wives is substituted for *lives* in the Perkins MS., but the alteration is strongly opposed, if not absolutely forbidden, by a passage in Henry the Fifth, i. 2,—"That owe *yourselves, your lives*, and services,—To this imperial throne."

[32] *As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what.*

Kynge Rycharde, thoroughe evyll counceyll, commaundid by his letters unto the sheryffys of all shyres, fewe exceptid, that all personys of havoure within theyr counties, as well spyrytuell as temporell, shuld make certeyn othes in generall wordis, and over that to wryte and seale certeyn bondys for perfourmaunce of the sayd othes; and also for blanke chartours, whiche many men of substaunce were constraynyd to seale to theyr great charges, the people contynuelly murmuryd and grudgyd.—*Fabyan's Chronicle.*

Blanks were a mode of extortion, by which *blank* papers were given to the agents of the crown, which they were to fill up as they pleased, to authorize the demands they chose to make. No wonder they were thought oppressive. Further explained by a passage respecting the same king, in the Mirror for Magistrates:

> Which to maintaine my people were sore pol'd
> With fines, fifteens, and loans by way of prest,
> *Blank* charters, oaths, and shifts not known of old,
> For which the commons did me sore detest.—*Nares.*

Moreover, he compelled all the religious gentlemen and commons, to set their seales to blanckes, to the ende he might as it pleased him oppresse them severally, or all at once; some of the commons payde a thousande markes, some a thousande pounde, &c.—*Stowe.*

Besides the ordinary tearmes of tenthes and fifteenths, which were many times paid double in one yeare, divers new impositions were by him devised and put in use; somtimes exacting xij. d. of every person throughout the realme; sometimes of every religious man and woman vj. s. viij. d. and of every secular priest as much, and of every lay person married or sole, xij. d. Under the favourable

tearme of *benevolence*, hee wiped away from the people such heaps of money, as were little answerable to that free and friendly name. He borrowed in all places of the realme great summes of money upon his privy seales, so that no man of worth cold escape his loane: but he seldome, and to fewe, returned payment againe.—*Hayward's Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[33] *And yet we strike not, but securely perish.*

To strike the sails, is to contract them when there is too much wind. Northumberland uses the word equivocally to mean we see our danger, and do not arm and strike the man who threatens. To strike the sails, as Dr. Johnson observes, is to contract them when there is too much wind. Compare Henry VI., Part 3,—"Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee."

We perish by too great confidence in our security. The word is used in the same sense in the Merry Wives of Windsor: "Though Page be a *secure* fool," &c. Again, in Troilus and Cressida,—"'Tis done like Hector, but *securely* done." —*Malone.*

[34] *Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.*

Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector reads, "*Thy words are but* our *thoughts*," &c.—A writer in Blackwood's Magazine for Sept. 1853, p. 306, thus defends the old text: "Ross's argument with Northumberland to speak was not merely because his words were as *their* thoughts. That was no doubt true; but the point of his persuasion lay in the consideration that Northumberland's words would be *as good as not spoken*. 'We three are but yourself, and, in these circumstances, your words are but *as* thoughts—that is, you are as safe in uttering them as if you uttered them not, inasmuch as you will be merely speaking to yourself.' "—*Dyce.*

[35] *The son and heir of th' Earl of Arundel.*

This line, not in the original, is taken from the corresponding passage in Holinshed, who has previously mentioned the same person in the following note, —"about the same time, the earle of Arundel's sonne, named Thomas, which was kept in the Duke of Exeter's house, escaped out of the realme by meanes of one William Scot, mercer, and went to his uncle, Thomas Arundell, late Archbishop of Canturburie, as then sojourning at Cullen." The archbishop was brother to the earl, not to the young lord, as the context might seem at first to imply. The Christian name of Ramston is wrongly printed *John* in the old copies, which have metamorphosed the two personages next mentioned into knights. In fact, there are so many blunders in this enumeration of persons, it is possible that Shakespeare left a space with the intention of referring to Holinshed, in order to complete what his memory, in the rapidity of composition, failed to suggest, and that the MS. was delivered to the theatre with the imperfection. In the third scene of the fifth act, a line of a rhyming couplet, found in the quarto editions, was omitted accidentally by the printer of the first folio. It is, therefore, possible that a line, like that here inserted, was passed over by the compositor.

Thomas Fitz Alan, son of Richard Earl of Arundel, beheaded in 1397. His mother was Elizabeth, daughter of William de Bohun Earl of Northampton. He had been consigned to the care of the Duke of Exeter during his minority, and was kept at his castle of Ryegate, in Surrey, under the custody of Sir John Shelly; but he contrived to elude him by the assistance of one John Scot, and went over to Duke Henry in France. In 1 Hen. IV. the judgment of his father was reversed, and he was restored in blood. He was made Knight of the Bath at the coronation; and 6 Hen. IV. married Beatrix, illegitimate daughter of the King of Portugal. In 12 Hen. IV. he went with a force to the aid of the Duke of

Burgundy against the duke of Orleans; and in 1 Hen. V. was appointed Constable of Dover Castle, Warden of the Cinq-ports, and Lord Treasurer of England. He died October 13, 1415, without issue.—*Webb.*

And whanne he hadde be there a litill tyme, ser Henri of Bolyngbroke, erl of Derby and duke of Hereforde, whom kyng Richard hadde exilid, heryng that his fader ser John of Gaunt, duke of Lancastre, was ded, cam doun out of Fraunce unto Caleys. And there mette with him maister Thomas Arundelle that was archebisshoppe of Cauntirbury, and the sone and heir of the erl of Arundelle, that was broke out of prison of the castelle of Reygate; and thay shippid at Caleys, and cam into Englond, and landid at Ravenesporne in the north cuntre. And there mette with thaym the erlle of Northumbirlond withe a gret power to helpe and socoure the said duke, that cam for non othir entent, as he saide, thanne for to chalange the duchie of Lancastre his enheritaunce.—*The Brute Chronicle.*

This yere also Thomas, the son and heyre of the erle of Arundell, lately behedid, the which Thomas, not all to his pleasure, was kepte in the howse of the duke of Eccetyr, passyd the see by the meanys of one Wyllyam Scot, mercer, and yode unto his uncle the archebysshop of Cauntorbury, and so contynued with hym in the citie of Colayne than beynge.—*Fabyan's Chronicle.*

As soone as the duke was come into Brittaine, he waged certaine souldiers, and presently departed to Calice, and so committed to sea for England; giving forth that the onely cause of his voyage was to recover the Duchie of Lanchaster, and the rest of his lawfull inheritance, which the King wrongfully deteyned from him. In this companie was Thomas Arundell the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Thomas the son and heire of Richard late Earle of Arundell, who was very yong, and had a little before escaped out of prison, and fled into France to the Duke. The residue of his attendants were very few, not exceeding the number of fiftcen lances.—*Hayward's Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[36] *Archbishop late of Canterbury.*

Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, brother to the Earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign, had been banished by the parliament, and was afterwards deprived by the Pope of his see, at the request of the king; whence he is here called "*late* of Canterbury."—*Steevens.*

[37] *John Norbery, Robert Waterton, and Francis Coint.*

Holinshed mentions these three as esquires, but, in the old copies of the play, the first two are erroneously mentioned as knights. The name of the last is spelt *Coines* in the early quartos, and *Quoint* in the folios, the present orthography being adopted from Holinshed.

[38] *Imp out our drooping country's broken wing.*

"To *impe* is a term most usual among falconers; and is, when a feather in a hawkes wing is broken, and another piece *imped* or grafted on the stump of the old.—The word to *imp* is borrowed by the English; first, surely, to graft trees, and thence translated to *imping* feathers," Blount's Ancient Tenures, 1679. There is a long and very curious chapter in Turbervile's Booke of Falconrie on "The Way and Manner howe to *ympe* a Hawk's Feather, how-soever it be broken or bruised," from which the following will be sufficient to extract,—"Somtimes it so falleth out that the fethers of a hawks wing or train may be broken, whereupon it is both necessarie and needefull to set other like in their steades; which feat wee tearme the ymping of a hawkes feather. This may be done in foure severall manners and fashions after that the feather is broken. For first, in the greater and huger sort of hawkes, if a feather be broken one fingers breadth or thereabouts within the

quill, then your next remedie is, to sheare it off with a payre of syssers or shcares, to the end it may not cleave or rise any further. Then having prepared a like feather to the same of some other hawke or fowle, resembling the broken feather; you must cut the quill off it, and so force it together, as it may enter the broken quill of the hawkes feather, annointing it before you thrust it in, or seeme to place it for good and all, in the gummie fatte of a figge, the yolke of an egge, or some kinde of semonde made of purpose, thrusting it very directly into the truncke and quill of the broken feather, and as wee may tearme it, graffing the one in the other. And to the ende it may have the better hold, and the faster stay, it shall not bee amisse to clynte or nayle them fast together with the point of a partridge feather, taking the very toppe of it, and stripping away the feathers on eyther side the webbe; and after that, making a small hole with a slender needle, so as it passe through both the quilles, as wel that which sticketh fast in the hawkes wing, as the other borrowed and adopted feather, drawing through the hole made with the needle, the point of the partridges feather to fill up the hole againe. Which done, cut it off close by the webbe finely on eyther side, and so will it stand very handsomely fast, and almost not to be discerned but to bee the hawkes naturall feather." Omitting the second method, the following account of the third and fourth may be thought interesting;—"If a sarcell or other feathers be broken above the quill, towards the point of the feathers two or three fingers breadth, you must cut it off with a sharpe penknife a-slope, and, as they say, a-swash, and then take another like feather to the same, cutting it in like maner as you did the other, so as it may fit with the same feather both for length and cut. Which done, with an ymping needle layde in vinegar and salt, so close them together as they may bee thought to bee one feather. The last maner of ymping is, when a feather is not quite broken off, but bruised, and, as it were, but markt, so as it cannot be holpen and righted againe with warme water. In this case it shall be better rather to cut away the feathers, onely to cut away the nether part of the web, just over against the bruised place, leaving the upper part whole and untoucht; then to take a long slender needle like a glovers needle, and to threed it, and having so done, to thrust the eye of the needle being threeded into the greater part of the feather towards the quill, forcing the point of it so hard with a thimble, as it may bee cleane hid in the feather, and no part of it to bee seene. After that, joyning both sides of the bruised feather together, where you cut the web, draw the threed as hard and as straight as you can possible, so as the point of the needle, by pulling off the threed that hangeth out, may so farre enter the upper part of the feather, as it may be halfe on the quill side, and the other halfe on the point of the bruised feather, which will strengthen the feathers marvailously. This done, cut off the threede which was for none other purpose put there, but to draw the point of the needle backe into the upper part of the feather." After this follows a chapter,—"how to ympe the traine of a hawke beeing all broken, and never a feather whole or sound."

The term is of very common occurrence. "And then, with chaste discourse, as we return'd—*Imp* feathers to the broken wings of time," Massinger. "They will laugh as much, to see a swallow fly with a white feather *imp'd* in her tail," Brome. "His plumes only *imp* the muse's wings," Devil's Charter, 1607. So, in a very beautiful passage of Tomkis's Albumazar,—

> How slow the day slides on!—when we desire
> Time's haste, he seems to lose a match with lobsters;
> And, when we wish him stay, he *imps* his wings
> With feathers plumed with thought.

Whereby thou seemest to blow the cole which thou wouldest quench, setting

keene edge where thou desirest not to have a sharpe point, *impiuing* a father to make me flie, where thou oughtest rather to cut my wing for feare of soaring. —*Lilly's Euphues.*

If hee perceive any that by ripe judgement conceiteth his courses, with him he joineth as if he sought his only protection under the wing of his glory; but the very truth is, he hath no other intent but this, to *impe* the wings of his renowne for feare he flie beyond him.—*Lodge's Wits Miserie*, 1596.

O no, my Lord; it would make cowards feare
To touch the reputations of full men,
When only they are left to *impe* the law.—*Bussy D'Ambois.*

[39] *Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown.*

Broking, that which has been in the hands of brokers or pawnbrokers. The expression occurs in the Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630,—

And with a brazen brow canst justice brave,
That steal'st thy pedegree from ancient houses,
And jet'st in *broaking* sattin every day;
That tak'st delight in stabbing and carowses,
Not caring how thou let'st thy loose life stray.

[40] *Windsor.*

This locality is correct for the present scene, as appears from Holinshed, who says that "the king departed toward Bristow, from thence to passe into Ireland, leaving the queene with hir traine still at Windesor." Isabella of Valois, then only eleven years of age, parted with Richard at Windsor church, the king having treated her with great deference and attention. The messenger, or servant, who appears in this scene, mentions having called at Plashy the same day, but this circumstance is not absolutely inconsistent with his appearance at Windsor in the afternoon or evening.

[41] *To lay aside life-harming heaviness.*

So in eds. 1597, 1598. The quartos 1608, and 1615—*halfe*-harming; the folio—*self*-harming. This is a good specimen of the gradual progress of corruption. The reviser of the folio, perceiving that *half-harming*, the corrupt reading of the copy of 1608, from which the folio copy appears to have been printed, afforded no sense, substituted, *self-harming*, a word that is not very distant from the other, without a thought of consulting the earliest printed copy. —*Malone.*

[42] *With nothing trembles; at something it grieves.*

The sense of the whole is, my inward soul trembles without the least cause, or reason, which my imagination can suggest to me, indeed trembles at what is nothing; yet at the same time I feel I grieve for something, whatever it be, to me quite unknown, beyond what I should otherwise do for the bare absence of the king.—*Heath.*

Warburton does not appear to have understood this passage, nor Johnson either. Through the whole of this scene, till the arrival of Green, the Queen is describing to Bushy a certain unaccountable despondency of mind, and a foreboding apprehension which she felt of some unforeseen calamity: she says, "that her inward soul trembles without any apparent cause and grieves at something more than the King's departure, though she knows not what;" he endeavours to persuade her that it is merely the consequence of her sorrow for the King's absence; she says it may be so, but her soul tells her otherwise. He then tells

her it is only conceit; but she is not satisfied with that way of accounting for it, as she says that conceit is still derived from some fore-father grief, but what she feels was begot by nothing; that is, had no preceding cause. Conceit is here used in the same sense that it is in Hamlet, when the king says that Ophelia's madness was occasioned by conceit upon her father.—*Mason.*

In an old annotated copy of the second folio, this line is altered as follows,—"With nothing trembles, yet at something grieves."

[43] *Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon.*

"Like prospectives which show things inwards when they are but paintings," Bacon's Natural History, i. 98. This is a fine similitude, and the thing meant is this. Amongst *mathematical* recreations, there is one in *optics*, in which a figure is drawn, wherein all the rules of *perspective* are *inverted:* so that, if held in the same position with those pictures which are drawn according to the rules of *perspective*, it can present nothing but confusion: and to be seen in form, and under a regular appearance, it must be looked upon from a contrary station; or, as Shakespeare says, "cy'd awry."—*Warburton.*

Dr. Plot, in his History of Staffordshire, p. 391, explains this perspective, or odd kind of "pictures upon an indented board, which, if beheld directly, you only perceive a confused piece of work; but, if obliquely, you see the intended person's picture;" which, he was told, was made thus: "The board being indented, or furrowed with a plough-plane, the print or painting was cut into parallel pieces equal to the depth and number of the indentures on the board, and they were pasted on the flats that strike the eye holding it obliquely, so that the edges of the parallel pieces of the print or painting exactly joining on the edges of the indentures, the work was done."—*Tollet.*

The following short poem would almost persuade one that the words *rightly* and *awry* (perhaps originally written—*aright* and *wryly*,) had exchanged places in the text of our author:—Lines by Ben Jonson prefixed to Melancholike Humours, in Verses of Diverse Natures, set down by Nich. Breton, Gent. 1600: In Authorem.—

That thou wouldst finde the habit of true passion
And see a minde attir'd in perfect straines;
Not wearing moodes, as gallants doe a fashion
In these pide times, only to shewe their braines;
Looke here on Breton's worke, the master print,
Where such perfections to the life doe rise:
If they seeme *wry*, to such as looke asquint,
The fault's not in the object, but their eyes.
For, as one comming with a *laterall* viewe
Unto a cunning piece-wrought *perspective*,
Wants facultie to make a censure true:
So with this author's readers will it thrive:
Which, being eyed *directly*, I divine,
His proofe their praise will meete, as in this line.—*Steevens.*

So, in Hentzner, 1598, Royal Palace, Whitehall: "Edwardi VI. Angliæ regis effigies, primo intuitu monstrosum quid repræsentans, sed si quis effigiem rectâ intueatur, tum vera deprehenditur."—*Farmer.*

The perspectives here mentioned, were not pictures, but round chrystal glasses, the convex surface of which was cut into faces, like those of the rose diamond; the concave left uniformly smooth. These chrystals—which were sometimes mounted on tortoise-shell box-lids, and sometimes fixed into ivory cases—if placed as here represented, would exhibit the different appearances described by the poet.

The word *shadows* is here used, in opposition to substance, for reflected images, and not as the dark forms of bodies, occasioned by their interception of the light that falls upon them.—*Henley.*

It may have reference to that kind of optical delusion called *anamorphosis;* which is a perspective projection of a picture, so that at one point of view it shall appear a confused mass, or different to what it really is, in another, an exact and regular representation. Sometimes it is made to appear confused to the naked eye, and regular when viewed in a *glass or mirror* of a certain form. "A picture of a chancellor of France, presented to the common beholder a multitude of little faces; but if one did look at it through a *perspective*, there appeared only the single pourtraiture of the chancellor," Humane Industry, 1651. This is again alluded to in Twelfth Night, "A natural *perspective*, that is, and is not." Thus also in Henry V:—"My lord, you see them *perspectively*, the cities turned into a maid." Thus Hobbes, in his Answer to Davenant's Preface to Gondibert:—"You have seen a curious kinde of *perspective*, where, he that looks through a short hollow pipe upon a picture containing divers figures, sees none of those that are painted, but some one person made up of their parts, conveyed to the eye by the artificial cutting of a glass."—*Singer.*

I confess, I do not understand our poet here; nor know perfectly whether he means looking through a perspective glass, or looking at a piece of painting in perspective, possibly something like the child's toy, by which a building, delineated upon a horizontal surface, in a distorted form, is made to appear correct, when the eye is fixed at a certain point, might be what was referred to.—*Anon.*

[44] *As,—though, on thinking, on no thought I think.*

The more recent editors read, with Johnson, "*As,—though*, in *thinking, on no*," &c.,—an alteration hardly necessary.—Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector gives "*As,—though*, unthinking, *on no*," &c.,—which is manifestly wrong. I once suspected that the proper punctuation of the line might be,—"As,—though, on thinking on, no thought I think," &c.—*Dyce.*

The quarto of 1597 has the line,—"As *thought on* thinking on no thought I think," which the 4to, 1598, alters to—"As *though on* thinking on no thought I think,"—which was followed in all the later impressions, quarto and folio; but it seems necessary, with Johnson, to make a farther alteration of *on* to *in*, the meaning being, that the queen in reflecting can fix her thought upon nothing, though, musing, I have no distinct idea of calamity.—*Collier.*

It is not necessary to write "*in* thinking," for, "*on* thinking" means thinking on. The poor queen is not "unthinking," but thinks too much—her grief made her think, but she had no definite thought. A modern French writer, speaking of the effects of the English climate, says, "you are thoughtful without thinking." —*Knight.*

[45] *Or something hath the nothing that I grieve.*

I grieve for something or for nothing; if for a reality, that reality is the offspring of nothing: or if for nothing, that nothing, that unsubstantial effect proceeds from some potent existing cause. Whether the cause of this my premature concern be real or imaginary, it can never be properly ascribed to conceit, whose constant basis is some past occurrence.

The meaning seems to be, that either nothing hath begotten the Queen's grief, or there really is something in the nothing that she grieves about. "Conceit," of course, here is to be understood as *conception.—Collier.*

The Queen's reasoning, as it now stands, is this; my *trouble* is not *conceit*, for *conceit is still derived from* some antecedent cause, *some fore-father grief;* but

with me the case is, that "either my real grief hath no real cause, or some real cause has produced a fancied grief." That is, "my grief is not conceit, because it either has not a cause like conceit, or it has a cause like conceit." This can hardly stand. Let us try again, and read thus:—

For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Not something hath the nothing that I grieve:

That is, "my grief is not conceit; conceit is an imaginary uneasiness from some past occurrence." But, on the contrary, here is "real grief without a real cause; *not* a real cause with a fanciful sorrow." This, I think, must be the meaning; harsh at the best, yet better than contradiction or absurdity.—*Johnson.*

[46] *'Tis in reversion that I do possess.*

I am about to propose an interpretation which many will think harsh, and which I do not offer for certain. To *possess a man*, in Shakespeare, is to *inform him fully, to make him comprehend.* To *be possessed*, is *to be fully informed.* Of this sense the examples are numerous. I therefore imagine the Queen says thus:—"'Tis in reversion—that I do possess;—" The event is yet in futurity—that I know with full conviction—but what it is, that is not yet known. In any other interpretation she must say that *she possesses* what is not yet come, which, though it may be allowed to be poetical and figurative language, is yet, I think, less natural than my explanation.—*Johnson.*

As the grief the Queen felt was for some event which had not yet come to pass, or at least not yet come to her knowledge, she expresses this by saying that the grief which she then actually possessed was still in *reversion*, as she had no right to feel the grief until the event should happen which was to occasion it; what I thus severely anticipate is yet in embryo.—*Mason.*

That is not the conjunction, but the pronoun, and the meaning, that which now occupies my thoughts is something that is to happen hereafter, but what that is, is yet a secret; I cannot name it, but I fear it is nameless woe.—*Seymour.*

[47] *Might have retir'd his power.*

To retire, when a verb *neuter*, is also a common word; not so, when it is a verb *active*, and means *to fetch* or *draw back*, in the same sense as the French use their word *retirer.—Warner.* "Alas! I feare my strangenesse will retire him," Bussy d'Ambois. "Each one, by him enforc'd, retires his ward," Rape of Lucrece.

[48] *And all the rest of the revolted faction.*

So in ed. 1598 and in some copies of ed. 1597, others omitting the words, *of the.* "And the rest of the *revolting* faction," eds. 1608, 1615, followed in the later copies in the omission of *all*, but the older reading *revolted* being there restored.

[49] *And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir.*

The author seems to have used *heir* in an improper sense, an *heir* being one that *inherits by succession*, is here put for one that *succeeds*, though he succeeds but in order of time, not in order of descent.—*Johnson.*

Johnson has mistaken the meaning of this passage also. The Queen does not in any way allude to Bolingbroke's succession to the crown, an event, of which she could at that time have had no idea. She had said before, that "some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, was coming towards her." She talks afterwards of her unknown griefs "being begotten;" she calls Green "the midwife of her

woe;" and then means to say, in the same metaphorical jargon, that the arrival of Bolingbroke was the dismal offspring that her foreboding sorrow was big of; which she expresses by calling him her "sorrow's dismal heir," and explains more fully and intelligibly in the following line:—"Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy."—*M. Mason.*

[50] *The commons they are cold.*

The duke of York that was lieutenaunt of Engelond wolde have gon ayens thayme, but no man wolde folowe him; and ser William Scroope, tresorer of Englond, offrid men wonder large wagez, but he coude no man have, for no money.—*Chronicle*, MS.

[51] *With my brother's.*

None of York's brothers were literally beheaded, but the allusion here is no doubt to the Duke of Gloucester, who, according to Holinshed, was secretly murdered by the king's express order.

[52] *What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?*

This line furnishes another specimen of the progress of corruption. In the second quarto, 1598, *no* being corrupted into *two*, the line appeared thus:—"What, are there *two* posts dispatch'd for Ireland?"—and so it was exhibited in the quarto of 1608, and in that of 1615. The corrector of the press, by whom the sheets of the folio, 1623, were revised while they were printing, meeting with what doubtless appears very absurd, instead of looking out for the oldest copy, cut the knot, instead of attempting to untie it, and left out the substituted word *two;* and thus the verse became quite different from what the poet intended.—"What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland?"—*Malone.*

[53] *And meet me presently at Berkley Castle.*

The word *Castle* is omitted in the early quarto editions. Shakespeare seems to have designedly neglected the metre in this speech, perhaps to mark more strongly the perturbation of the speaker's mind. Bolingbroke and others, in the next scene, mention Berkley.—*Malone.*

[54] *And every thing is left at six and seven.*

The Deity is mentioned in the Towneley Mysteries, pp. 97, 118, as He that "sett alle on seven," *i. e.*, set or appointed everything in seven days. A similar phrase at p. 85 is not so evident. It is explained in the glossary, "to set things in, to put them in order," but it evidently implies in some cases an exactly opposite meaning, to set in confusion, to rush to battle, as in the following examples. "*To set the steven*, to agree upon the time and place of meeting previous to some expedition," West. and Cumb. Dial., p. 390. These phrases may be connected with each other. Be this as it may, hence is certainly derived the phrase *to be at sixes and sevens*, to be in great confusion. Herod, in his anger at the Wise Men, says,—

> Bot be thay past me by, by Mahowne in heven,
> I shalle, and that in hy, *set alle on sex and seven;*
> Trow ye a kyng as I wyll suffre thaym to neven
> Any to have mastry bot myself fulle even.
>
> *Towneley Mysteries*, p. 143.

Thus he *settez on sevene* with his sekyre knyghttez.—*Morte Arthure*, *MS. Lincoln*, f. 76.

> The duk swore by gret God of hevene,
> Wold my hors so evene,

ȝet wold *I sett all one seven*
ffor Myldor the swet!—*Degrevant*, 1279.

Some lay to get riches, by sea and by land,
And vent'reth his life, in his enemies hand;
And setteth his soul *upon six or on seven*,
Not caring nor fearing, for hell nor for heaven.—*Tusser.*

Old Odcomb's odnesse makes not thee uneven,
Nor carelesly set all *at six and seven.*
Thy person's odde, unparaleld, unmatchd,
But yet thy action's to the person patch'd.
The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.

"Who sett'st the world at six and sev'n," Nedham's English Rebellion, 1661. "And not leave things at sixes and at seven," Win Her and Take Her, 1691. "And leave his estate at six's and sevens," Country Gentleman's Vade Mecum, 1699.

[55] *I'll to Ireland to his majesty.*

This is true to history. While the duke was wreaking his vengeance upon the other licutenants of the king, Bagot made his escape to Chester, and thence to Ireland. He was afterwards apprehended, sent to Newgate, and brought for examination before the parliament; but acquitted in the next session. The MS. Ambassades affirms that Scroope, chancellor of the Exchequer, carried the news to Ireland; which is unquestionably wrong.—*Webb.*

They remayned sixe weekes at Duvelin, and heard no newes out of Englande, the passage was so dangerous, the winde beeing contrary, and tempestes so greate, at length, came a shippe with heavie newes, how the Duke of Hereforde, and now by the deceasse of his father Duke of Lancaster, was arrived in England at Ravenspore beside Wadlington, in Yorkeshire, and had beheaded William Scrope Earle of Wilshire, treasourer of Englande, John Bushy, Henry Greene, and other, and had caused Thomas Arundell, Archbishop of Canterbury, to preach againste King Richarde, who also shewed a Bull procured from Rome, promising remission of sinnes to all those whiche should ayde the sayde Henry, in conquering of his enimies, and after their death, to be placed in Paradise, which preaching moved manye to cleave to the Duke.—*Stowe.*

[56] *These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways.*

This is probably said in reference to the country they had just travelled through, as it can hardly refer to the locality where this dialogue takes place, which is in the immediate neighbourhood of Berkeley castle. Holinshed, speaking of Bolingbroke, says,—"from Doncaster, having now got a mightie armie about him, he marched foorth with all speed through the countries, comming by Evesham unto Berkelie." He would thus most likely have travelled from Evesham to Gloucester, passing in his way over the Cotswold hills; but there are the insignificant Tortworth and Stinchcomb hills near Berkeley, from which the castle may be seen. It is situated, comparatively speaking, in a hollow, and is with difficulty seen even from those hills.

[57] *And yet your fair discourse.*

Your in the early quarto editions, *our* in the folio. By the whole tenour of Northumberland's speech here, it is plain that he is in no part paying any compliment to his own discourse, but to the pleasures and advantages which he deriv'd from the society and conversation of Bolingbroke, which sweeten'd and made short the fatigue of a very rough road.—*Theobald.* I conceive there can

be but little entertainment in a conversation in which the hearer bears no part. "*Our* fair discourse," signifies, the discourse that hath past between us.—*Heath.*

[58] *Ross and Willoughby.*

And thus by this meanes the Duke landed about the feast of Saint Martin, without let or resistance, at Ravenspur in Houldernesse, as most writers affirme. Presently after his arrival, there resorted to him Lord Henry Pearcie Earle of Northumberland, and Lord Henry his son Earle of Westmerland, Lorde Radulph Nevill, Lorde Rose, Lord Willoughby, and many other personages of honor, whose company encreased reputation to the cause, and was a great countenance and strength to the Dukes further purposes.—*Hayward's Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[59] *And hope to joy, is little less in joy.*

To *joy* is here used as a verb; it is equivalent with *to rejoice.* "*To joy*, to clap hands, to rejoyce," Baret. "Which for his sake, I *joy* is not prov'd mortall," Bride, a Comedie, 4to, Lond. 1640. Shakespeare also uses it as a verb in several other instances. So, in the second act of this play: "Poor fellow never *joy'd* since the price of oats rose." Again, in King Henry V:—"I do at this hour *joy* o'er myself." Again, in K. Henry VI.:—"Was ever king that *joy'd* on earthly throne——." If *joy* be understood as a substantive, the common reading is scarcely English. We might read:—"And hope *of* joy."—*Malone.*

[60] *Estimate.*

That is, estimation, value. "They are of farre more estimate and price," Taylor's Workes, 1630. In eds. 1608, 1615, *estimate* is altered to *estimation.*

[61] *My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster.*

As this line is printed, the sense is obscure. It would be clearer thus:—"My lord, my answer is——to Lancaster." Your message, you say, is to my lord of Hereford. My answer is—It is not to him; it is to the duke of Lancaster.—*Malone.*

My lord of Hereford, says Berkeley, I have a message for you. My lord, says Bolingbroke, I answer to no name but Lancaster;—

> And I must find *that title in your tongue*
> Before I make reply to aught you say.—*Ritson.*

[62] *To raze one title of your honour out.*

"How the names of them which for capital crimes against majestie were *erazed out* of the publicke records, tables, and registers, or forbidden to be borne by their posteritie, when their memorie was damned, I could show at large," Camden's Remains, p. 136, edit. 1605.—*Malone.*

"The painful warrior, once foil'd, is from the book of honour razed quite," Sonnets. Surely it should be, *tittle.* The most important distinction that could belong to Bolingbroke, and what he was now peculiarly asserting would never be called by one who disclaims all intention of offence, by the slight and general term, "a title," or one "title." The sense is clearly: "I mean not to efface or obscure the slightest circumstance belonging to your honour or dignity." Besides, what sense can be annexed to "a title," or "one title," of your honour?—*Seymour.*

[63] *From the most gracious regent of this land.*

Thus the first quarto, 1597. The word *regent* was accidentally omitted in the

quarto, 1598, which was followed by all the subsequent copies.—*Malone.* In the same edition *gracious* is altered to *glorious.*

[64] *To take advantage of the absent time.*

That is, of the time when the king is absent. "I would read *King.* I know it is a very common expression, you have *watched your time* for such a thing; but sure, it is a strange figure to call the time *absent*, on account of the king's absence," Theobald.

[65] *Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.*

The two last words, *no uncle*, are omitted in the folio editions, and in ed. 1634. In Romeo and Juliet, we have the same kind of phraseology:—"Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds." Again, in Microconicon, Six snarling Satires, &c. by Thomas Middleton, 16mo. 1599:—"*Hower me no howers;* howers break no square." Again, in Solyman and Perseda, 1599:—"*Basilis.* What would'st thou have me, a Typhon?—*Piston.* Typhon me no Typhons, but swear," &c. Again, in Love's Owle, a poem by Antony Copley, 4to. 1595:—"And so joy mightely over *all.*—*Old Man. All me no alls*, for all is nought." Again, in King Edward I. by George Peele, 1593:—"*Friars.* Hands off, an if you love your ease.—*Rice.* Ease me no easings," &c.—*Malone.*

Cond. Are thei all gone? Ha, ha, well fare old Shift at a neede:
By his woundes had I not devised this, I had hanged indeed.
Tinkers, (quod you) *tinke me no tinkes;* I'll meddle with them no more;
I thinke was never knave so used by a companie of tinkers before.
The Comedy of Common Conditions, circa 1570.

[66] *But, then, more why.*

That is,—"But then more *why;*" but, to add more questions. This is the reading of the first quarto, 1597, which in the second, and all the subsequent copies, was corrupted thus: "But *more than* why." The expression of the text, though a singular one, was, I have no doubt, the author's. It is of a colour with those immediately preceding;—"Grace me *no grace, nor* uncle me *no uncle.*" An innovation which shows how very soon Shakespeare's peculiarities were not understood, and how ready the persons through whose hands they passed, were to substitute their own capricious notions in their room. A similar expression occurs in Twelfth Night:—

More than I love these eyes, *more* than my life,
More, by all *mores*, than I shall e'er love wife.—*Malone.*

I once thought that this reading of the first quarto ought to be retained—more question still; but this cannot well be admitted, unless many questions or *whys* had been asked already. I am, therefore, inclined to believe, that the text, as it appears in the second quarto, is right;—"But more than why." More than the mere answer to this question, with an interest more deep than belongs to the question itself.—*Seymour.*

I believe Pope hath given us the true reading,—"But more then, why, why have they dar'd to march?" that is, after having asked you this question, much more then may I ask you this other.—*Heath.*

[67] *And ostentation of despised arms.*

Warburton, in opposition to the common reading, *despised arms*, assures us that such "arms would not fright any one." This is not quite so certain, but admit it; yet notwithstanding, the arms despised by the Duke of York, the King's vicegerent, and who is the speaker here, might very reasonably fright the pale-

faced villages. *Despised* in this place, signifies no more than, which I despise.—*Heath.*

"Despoiling arms," is the reading recommended by the margins. "Displayed arms" is the right expression, according to Singer. But surely no emendation is required. The ostentation of despised arms was quite sufficient to frighten the harmless villagers; and this is all that Shakespeare says it did. And then it is in the highest degree appropriate and consistent that York should give his nephew to understand that his arms or forces were utterly despicable in the estimation of all loyal subjects, of all honourable and right-thinking men. Hence his words mean—alarming with war only pale-faced villagers, who never smelt the sulphurous breeze of battle, and making a vain parade of arms which all true soldiers must despise.—*Anon.*

Perhaps Shakespeare here uses *despised* for *hated* or *hateful* arms? Sir Thomas Hanmer changed it to *despiteful*, and Warburton to *disposed*, but the old copies all agree in reading *despised*. Shakespeare uses the word again in a singular sense in Othello, where Brabantio exclaims upon the loss of his daughter. It has been suggested that "*despised* is used to denote the general contempt in which the British held the French forces. The duke of Bretagne furnished Bolingbroke with three thousand French soldiers."—*Singer.*

[68] *Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye.*

Indifferent is *impartial.* The instances of this use of the word among the poet's contemporaries are very numerous. See Baret's Alvearie, in letter I, 108, where he translates, "*Aequus judex*, a just and *indifferent* judge; nothing partial." "Every juryman," says Sir Edward Coke, "ought to be impartial and *indifferent.*" —*Malone.*

Being *indifferent*, we should receive and embrace opinions according as evidence gives the attestation of truth.—*Locke.*

But the man said, how shall he that is a robber, and lives by blood, judge the cause; it must not be one but divers, and such as know both law and equity, that must judg this contention; the raven is neither just nor *indifferent.*—*Reynard the Fox*, 1701.

[69] *To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.*

Here too the sense hath probably been sacrificed to a mistaken concern for the metre. What reasonable or consistent idea can be suggested to us by this expression, rousing and chasing wrongs? The metaphor is evidently taken from stag-hunting, but hath no meaning, applied, as it is here, to *wrongs.* I am persuaded therefore we should read,—*wrongers*, nor is the truth of the metre injured by this alteration; only an anapæst takes the place of an iambic.—*Heath.*

By "his wrongs," are meant "the persons who wrong him." This explanation is supported by a passage in Fletcher's Double Marriage, where Juliana says—

> With all my youth and pleasure I'll embrace you,
> Make tyranny and death stand still, affrighted,
> And, at our meeting souls, amaze our *mischiefs.*—*M. Mason.*

We have in *wrongs* the same figure that has been elsewhere observ'd upon, for it's sense is, *wrongers;* the line's metaphor is from stag-hunting, as appears from the word it ends with; chases of that sort concluding mostly with a standing at bay.—*Capell.*

[70] *It stands your grace upon, to do him right.*

That is, it is incumbent, literally, it rests on your grace. So, in Baret's Alvearie, 1580,—"The heyre is bound; the heyre ought, or it is the heyre's part to defend; *it standeth him upon;* or is in his charge. *Incumbit defensio mortis hæredi.*" The phrase is therefore equivalent to, *it is incumbent upon your grace.* Shakspeare uses it again in King Richard the Third and in Antony and Cleopatra. Sir N. Throckmorton, writing to Queen Elizabeth, says, "Howsoever things do fall out, *it standeth* your majestie so *uppon*, for your own suretie and reputation, to be well ware." Likewise in Hooker's Answer to Travers, "The weightier the cause, the more it *stood him upon* to take good heed that nothing were rashly done or spoken in it."—*Singer.*

[71] *The noble duke hath sworn.*

We will not say nor thinke, O Lancaster,
But that thou then didst meane as thou didst swere
Upon th' Evangelists at Doncaster,
In th' eie of heaven, and that assembly there,
That thou but as an upright orderer
Sought'st to reforme th' abused kingdome here,
And get thy right, and what was thine before,
And this was all, thou would'st attempt no more.
Daniel's Civil Wars of England, 1599.

[72] *Nor friends, nor foes.*

The Duke of Yorke either amazed at this sodain change, or fearing his adventure if he should proceed in resistance, gave over the cause, and preferred present security, before duty with daunger; giving most men occasion to misdeeme by his dealing, that he secretly favoured the dukes enterprise; likewise all the other counsailers of that side either openly declared for the duke or secretly wished him well; and abandoning all private direction and advise, adjoined themselves to the common course, presuming thereby of greater safety.—*Hayward's Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[73] *A camp near Conway.*

"The Earle, passing over into Wales, landed at Conwaie," Holinshed. "It came to pass that the earl landed at Conway; I assure you, it was the strongest and fairest town in Wales," Creton's contemporary narrative. The latter author speaks in another place of Conway as a town "where the houses are covered with tiles." The fortifications of Conway are of immense strength, and may still last for centuries.

[74] *Enter Salisbury.*

Sir John de Montacute, Baron Montacute and Monthermer, third Earl of Salisbury. He was Marshal of England for a short time, during the absence of the Duke of Surrey in Ireland. He was beheaded in the year 1400.

[75] *My lord of Salisbury.*

Here is a scene so unartfully and irregularly thrust into an improper place, that I cannot but suspect it accidentally transposed; which, when the scenes were written on single pages, might easily happen in the wildness of Shakespeare's drama. This dialogue was, in the author's draught, probably the second scene in the ensuing act, and there I would advise the reader to insert it, though I have not ventured on so bold a change. My conjecture is not so presumptuous as may be thought. The play was not, in Shakespeare's time, broken into Acts; the

editions published before his death, exhibit only a sequence of scenes from the beginning to the end, without any hint of a pause of action. In a drama so desultory and erratic, left in such a state, transpositions might easily be made.—*Johnson.* In the play, as acted early in the last century, this scene was omitted, the second act terminating at the conclusion of the preceding scene.

[76] *'Tis thought, the king is dead.*

The present scene is in conformity with the real events of history. The following interesting account of the desertion of the Welsh, and the causes which led to it, are thus related by Creton,—"I am certain that forty thousand were trained and mustered in the field within four days, every one eager to fight with all who wished ill to the ever preux and valiant King Richard. Then the earl, who endured great pain and trouble, went to them all, and declared to them with a solemn oath, that before three days were ended, he would so straiten the duke and his people, that for this time they should advance no farther to waste the land. Soon after he found the whole of his friends assembled together in the field; he spake to them well-advisedly,—"My good gentlemen, let us all make haste to avenge King Richard in his absence, that he may be satisfied with us for the time to come; for mine own part I purpose neither to stop nor to take rest, till such time as I shall have made my attempt upon those who are so traitorous and cruel towards him. Let us go hence, and march directly towards them. God will help us, if we are diligent in assaulting them; for, according to our law, it is the duty of every one in many cases to support the right until death."—When the Welshmen understood that the king was not there, they were all sorrowful, murmuring to one another in great companies, full of alarm, thinking that the king was dead of grief, and dreading the horrible and great severity of the duke of Lancaster and his people. They were not well satisfied with the earl, saying,—"Sir, be assured that for the present we will advance no farther, since the king is not here; and do you know wherefore? Behold the duke is subduing every thing to himself, which is a great terror and trouble to us; for indeed we think that the king is dead, since he is not arrived with you at the port; were he here, right or wrong, each of us would be cager to assail his enemies; but now we will not go with you." The earl at this was so wrath at heart, that he had almost gone out of his senses with vexation; he shed tears. It was a great pity to see how he was treated. "Alas!" said he, "what shame befalleth me this day! O death! come unto me without delay; put an end to me; I loath my destiny. Alas! now will the king suppose that I have devised treason."—While thus he mourned, he said, "My comrades, as you hope for mercy, come with me, I beseech you; so shall we be champions for King Richard, who within four days and a half will be here; for he told me, when I quitted Ireland, that he would upon his life embark before the week was ended. Sirs, I pray you let us hasten to depart." It availed nothing: they stood all mournfully, like men afraid; a great part of them were disposed to betake themselves to the duke, for fear of death. But the earl kept them in the field fourteen days, expecting the coming of King Richard. "Many a time," said the good earl apart, "small portion will you have of England, in my opinion, my rightful lord, since you delay so long. What can this mean? certes, I believe you are betrayed, since I hear no true tidings of you in word or deed. Alas! I see these people are troubled with fear, lest the duke should hem them in. They are but common ignorant people. They will desert me." So said the good earl to himself in the field; while he was serving with those who in a little time all abandoned him; some went their way straight to the duke, and the rest returned into Wales; so they left the earl encamped with none but his own men, who did

not, I think, amount to an hundred. He lamented it greatly, saying, in a sorrowful manner, "Let us make our retreat; for our enterprise goeth on very badly." Thus doth the earl make little account of his life; for he seeth well that he hath neither death nor good report; the people of the duke stir up so much vexation in his heart. The enemy advanced without farther delay, for they had been told that the earl had gathered his troops to come to the point against them. The duke was glad of it; he desired nothing so much as to combat all those who would defend or wait for King Richard. He made his way, as straight as he could take it, towards the earl, who withdrew himself to Conway, full of grief, sadness, and dismay."

[77] *The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd.*

Some of these prodigies are found in Holinshed: "In this yeare in a manner throughout all the realme of England, old *baie trees* wither'd," &c. This was esteemed a bad omen; for, as I learn from Thomas Lupton's Syxt Booke of Notable Thinges, "Neyther falling sycknes, neyther devyll, wyll infest or hurt one in that place whereas a *bay tree* is. The Romaynes calles it the plant of the good angell," &c.—*Steevens.*

Evelin says, "Amongst other things, it has of old been observed that the *bay* is ominous of some funest accident, if that be so accounted which Suetonius affirms to have happened before the death of the monster Nero, when these trees generally withered to the very roots in a very mild winter: and much later; that in the year 1629, when at Padua, preceding a great pestilence, almost all the *bay trees* about that famous university grew sick and perished.—*Reed.*

This yeare the lawrell trees withered almost throughout the realme, and afterwardes, against all expectation, recovered life and flourished againe. The same yeare in Christmasse holy-dayes a deepe river which runneth betweene Snedlistorie and Hareswood, neere to Bedford, suddainely stayed the streame: so that for three miles in length, the channell was left drie, and no course of water did hinder passage on foot. This was afterwards interpreted to presage the revolt of the people, and the division which happened the yeare following; to these we may adde certaine other prodegies either forged in that fabulous age, or happening commonly and of course, are then onely noted, when any notable accident doth ensue.—*Hayward's Life and Raigne of King Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[78] *And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven.*

Red fiery dragons in the air do fly,
And burning meteors, pointed streaming lights;
Bright stars in midst of day appear in sky,
Prodigious monsters, ghastly fearful sights;
Strange ghosts and apparitions terrify.—*Daniel.*

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—Bolingbroke's *camp near Bristol Castle.*

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Percy, Willoughby, Ross: Officers *behind, with* Bushy *and* Green, *prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.—
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean:[1]
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,[2]
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself,—a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,

And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks,[3] and fell'd my forest-woods,
From mine own windows torn my household coat,[4]
Raz'd out my impress,[5] leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death.—See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.[6]

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.
[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND *and others, with prisoners.*
Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices:[7]
Awhile to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.*

Flourish; drums and trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, *the* Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, *and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly-castle[8] call they this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord.[9]—How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?[10]

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:[11]

As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,[12]
So, weeping-smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee:
Yield stinging-nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,[13]
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Car. Fear not, my lord: that Power, that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields[14] must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not,[15] heaven's offer we refuse,
The profer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,[16]
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage, bloody here;[17]
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with the Antipodes,—

Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose[18]
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power?
Sal. Nor near nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.[19]
One day too late,[20] I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday,[21] bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men![22]
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,[23]
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wast dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.
Aum. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale?
K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.
Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.
K. Rich. I had forgot myself: am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?

High be our thoughts: I know my unele York
Hath power enough to serve our turn.—But who comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my eare-tun'd tongue deliver him!
K. Rich. Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly loss thou eanst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care?
And what loss is it to be rid of eare;
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjeets? that we eannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, deeay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.
Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of ealamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless sealps
Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices
Strive to speak big, and clap their female[24] joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy erown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows[25]
Of double-fatal yew[26] against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.
K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire?[27] where is Bagot?[28]
What is beeome of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our eonfines with sueh peaeeful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it:
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.
K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!
Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:—
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.[29]
Aum. Are Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?
Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.
Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?
K. Rich. No matter where;—of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth,[30]
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been deposed; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;[31]
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd:—for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,[32]
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin

Bores through his castle-wall, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition,[33] form, and ceremonious duty;
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends:—subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power; inquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well:—proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth [*To* AUMERLE.
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint-castle:[34] there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.

That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none:—let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
Aum. My liege, one word.
K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.[35] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Wales. A Plain by the Sea, before Flint-castle.*

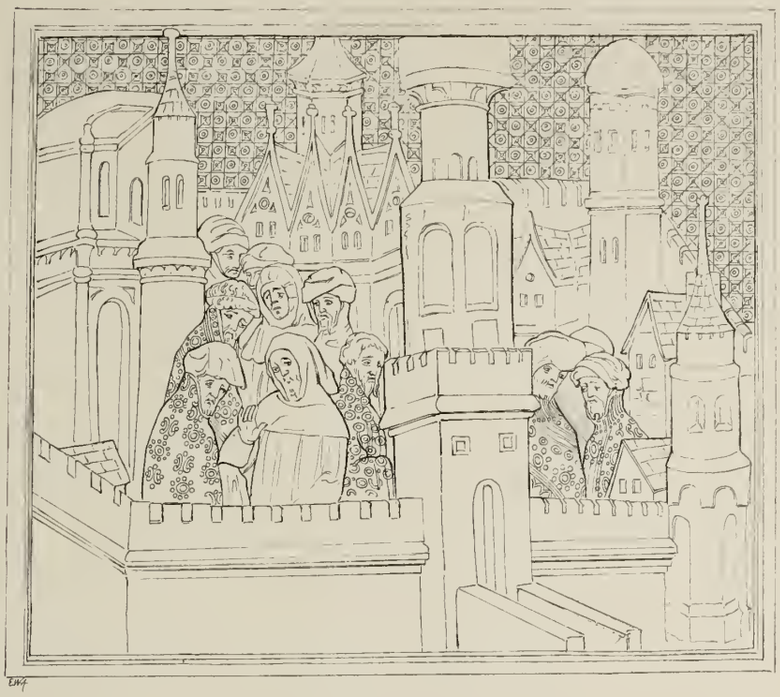
Enter, with martial music and colours,[36] BOLINGBROKE *and forces;* YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and others.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends,[37] upon this coast.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.
York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
To say, King Richard:—alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!
North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head,[38] your whole head's length.
Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake: the heavens are o'er our heads.
Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?

Meeting of the Earl of Salisbury and Richard the Second, and the interview between Bolingbroke and Richard at Flint Castle, from Creton's Manuscript Chronicle.



Asbee & Dangerfield Fec. sin.
12 Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

To face p. 130

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Boling. Royally!
Why, it contains no king?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; King Richard lies
Within the limits of yond lime and stone:
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop;[39] besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who I cannot learn.
North. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.
Boling. Noble lord,[40] [*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:—
Harry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—
[NORTHUMBERLAND *advances to the castle with a trumpet.*
Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,
That from the castle's totter'd[41] battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock[42]
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain

My waters,—on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Flourish. Enter, on the walls, King RICHARD, *the* Bishop of CARLISLE,[43] AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

See, see,[44] King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
York. Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty:—alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm[45] should stain so fair a show!
K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,[46]
[*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends;
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke (for yond methinks he is),
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason: he is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;[47]

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,[48]
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,[49]
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin
Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,—
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;[50]
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the king returns:—
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not, [*To* AUMERLE.
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God, O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth![51] O that I were as great

As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? must he submit?
The king shall do it: must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,[52]
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,[53]
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,[54]
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave;—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade,[55] where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
And buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st,—my tender-hearted cousin!—
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus;—to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—there lies
Two kinsmen,[56] digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—I.[57]

North. My lord, in the base-court[58] he doth attend
To speak with you;—may it please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glistering Phaeton,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.
[*Exeunt above.*

Boling. What says his majesty?
North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Make him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter King RICHARD *attended, below.*

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.[59]—
My gracious lord,— [*Kneeling.*
K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,[60]
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up;—your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least,[61] although your knee be low.
Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.
K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.
Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.
K. Rich. Well you deserve:—they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—cousin, is it so?
Boling. Yea, my good lord.
K. Rich. Then I must not say no.[62]
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Langley. The* DUKE OF YORK'S *garden,*

Enter the Queen *and two* Ladies.[63]

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
First Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
First Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
First Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow or of joy?
First Lady. Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
First Lady. Madam, I'll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.
First Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could sing,[64] would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee. —
But stay, here comes the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: woe is forerun with woe.[65]
[*Queen and Ladies retire.*

Enter a Gardener *and two* Servants.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yond dangling apricocks,

Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

First Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,[66]
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd,[67] and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:—
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke,—
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

First Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh! what pity is it
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark,[68] the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

First Serv. What, think you, then, the king shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd
'Tis doubt, he will be:[69] letters came last night

To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death[70] through want of speaking!—
Thou, old Adam's likeness[71] [*coming forward with ladies*], set to dress this garden,[72]
How dares thy harsh-rude tongue[73] sound these unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfal? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe these news; yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she fall a tear;[74] here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth,[75] here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Third Act.

[1] *And disfigur'd clean.*

Clean has here the signification of, altogether, totally. Thus in Shakespeare's seventy-fifth Sonnet:—"And by and by *clean* starved for a look." Again, in Baret's Alvearie, 1580,—"Quite and *cleane* to take awaye an opinion from one."

[2] *Broke the possession of a royal bed.*

There is, I believe, no authority for this. Isabel, the queen of the present play, was but nine years old. Richard's first queen, Anne, died in 1392, and the king was extremely fond of her.—*Malone.*

[3] *Dispark'd my parks.*

To *dispark*, is a legal term, and signifies, to divest a park, constituted by royal grant or prescription, of its name and character, by destroying the enclosures of such a park, and also the vert (or whatever bears green leaves, whether wood or underwood), and the beasts of chase therein; and laying it open.—*Malone.*

For they riotously, with routs and companies, with sword and violence, of their own heads and authority, assembled themselves in many places, plucked down the men's hedges, *disparked* their *parks.*—*Strype. Mem. Edw. VI.* an. 1545.

[4] *From my own windows torn my household coat.*

It was the practice when coloured glass was in use, of which there are still some remains in old seats and churches, to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the house.—*Johnson.*

[5] *Raz'd out my impress.*

Imprese, *impresa*, or *impress*, a device on a shield, &c. In this sense the latter word is accented on the first syllable; but *imprese*, which is more common in old writers, on the last. In Camden's Remains is a chapter on *impreses*, which begins with the following definition:—"An *imprese* (as the Italians call it) is a device in picture, with his motto, or word, borne by noble and learned personages, to notifie some particular conceit of their owne: as emblemes — do propound some general instruction to all."—*Nares.*

The fit *impresa's* for inflam'd desire.—*Brown, Brit. Past.*

Whose smoky plain a chalk'd *impressé* fill'd,
A bag fast seald: his word—Much better sav'd than spill'd.
Fletch. Purple Is. viii. 29.

In the above passage the final *e* of *imprese* must be pronounced, to make the verse complete. "Rome, the lady citty, with her *imprese*, Orbis in urbe."—Clitus's Whimzies, p. 150.—*Ibid.*

Ferne, in his Blazon of Gentry, 1588, observes that "the arms, &c., of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed wheresoever they are fixed or set." For the punishment of a base knight see Spenser's Facrie Queen, b. v. c. iii. st. 37. "Then the hearse richly behung with scutcheons, devices, mottoes, and *impresses*," Taylor's Workes, 1630.

[6] *To execution and the hand of death.*

In the condemnation of the king's two favourites, Bushy and Green, the Chronicle is followed; for if Shakespeare exercises upon them a summary jurisdiction, Holinshed reports that they were arraigned before the constable and marshal; a proceeding, I apprehend, which (even if it implied the exercise of martial law) was equally inconsistent with the ordinary forms of legal judgment. Walsingham says they were *statim ad clamorem communium decapitati*, p. 38. Scroop, Earl of Wiltshire, is mentioned as behcaded with the other two; and Shakespeare afterwards alludes to him, as in the same predicament, though he has omitted him in this place.—*Courtnay.*

[7] *To fight with Glendower and his complices.*

Theobald hath rejected this line as spurious, but for reasons utterly insufficient to justify such a proceeding. I find in the history of those times, the Duke of Lancaster marched his army from Bristol directly to Chester, I suppose in order to attack the Welsh army assembled by the Earl of Salisbury, before it was joined by the King with his forces from Ireland; but that army had already dispersed itself on a false rumour of the King's death. It is not improbable that Glendower was on this occasion with his countrymen; especially as it appears just before, that superstition had a principal share in influencing the dispersion of the Welsh, which weakness too is one of the distinguishing peculiarities in Glendower's character as drawn in the First Part of Henry IV. Till, therefore, I am better informed, I should conclude this line to be genuine.—*Heath.*

It is evident, from the preceding scene, there was a force in Wales, which Bolingbroke might think it necessary to suppress; and why might not Shakespeare call it Glendower's? When we next see Bolingbroke, he is in Wales, and mentions his having received intelligence that the Welchmen are dispersed.—*Ritson.*

Owen Glyndwr, or Glendower, was unquestionably one of the attendants of King Richard in Wales. He was at this time a squire in Richard's service. According to Stowe, "Owen Glendower served King Richard at Flint Castle."

[8] *Barkloughly castle call they this at hand?*

Richard really landed at Milford-haven, but perhaps the castle here mentioned is the same with that of Bellicaldit, or Bellicardric, alluded to in the following curious extracts.

The account of the discussion that took place in the council at Milford-haven is supplied by the MS. Ambassades, and is curious, inasmuch as it is characteristic of the speakers, and shews the grounds upon which the king was determined to retire to Conway:—"He consulted with his friends what course he had best

pursue. Then said the earl of Salisbury, 'Sir, truly this man, as I have heard, hath already stirred up many people against you by falsehoods and artful words; you now see, and may perceive, that four parts of your men, and all those of highest rank, have left you in a single night. So it seemeth to me, that it were well, saving the correction of your good opinion, since we are few in number, and, moreover, we know not whether those who are with us will remain, that on the approach of night we should take four or five hundred of the best and most faithful of those that are left; put to sea, for our navy is ready to go wherever you please; and make straight for Bordeaux: there we shall be well received; and you will also have aid, if it be needful, from France, from Brittanny, or from Gascony; for it is better to withdraw a little from an enemy than to throw one's self upon his protection.' The Earl of Huntingdon replied, 'By Saint George, if my lord trusts to me, he will go this very night to Bellicaldit, and thence to the strong castle of Conway; there he will be in a state of security, in his kingdom, and in his rightful inheritance.' And the king made answer, 'So we should at Bordeaux.' 'That is true,' said the earl; 'but if you go to Bordeaux, every one will say you will have fled without being pursued; and that if you had not felt yourself guilty in some respect, you would not have gone away; and if you are in the castle of Conway you will be secure from any one; for in spite of Henry of Lancaster and all his friends, at all times, and at any time you please, you may embark and go wherever you chuse. And, peradventure, while you are in the castle some good agreement may be made.' Then said the king, 'you speak well; we will do so; and yourself shall go to-morrow to Henry of Lancaster to know what he would have.' The Bishop of Carlisle, the Earl of Salisbury, Sir Stephen Scroope, Ferriby, Janico, and Maudelain would have prefered going to Bordeaux: but it pleased the king to listen to his brother." In Bibl. du Roy, MS. No. 635, the Bishop of Carlisle unites in advising him to proceed to Conway. Bellicaldit or Bellicardric is there represented to be a strong castle thirty miles from Milford; and it is said that they went thither the first night, and the next night to Conway; which, upon any calculation of the whole distance to the extremity of North Wales, taking into account also the nature of the country, seems impossible.—*Webb.*

[9] *Yea, my lord.*

"These gross violations of the metre could never have proceeded from the poet. We might read:—"Yea, my *good* lord; how brooks your grace the air,—After *your* tossing on the breaking seas?," Seymour. It is scarcely necessary to observe that alterations of this kind are wholly unauthorised, and suggested in ignorance of the license permitted in the old dramatic metre. Steevens, in the second line, omits *your*, but retains *late*.

[10] *After your late tossing on the breaking seas.*

In these affaires he feares are growne too farre,
Hastes his returne from thence with greatest speed;
But was by tempests, windes, and seas debarr'd,
As if they likewise had against him warr'd.
Daniel's Civill Wars of England, 4to. Lond. 1599.

[11] *Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs.*

—Sends me to know the cause of your arrive;
Or why the arm'd hoofs of your fiery steeds
Dare wound the forehead of his peaceful land.
Heywood's Four Prentices of London, 1615.

The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds.
Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis.

[12] *And smiles in meeting.*

Perhaps *smiles* is here used as a substantive. As a mother plays fondly with her child from whom she has been a long time parted, crying, and at the same smiling, at meeting him. It has been proposed to read—smiles in *weeping;* and I once thought the emendation very plausible. But I am now persuaded the text is right. If we read *weeping*, the long parted mother and her child do not meet, and there is no particular cause assigned for either her smiles or her tears. —*Malone.*

[13] *Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder.*

Malone says that to guard means to *border*, in which sense that word is frequently used; but I think that, in this place, it rather means, to watch, or protect. Shakespeare meant placing an adder in the flower by way of *guard;* putting a soldier in it.—*Ritson.*

[14] *The means that heaven yields.*

Of this speech, the four last lines were restored from the first edition by Pope. They were, I suppose, omitted by the players only to shorten the scene, for they are worthy of the author and suitable to the personage.—*Johnson.*

[15] *If heaven would, and we will not.*

Thus the quarto 1597, except that the word *if* is wanting. The quarto 1608, and the late editions, read—"And we *would* not." The word *if* was supplied by Pope. Both the metre and the sense show that it was accidentally omitted in the first copy.—*Malone.*

[16] *Behind the globe that lights the lower world.*

So in ed. 1597, and the other early editions. Modern editors correct this by reading, *and lights*, one amongst the many instances that might be cited of the little attention that has been paid to Shakesperian phraseology. As Talbot observes, there is no necessity for any alteration, either by transposition or otherwise. *That* does not relate to the nearest antecedent, *globe*, but to *the eye of heaven*. Nothing is more common in Shakespeare, and the writers of his day, than this manner of disposing of the relative. Dr. Johnson proposes a slight transposition which will restore the sense without changing a word:—

That when the searching eye of heaven, that lights
The lower world, is hid behind the globe, &c.

By *the lower world*, as the passage is amended by Dr. Johnson, we must understand, a world lower than this of ours; I suppose, our Antipodes. But the *lower world* may signify *our world*. Thus, in Measure for Measure:

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation.—*Malone.*

The expression "lower world," was applied at pleasure both to our world and to the antipodes, sometimes simply meaning the former and sometimes signifying the latter.

The fabricke of the earth should tremble,
The heavens be clouded in a vaile of fables,
And weep itselfe in shoures upon the earth;
The sunne goe shroud *itselfe beneath the lower*
World, never to rise againe; but cause an

Universall darknesse o'er the earth, where
Men shall sit mourning our sad departure.
The Noble Stranger, 4to. 1640.

Again, in Chapman's version of the nineteenth Iliad:—"Gave light to all; as well to gods, as men of th' *under globe*." Again, in Fletcher's Two Noble Kinsmen: "—— clap their wings and sing—To all *the under world*."—*Steevens.*

In our former edition I had said, that one of the old copies confirmed Dr. Johnson's conjecture; but I have since observed that it was only a correction very neatly made with a pen by some former possessor of the quarto, 1599.—*Steevens.*

[17] *In murders and in outrage, boldly here.*

Bouldly, ed. 1597, an old orthography of *boldly*, altered in the later editions to *bloody*. As Mr. Dyce observes, nothing can be plainer than that *boldly* is put in opposition to *trembling* in the last line of this glorious passage.

[18] *The breath of worldly men cannot depose.*

The doctrine of the divine right of kings, and of the passive obedience of subjects, have never been carried further in any country than in this island, while the house of Tudor sate on the throne. Of this fact, the Homilies, composed during the reign of young Edward, and appointed in the Thirty-nine Articles to be read in churches, furnish striking and abundant proof. Take, as an instance, the following extract from the Homily against Disobedience and wilful Rebellion: "As the name of the king is very often attributed and given unto God in holy scriptures, so doth God himself in the same scriptures sometime vouchsafe to communicate his name with earthly *princes, terming them Gods*," 1st *part*. And in the 4th *part*, we are directed to "call to remembrance the heavy wrath and dreadful indignation of Almighty God against subjects as do *only but inwardly grudge, mutter, and murmur* against their governors, though their inward treason, so privily hatched in their breasts, come not to an open declaration of their doings."—*Holt White.*

[19] *And bids me speak of nothing but despair.*

At the meeting of the king and the earl, instead of joy, there was very great sorrow. Tears, lamentations, sighs, groans and mourning quickly broke forth. Truly it was a piteous sight to behold their looks and countenance, and woeful meeting. The earl's face was pale with watching; he related to the king his hard fate; and how he had made his muster when he landed in England; and that he had straightway sent through the country for the Cheshire men, and the Welsh, who were heartily willing to conquer their enemies. Forty thousand of them were brought together. There, said I to them often, "My good friends, let us go forward; the king hath sent me over hither to lead you on. Be sure, that I will not desert you till I die. But I could not persuade them from going, each of them when he saw his danger, some to the duke, others elsewhere; thinking because they saw you not directly there, that you were of a truth dead beyond the sea. So after I had kept them nearly a fortnight in the field, they left me all alone in the plain. Alas! very little doth he love you, who hath so long detained you in Ireland. All is lost; without the help of our Lord, I surely think that we are delivered over to our latter end." No one would believe how much the king grieved at it. His mortal misfortune was not light, neither was his wrath, while he often said, "Glorious and merciful God, who didst endure to be crucified for

us, if by sin I have greatly transgressed against thee, with folded hands I cry thee mercy. Suffer me not to lose my country and my life through these perfidious traitors full of envy, who thus would thrust me out and deprive me of mine inheritance. Alas! I know not what they would require of me. According to mine ability I have desired to observe justice and righteousness. That sovereign King, who sitteth above, and seeth afar, I call to witness it, so truly, that my sad heart could wish that all mortals, past, present, and to come, could know my thought and my desires. If I have been most invariable in preserving right, reason demands it; for a king should be firm and steady both in keeping himself notable for the punishment of the wicked, and for holding to the truth in every place. Alas! and because I have followed this righteous course, as far as I was able for these three years past, yea, for eight or ten, do these people keep me in this affliction. O God of glory! I humbly beseech thee, that as I have never consented, according to my ability, to bring evil upon any one who had not deserved it, be pleased to have mercy upon me, alas! a poor king; for I know right well, that unless thou shouldst speedily deign to regard me, I am lost."—*Creton's Chronicle.*

[20] *One day too late.*

Thinking the Earle had raisd some forces there,
Whom there he findes forsaken all alone,
The people in those partes which levied were,
B'ing closely shronke away dispersd and gone;
The king had stayd too long, and they in feare
Resolved every man to shift for one,
At this amasd such fortune he laments,
Foresees his fall whereto each thing consents.

Daniel's Civill Wars of England, 4to. Lond. 1599.

[21] *O, call back yesterday.*

Faire gentleman, but that it is too late
To call back yesterdaie, I would have wisht
That you had dealt more kindly with my lord.

The Famous Historye of Captaine Thomas Stukeley, 1605.

[22] *And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men.*

But the King, hearing this noble body of men was dispersed, fell into despair of his fortunes, and changes colour upon it; and being asked the reason of his paleness, he replies,—

But now the blood of *twenty* thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled.

Well; here are 20,000 men sprung up out of 12,000 in the compass of six lines. But in seven lines after the King comes to himself; and bethinking himself of his dignity, and the justice of his cause, he begins to despise this loss, and cries,—"Is not the King's name *forty* thousand names?" Here is a strange disagreement in numbers, which ought some way to be reconciled. My opinion is, *forty* thousand should be the reading in all the three passages, for our poet in his historical plays was a most faithful copier of Holinshed's Chronicle; and that historian expressly tells us that King Richard, being detained in Ireland by contrary winds, dispatched my Lord Salisbury to raise a force in Wales, who proved so successful in this commission, that in four days space there were to the number of *forty thousand* men assembled, ready to go with the King against his

enemies, if he had been there himself in person. But a report of the insurrection spreading, Salisbury, with great difficulty, kept this body together fourteen days; but the King not coming within that term they unanimously dispersed themselves. —*Theobald.*

The difference between the twelve thousand and the twenty thousand may be accounted for by the king adding his own followers, and those who flocked from other parts, to the Welsh forces. Richard's allusion to his own name being equivalent to forty thousand men, the reading of the folio editions, has no necessary connexion with the forces he has lost. "The king's name is a tower of strength," Richard the Third. In the early quarto editions, we have *twenty* instead of *forty*. Richard means that his own is worth the forty thousand names of others.

The Earle of Salesburie caused to sommon the Welchmen, and them of Cheshire, to come to him, so that (weening the King had bin arrived at Conwey) within foure dayes there were come togither fortie thousand men, ready to goe against the Duke of Hereford, where they stayd fourteene dayes.—*Stowe's Chronicle.*

[23] *To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late.*

Richard's fatal delay in Ireland was chiefly occasioned by the treacherous advice of Albemarle. In reference to this, Creton relates that, "a certain aged person, who truly loved the king, was displeased at it, telling him, 'Dear Sire, surely in such a case it is useless to delay.' Nothing that could be said to him was of any avail. His good friends thereat checked their smiles, and were greatly grieved and wroth at heart. Without farther discourse he sent for the Earl of Salisbury, saying, 'Cousin, you must go to England and resist this mad enterprise of the duke, and let his people be put to death, or taken prisoners; and learn, too, how and by what means he hath thus troubled my land, and set it against me.' The Earl said, 'Sir, upon mine honour I will perform it in such manner that in a short time you shall hear of this disturbance, or I will suffer the penalty of death.' 'Fair cousin, I know it well,' said the king, 'and will myself set forward to pass over as speedily as I may, for never shall I have comfort or repose so long as the false traitor, who now hath played me such a trick, shall be alive. If I can but get him in my power, I will cause him to be put to death in such a manner that it shall be spoken of long enough, even in Turkey.' The earl caused his people and vessels to be made ready for immediate departure, gravely took leave of the king, and entreated him to proceed with all possible haste. The king, upon his advice, promised him, happen what might, that he would put to sea within six days." In reality, Richard stopped in Ireland eighteen days after the departure of the Earl of Salisbury. According to Otterbourne, seven days were lost by the selection of another port, after all things were prepared, and the horses put on board. He says,—"Dei voluntate contigit ut incideret regi diversum propositum eo tempore." But, according to him, all things were made ready, and even the horses were put on board. These he ordered to be disembarked, and taken to another port, by which seven days were lost.

[24] *And clap their female joints.*

Pope substituted *clasp* without any reason. The boys' joints might be girlish, but not necessarily *feeble;* and armour is a needless substitute for arms. In this very play we have—"Thus knightly *clad* in arms."—*Knight.*

[25] *Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows.*

Such is the reading of all the copies; yet I doubt whether *beadsmen* be right, for the *bow* seems to be mentioned here as the proper weapon of a *beadsman*. The King's *beadsmen* were his chaplains. Trevisa calls himself the *beadsman* of his patron. *Beadsman* might likewise be any man maintained by charity to pray for his benefactor. Hanmer reads—"*the* very beadsmen," but *thy* is better.—*Johnson.*

The reading of the text is right enough: "As boys strive to speak big, and clasp their effeminate joints in stiff unwieldy arms, &c., so his very *beadsmen* learn to bend their bows against him." *Their* does not absolutely denote that the *bow* was their usual or proper weapon; but only taken up and appropriated by them on this occasion.—*Percy.*

The first figure here engraved, selected by Mr. Fairholt, represents one of the royal beadsmen, and occurs in an illumination to a deed for founding a fraternity of thirteen poor men at Westminster, under the government of the abbey there, temp. Henry vii. He wears on his left shoulder the royal badge of the Tudor rose crowned, and is habited in a long gown of grey cloth. The second example of a beadsman is copied from the curious drawing of the funeral of Abbot Islip in Westminster Abbey, dated 1522.

[26] *Of double fatal yew.*

Called so, because the leaves of the yew are poison, and the wood is employed for instruments of death. From some of the ancient statutes it appears that every Englishman, while archery was practised, was obliged to keep in his house either a bow of yew or some other wood. It should seem therefore that yews were not only planted in church-yards to defend the churches from the wind, but on account of their use in making bows; while by the benefit of being secured in enclosed places, their poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to cattle.—*Steevens.*

Distaff-women being mentioned in the next line, it will be an opportunity to refer to the very singular and interesting illumination of Sardinapalus, in the copy of Valerius Maximus in the British Museum. That sovereign is there represented amongst a company of women, with their distaffs secured in their girdles. See a very interesting and valuable paper on distaffs by Mr. Akerman, in the Archæologia, vol. 37.

[27] *Where is the earl of Wiltshire?*

William Scroope, second son of Henry Lord Scroope of Masham. He had been seneschal of Aquitaine in 6 Ric. II., and was highly esteemed by the king, who poured his favours upon him with an unsparing hand, especially towards the close of his reign. In 7 Ric. II., he obtained certain grants of money for his support, payable out of the customs, and in 9 Ric. II. was made governor of the

castle of Cherbourg. He was vice-chamberlain of the household 16 Ric. II., presented with the town and castle of Marlborough 17 Ric. II., and appointed governor of Queenborough, Beaumaris, and Bamborough castles, chamberlain of Ireland, Justice of Chester, North Wales, and Flint, created Earl of Wiltshire, and enriched with large portions of the confiscated estates of the Earls of Warwick and Arundel, from the 20 to the 22 Ric. II. inclusive. He had been of the commission for the marriage of Richard with Isabel. It is said that he purchased the lordship of the Isle of Man of the Earl of Salisbury; yet, owing to some unexplained circumstance, Salisbury continued to use the title as long as he lived. Scroope had recently been appointed captain of the castle of Calais, and constable of the castles of Guisnes and Knaresborough, and was retained to serve with the king in Ireland, with forty men at arms, and one hundred archers on horseback, to be shipped to and fro at the king's charge; and he had received a quarter's pay in advance for himself and his retinue; but, being one of the chief counsellors, he

remained at home, with the very few who were well affected to the king, for the security of the realm. Henry took him at Bristol, with Sir John Bushy and Sir Henry Green, and beheaded him in compliance, as he professed, with the wishes of the people. The very act was treason, by the statute, 25 Edw. III. st. 5, c. 12, "If a man slea the treasurer of the king, it ought to be judged treason." This shews how strongly he committed himself in the outset; for, though he might pretend that it was done as a concession to the popular fury, he must have known that the responsibility of it, if it should be enquired into, would fall upon himself. Probably he owed Scroope no good will for his connexion with the castle of Knaresborough. Walsingham gives a most unfavourable account of the Earl of Wiltshire,—"Vir, in quo *(sic)* in humano genere de facili non invenietur nequior aut crudelior." About ten years before, he had been guilty of some gross outrage against the Bishop of Durham, for which he made amends, according to the fashion of the day, by offering a jewel at the shrine of Saint Cuthbert, of the value of five hundred pounds. The king was unfortunate in the personal character of too many of those whom he injudiciously selected for his advisers and friends; and

his weakness was only equalled by his obstinacy respecting them. One of his admirers has confessed, that "King Richard of England was of a temper, that when he took a liking to any one, he instantly raised him to high honours, and had such confidence in him that no one dared to say anything to his prejudice."—*Webb.*

[28] *Where is Bagot?*

Here are *four* of them named; and, within a very few lines, the King hearing they had made their peace with Bolingbroke, calls them *three* Judasses. But their peace was made by the loss of their heads. This being explained, Aumerle says:—"Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire dead?" So that Bagot ought to be left out of the question: and, indeed, he had made the best of his way for Chester, and from thence had escaped into Ireland.—*Theobald.*

Theobald alters *Bagot* to *he got*, an emendation which Warburton adopts. Hanmer leaves a blank after Wiltshire. I believe the author, rather than transcriber, made a mistake. "Where is he got," does not sound in my ear like an expression of Shakespeare.—*Johnson.*

I agree with Johnson in thinking that this was a mistake of the author's, because we find a mistake of the same nature in the second Act, where Bolingbroke says that Bristol Castle was held by Bushy and Bagot; yet it is certain that Bagot was not taken at Bristol, for we find him afterwards accusing Aumerle of treason; and in the parting scene between him, Green, and Bushy, he declares his intention of flying to the King in Ireland.—*M. Mason.*

Perhaps Shakespeare intended to mark more strongly the perturbation of the King by making him inquire at first for Bagot, whose loyalty, on further recollection, might show him the impropriety of his question.—*Malone.*

[29] *In the hollow ground.*

Warburton reads, *hallow'd ground*, but it was by no means certain that men, who had been executed as traitors, were buried in hallowed ground. We should therefore reinstate the old reading, *hollow ground*, alluding to the hollowness of their graves.—*Heath.*

[30] *And that same model of the barren earth.*

Model, or *module*, seems to be equivalent to a *small portion*. Cockeram explains it, "a part of one's self." It is a Latinism from, *modulus*, the *measure* or *quantity* of a thing, a little measure.

[31] *The ghosts they have depos'd.*

Ghosts they have deposed, ghosts of those whom they have deposed. This sort of ellipsis is very frequently used by our poet. The modern editors, in the room of *have depos'd*, substituted *dispossess'd*.—*Steevens.*

[32] *And there the antic sits.*

The term antic was applied to any grotesque figure, especially to the quaint designs, both in drawing and carving, which are found in our ancient churches. Hence Death, which was frequently personified and represented by the ecclesiastical artists, is appropriately termed an antic. "Thou antic death," First Part of Henry the Sixth. "The handle (of the pail) with such anticks is imbraced, as one would thinck they leapt above the ground," Ould Facioned Love, 1594. In one of the woodcuts in the *Imagines Mortis* is one (here engraved) which is generally considered to have been known to Shakespeare, although it is more probable he had in his memory one of the grotesque adornments of a church. The woodcut referred to is the picture of an emperor seated on a throne, and holding in his

hand the sword of state; he is attentively listening to an advocate pleading in a soothing tone against an unfortunate peasant, who trembling waits in the most suppliant posture the decree that is to determine his fate. Death at this moment displays all his power; he proudly takes possession of the bottom of the throne, *and is carelessly leaning his arm on the Monarch's crown.*

The Chapter-house there is very fayre, and not much short of any wee yet saw, wherein are ten fayre square built windows of *antique worke* in good colours: It is adorn'd on the walles with forty-six old pictures, curiously drawne, and sett outt, Christ and his twelve Apostles, &c. —*MS. Lansd.* 213.

Neither, when thou gapest, yawl, and roar, as some do, for that ill beseems a man; briefly, as much as in the lies, refrain from gaping often in company, that those thou dost converse with, may not fancy that the oven is gotten into the parlour, or that one of the wide-mouthed anticks over the church porch is come amongst them.—*Counsellor Manners his Last Legacy to his Son*, 1673.

[33] *Tradition.*

It has been proposed to read, *addition*, but in the following speech, the word *tradition* is us'd in a sense uncommon and probably peculiar to Shakespeare, namely, established or customary homage paid to superiors.— *Warner.*

[34] *Go, to Flint castle.*

Holinshed is correct in describing Richard as going first to Conway, but some of the chroniclers represent him as travelling at once from Milford to Flint castle. "King Richard beyng in Ireland, and nowe heeryng of the Dukes arryvall in England, hastened not a little to set all thinges there in order, and returned into England, and landed at Mylforde Haven, in the beginnyng of September, and from thence passed unto the Castell of Flynt in Wales ten myles distant from Chester, and there rested him and his people, entendyng there to have gathered a great power, and to have set upon the Duke. But in this meane time, the aforesaid Duke, who had proclaymed himselfe Duke of Lancaster, in the right of his father John of Gaunt, was come to Bristow and there without resistance tooke Sir William Scrope Erle of Wiltshyre, and high Treasurer of England, Sir John Bushy, and Sir Henry Grene, who foorthwith were adjudged, and were beheaded. There was also taken Sir John Bagot, but he escaped, and fled into Ireland," Grafton's Chronicle.

[35] *From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.*

In dearth of faith and scarsity of friends,
The late great mighty monarch on the shore
In th' utmost corner of his land attends
To call backe false obedience fled before;
Toyles, and in vaine, his toile and labour spends,
More hearts he sought to gaine he lost the more:
All turn'd their faces to the rising sunne,
And leaves his setting-fortune night begun.

Daniel's Civill Wars of England, 1599.

[36] *With martial music and colours.*

"King Richard, having heard mass, went up upon the walls of the castle, which are large and wide on the inside, beholding the duke of Lancaster as he came along the sea-shore with all his host. It was marvellously great, and shewed such joy and satisfaction that the sound and bruit of their instruments, horns, buisines, and trumpets, were heard even as far as the castle. Then did he commend himself into the holy keeping of our Lord and of all the saints of heaven in this manner, —'Alas! now see I plainly that the end of my days draweth nigh, since I must needs be delivered into the hands of mine enemies, who mortally hate me that have never deserved it. Surely, Earl of Northumberland, thou shouldst have great fear and dread of heart, lest our Lord God take vengeance upon the sin which thou didst commit when thou swaredst so foully by him to draw us forth from Conway, where we were right secure. Now for this may God reward thee," Creton's Chronicle. The latter allusion is to the disgraceful treachery of Northumberland in forswearing himself at the altar at Conway.

"I shall treat, in this part, of the afflictions and sorrows of King Richard in the castle of Flint, when he awaited the coming of the Duke of Lancaster; who set out from the city of Chester on Tuesday the 22d day of August, in the year of the incarnation of our Lord 1399, with the whole of his force; which I heard estimated by many knights and squires at upwards of one hundred thousand men, marshalled in battle array, marching along the sea shore with great joy and satisfaction, and eager also to take their rightful and natural lord King Richard," Creton's Chronicle. Stowe, following Creton, says,—"the two and twentie day of August, the King got him to the castell wals, where he beheld the Duke, with al his host of an hundred thousand men, comming by the sands." Flint Castle stands upon a rock in a marsh, jetting out towards the sea.

[37] *With some few private friends.*

All things conspire to shew the deserted condition in which the king was now placed. Some of the MSS. mention that when Richard rode away from the army at Milford-haven, he was accompanied by a body of horse; but, if this were true, they soon deserted him. Secrecy being a great object in his flight, the account of our narrative is more worthy of credit, which limits the number of attendants on that journey to thirteen. Of these we afterwards hear nothing concerning the Duke of Gloucester, or the Bishops of Lincoln and Saint David's; and as little is said of the hundred men who came over with the Earl of Salisbury from Ireland. After the departure of the Dukes of Exeter and Surrey, the whole party, nobles and others, then at Conway, are estimated at only sixteen; and all that could be mustered as an escort in this perilous undertaking amounted to no more than twenty-one. The principal persons composing this troop, as they are distinctly enumerated shortly after their capture, were, exclusive of the king, the Earl of Salisbury, the Bishop of Carlisle, Sir Stephen Scroope, Jenico, Ferriby, the author and his companion; the rest might be inferior servants of the court, or mere domestics. Among these unquestionably was the famous Owen Glyndwr, at that time a squire in Richard's service; and probably Gwillim ap Tudor, another Welsh squire about his person, whom he had retained with a pension of ten pounds in the preceding year; and who afterwards, together with his brother Rhys, as generals under Glyndwr, struggled against Henry IV. in the Welsh war; perhaps also may be added to the list John Pallet and Richard Seimer; should these personages not be fictitious whom Hall introduces as assured servants of the king, endeavouring at Flint to favour his escape.—*Webb.*

[38] *For taking so the head, your whole head's length.*

"*To take the head,*" says Dr. Johnson, "is to act without restraint; to take undue liberties." It is presumed it rather means to take away or omit the sovereign's *chief* and usual *title;* a construction which considerably augments the play on words that is here intended, upon *head*, as meaning, at once, "hostile advance, or unbridled course"—and its common implication.—*Douce.* In some editions, *your* is erroneously altered to *the.*

[39] *Sir Stephen Scroop.*

The king had no more with him than two or three of his intimate friends, sad and distressed. There was the courteous Earl of Salisbury, and the great and upright Bishop of Carlisle: Ferriby was also with them, who was not very secure, for the duke hated him; I cannot tell the reason, but I think he greatly dreaded him. Moreover there was another good friend, whom I heard called Sir Stephen Scroope; I saw him frequently with the king at that time. My companion and myself were there. Every one was very uneasy for himself, with sufficient cause. Reckoning nobles and other persons, we were but sixteen in all. Now, considering the power, possessions and grandeur of King Richard, who was so great a lord, reflect what mischief, torment, and grief for him to be thus dealt with by treason, and by fortune, who at all times hath power and authority, severe as she is, to undo those whom she pleases.—*Creton's Chronicle.*

[40] *Noble lord.*

It is observable that our author, in his addresses to persons, often begins with an hemistich. This observation may be of use in other places, where in the old copies, by the mistake of the transcriber, the metre is destroyed by this regulation not being observed.—*Malone.*

——When, lo, from Lancaster,
(The new entitl'd Duke) with order sent
Arriv'd Northumberland as to confer.—*Civil Wars*, ii. 21.

[41] *That from the castle's tatter'd battlements.*

Tottered in the quartos of 1597 and 1598; "tattered" in the quartos of 1608, 1615, and the folios. Boswell suggested that *tottered* was put for *tottering*, but the oldest mode of spelling *tattered* was *tottered:* consequently, "tattered battlements" merely means *ragged* battlements: if the battlements were *tottering*, they would have been no very good defence for the King. We may add one proof of what we have advanced from the old play of the Alarum for London, 1602, which is peculiarly apposite:—

Whose streetes besmear'd with blood, whose blubber'd eyes,
Whose *tottered walls*, whose buildings overthrowne, &c.—*Collier.*

I believe we should read *tatter'd* instead of *totter'd;* so in the Second Part of Henry IV. Richmond calls Northumberland's Castle,—"This *worm-eaten* hold of ragged stone," an expression synonimous to tatter'd.—*Seymour.*

I pray you but note the streetes, and the chambers or lodgings in Fleet street or the Strand, how they are pestered with them, especially after a mask or a play at the court, where even the very earth quakes and trembles, the casements shatter, *tatter* and clatter, and such a confused noise is made, as if all the divels in hell were at barly-breake.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

The passive is so frequently used for the active participle, it is certainly in our discretion to read *totter'd* in the sense of *tottering.*

[42] *Of fire and water, when their thundring shock.*

Shock, ed. 1597; *smoke*, other eds. Compare the First Part of Henry the Fourth, the passage commencing,—"those opposed eyes," &c. "Aristotle saith, that thunder is nought else, but quenching of fire in a clowde. For dry vapour arreareth and setteth it on fire and on flame, with heate of the aire, and when it is closed in a clowde it is sodeinly quenched. And of such quenching the noise of thunder is gendered. As when firie hot yron is quenched in water, it maketh greate boyling and noyse," Batman upon Bartholome, 1582.

[43] *The Bishop of Carlisle.*

Thomas Merkes, who was consecrated in 1397, "a man," as Bishop Godwin observes, "very deserving of that honour; for he was a man both learned and wise; but principally to be commended for his constant, and unmoveable fidelity to his patron and protector, King Richard; for his excellent courage in professing the same, when he might safely and honestly have conceal'd his affection."

[44] *See, see, king Richard doth himself appear.*

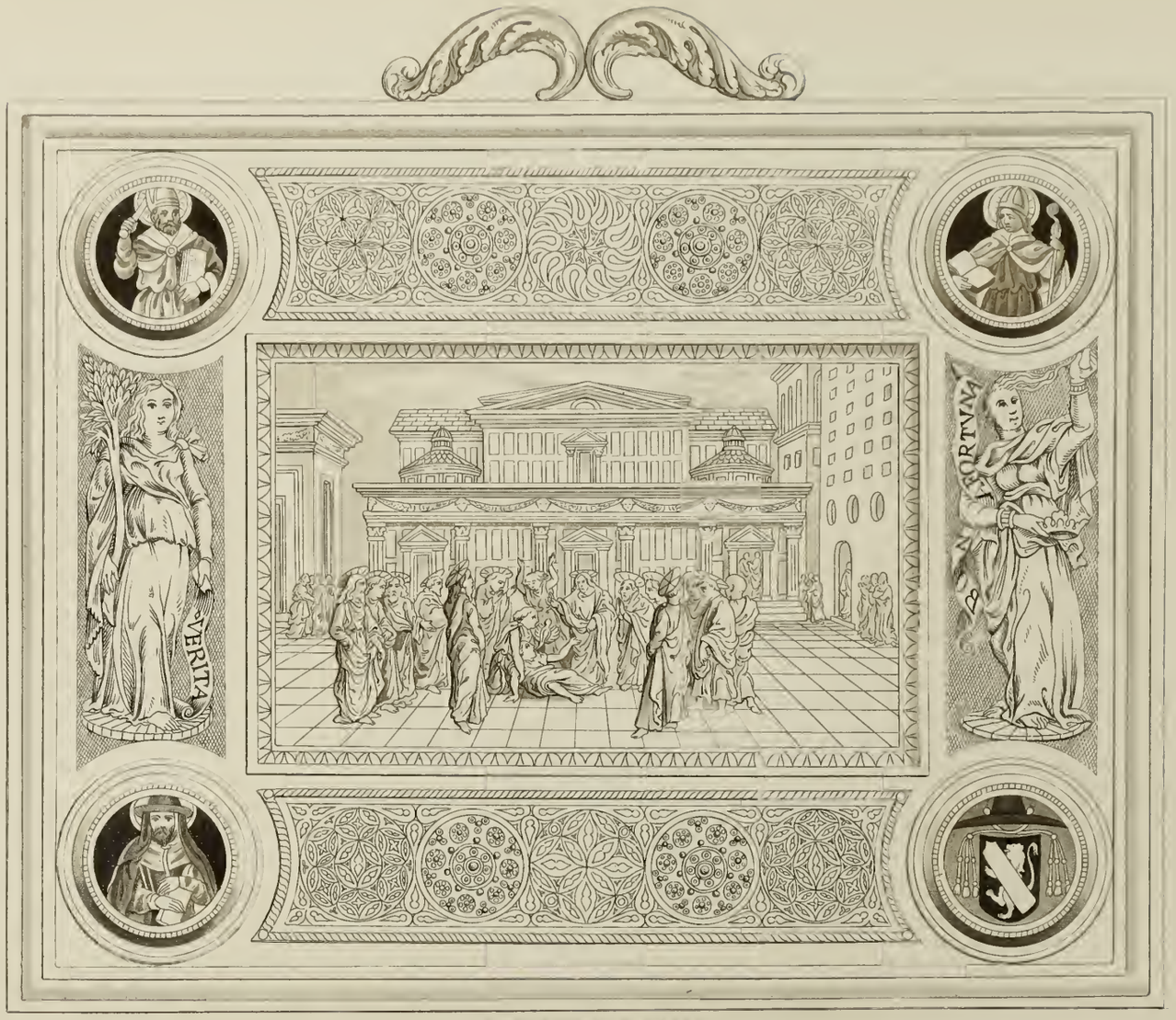
So all the old copies; and, with Mr. Collier, I consider it better to follow them here than to assign the whole of this to York,—as is done by the more recent editors, who think, with Warburton, that, according to the original distribution of the speeches, "Bolingbroke is made to condemn his own conduct and to disculp the king's." If I were to venture on any alteration, I should prefer giving, "See, see," &c. to Percy: compare his last speech in the preceding page.—*Dyce.*

Why the lines that Bolingbroke ends with, following Richard's entry, should be taken from him and given to York, as in the fourth and fifth moderns, is not seen by the editor; there is in them no "condemning" himself or "disculping" Richard, as that gentleman sets forth who rests his change on those reasons; that is, none so considerable either way as should make removal expedient: and for York's speaking them,—nothing can be unfitter; their evil junction consider'd with those sentiments which editions do give him on this occasion.—*Capell.*

In every old edition, quarto and folio, this and the preceding five lines are given to Bolingbroke, and there is no sufficient reason for taking them from him, and giving them to York, as has been done by all the editors since the time of Warburton, some with and others without notice. It is not at all inconsistent with the character of Bolingbroke, and with what he has before said of Richard, that he should now so speak of him; and, as has been remarked, all the authorities are in favour of the restoration. After he has so spoken, and after York's answer, we must suppose Bolingbroke to retire with York, and to leave the conduct of the interview to Northumberland, until he rejoins Bolingbroke just before Richard descends to the plain. Richard's observation to Northumberland, "For yond', methinks, he stands," shows that Bolingbroke was not out of sight. —*Collier.*

[45] *That any harm should stain so fair a show.*

The substitution of *storm* for *harm*, is an exceedingly doubtful emendation. It is true that, in a previous part of the speech, the king is likened to the setting sun, whose glory "the envious clouds are bent to dim;" and therefore the word *storm* has some show of reason to recommend it, and *harm* may possibly have been a misprint. But we rather think that it is the right word, and that it is more natural and pathetic than the word *storm.*—*Anon.*



Book-Cover of Italian workmanship.

In face p. 138

[46] *To watch the fearful bending of thy knee.*

Richard was extremely punctilious in all that related to reverence for his dignity. According to the Brute Chronicle, "the kyng in solenne daiez and grete festis, in the whiche he wered his croune and wente in his rial aray, he leet ordeyne and make in his chambir, a trone, wherynne he was wont to sitte fro aftir mete unto evensong tyme, spekynge to no man, but overlokyng alle menn; and yf he loked on eny mann, what astat or degre that evir he were of, he moste knele."

[47] *The purple testament of bleeding war.*

"I once thought," says Malone, "that Shakespeare might have had the sacred book (which is frequently covered with purple leather) in his thoughts;" but he adds, that this supposition is rendered extremely doubtful by the interpretation of Steevens; who believes that Shakespeare uses the word *testament* in its *legal* sense. "Bolingbroke," says he, "is come to open the testament of war, that he may peruse what is decreed there in his favour. *Purple* is an epithet referring to the future effusion of blood." Compare a passage in Julius Cæsar,—"Now, while your purpled hands do reek and smoke." Whatever be the *direct* meaning of the words in question, I am persuaded that the idea of a *book* with a *purple* covering suggested this combination of words to the mind of our poet. Compare the following line from the First Part of Jeronimo; which perhaps might be produced as an instance of a passage completely parallel:—"Then I *unclasp* the *purple leaves of war.*" Shakespeare has himself often derived his metaphor from the binding of a book,—"How would he look to see his *work*, so noble,—Vilely *bound up.*"—*Whiter.* "Her rivers dide—with purple streaming wounds of her owne rage," Daniel's Civill Wars of England, 1599.

There are numerous metaphorical allusions in Shakespeare to the art of book-binding as displayed in the very rich covers of books of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, some of which were elaborated in a style of art unsurpassed at the present day. In Lord Londesborough's museum is preserved a bookcover of the fifteenth century, one of the finest known, which is remarkable for the variety of artistic labour it displays. The central subject, representing Christ casting out devils, is chased in low-relief, within a sunken panel. The figures of Truth and Good Fortune, on each side, are engraved and the lines filled with *niello;* the hatched surface has been originally covered with the same material. The oblong compartments above and below are occupied by ornaments elaborately chased in high-relief. The circular bosses, in each corner, are filled with translucid enamels, representing saints, and the arms of the cardinal for whom the work was constructed. The whole is of silver; the entire border gilt.

[48] *But ere the crown he looks for live in peace.*

Dr. Warburton reads—"*light* in peace," but "*live* in peace" is more suitable to Richard's intention, which is to tell him, that though he should get the crown by rebellion, it will be long before it will live in peace, be so settled as to be firm. "The flower of England's face," is very happily explained.—*Johnson.* "*Give him* peace," has also been suggested.

[49] *Shall ill become the flower of England's face.*

By "the flower of England's face" is meant "the choicest youths of England, who shall be slaughtered in this quarrel, or have *bloody crowns.*" "The flower of England's face," to design her choicest youth, is a fine and noble expression.

Pericles, by a similar thought, said "that the destruction of the Athenian youth was a fatality like cutting off the spring from the year." — *Warburton.*

"The flower of England's face," I believe, means, England's flowery face, the flowery surface of England's soil. The same kind of expression is used in Sidney's Arcadia: "— opening the cherry of her lips," *i. e.* her cherry lips. Again, p. 240, edit. 1633: "— the sweet and beautiful *flower of her face.*" We have, shortly afterwards, *words of sooth*, for *soothing words.* It has been proposed to alter *face* to *race*, but unnecessarily. Again, Drayton, in Mortimer's Epistle to Queen Isabell:

> And in the field advance our plumy crest,
> And march upon fair England's *flow'ry breast.*—*Steevens.*

We have a similar image in the first speech of Henry IV. Part I.:

> No more the thirsty entrance of this soil,
> Shall daub *her lips* with her own children's blood.—*Boswell.*

A contest for a crown can never be determined, in these works, without a pun or two; but it is strange that Steevens should have gone so far out of the way for the meaning of "the flower of England's face," which is clearly—the chosen youth of England; and Richard only remarks that those youths, thus mangled and besmeared, will exhibit a pale or white and *ghastly countenance.*—*Mason.*

The words *face* and *peace* have, perhaps, changed places. Ere the crown he hopes to obtain be settled peaceably on his head, ten thousand crowns, besmeared with blood, shall disfigure the flower of the peaceable nobility of England; and cause her maid-pale countenance to glow with indignation, &c. The double opposition between *crown* and *peace* is much in our author's manner.—*Malone.*

"Flower of England's face" is—her flowry surface, in language of poetry, the flowers that grow on her face; upon these, a number of *bloody crowns* were an unsuitable object and unsightly, and must therefore be *ill-becoming*, that is, unbecoming.—*Capell.*

> And these beginnings had this impious warre,
> Th' ungodly bloudshed that did so defile
> The beauty of thy fields, and even did marre
> The flowre of thy chiefe pride, O fairest ile.
> *Daniel's Civill Wars of England*, 1599.

[50] *This swears he, as he is a prince, is just.*

The correct reading of the folio. The quartos of 1597 and 1598 have, "as he is a princesse just," and the quartos of 1608 and 1615, "as he is a prince, just." *Is*, before *just*, does not appear in the quarto, but seems a necessary emendation. "A prince is just," is here "a prince who is just," by an ellipsis common enough: but we might read *as* just; as (he is) just.—*Seymour.*

[51] *With words of sooth.*

Sooth is *sweet* as well as *true.* In this place *sooth* means *sweetness* or *softness*, a signification yet retained in the verb *to sooth.*—*Johnson.*

[52] *I'll give my jewels for a set of beads.*

The expression *jewels* was not formerly restricted to the same articles to which the term is now applied. The annexed cut is taken from a

manuscript in the British Museum, well known by the title of Queen Mary's Psalter, and belonging to the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century, MS. Reg. 2, B. vii. It is intended to represent the covetousness of king Joshua, who is laying up in his treasure-chest a quantity of money, brooches, rings, and cups. All these were, in the middle ages, included under the names of *jewels* (in Latin *jocalia*, from *jocus*, as being articles of amusement and not of use; and in old French, *jouelles*, *joiaus*, *joyax*, &c.), and *baghes* or *bagues* (identical with the Anglo-Saxon *beag*, or *beh*).—*T. Wright.*

[53] *My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown.*

"Fertur tamen quod inter alias hujus mundi divitias fecit sibi fieri, unam tunicam de perillis, et aliis lapidibus preciosis, et auro ex propria ordinatione factam, ad 3000 marcarum in valorem appreciatam," Vit. Ricardi Secundi a monacho quodam de Evesham, Edit. a Tho. Hearne, p. 156. Confirm'd by Stow, Annals, p. 319,—"This year (1399) the king caused a garment for himself to be made of gold, silver, and precious stones, to the value of 3000 marks."

[54] *My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood.*

This allusion cannot be considered an anachronism, though "figured goblets" were more in fashion in the sixteenth than in the fourteenth century. In the subject of the accompanying woodcut, now in Lord Londesborough's collection, the cup, that is the head, is formed of jade-stone, mounted in silver chased and gilt. It belongs, no doubt, to the sixteenth century, and the silver mounting is evidently European; but, as jade is a substance peculiar to the far East, and scarcely ever found in Western European manufactures, this circumstance, and the general character of the face and head, seem to justify us in supposing that that part of the cup had been brought home by some of the venturesome navigators of the sixteenth century, and mounted, perhaps, by a French silversmith.—*T. Wright.*

[55] *Some way of common trade.*

"Some way of common *trade*" is some way of frequent resort, a common course; as, at present, "a road of much traffic," that is, frequent resort. So, in Lord Surrey's translation of the second book of Virgil's Æneid:—

A postern with a blind wicket there was,
A *common trade*, to pass through Priam's house.

The phrase is still used by common people. When they speak of a road much frequented, they say, "it is a road of much *traffic*." Shakespeare uses the

word in the same sense in King Henry VIII.:—"Stand in the gap and *trade* of more *preferments*."—*Steevens.*

Which testifie that these sots (briefely described by Salomon in his Ecclesiastes, chapter 2. verse 2.) being drunke with vaine pleasures, have past their bounds, in such sort, as the way of Appia which is one of the greatest *trade-wayes* in Rome, is over-little for them, to wit, that they cannot indure in one place, beeing incessantly transported with the winde of their voluptuousnesse.—*A Learned Summary upon Du Bartas*, 1621.

[56] *There lies two kinsmen.*

This old-fashioned grammatical inaccuracy is necessarily retained here on account of the rhyme, but in an old prompt copy of the play, dated 1727, corrected, according to the books used at the London theatres at that time, by Roberts the player, *lies* is altered to *lie*. Several other alterations of the text, and erasures of lines and speeches for the convenience of representation, are made in the same copy, but they are of no authority and of very small if any value, for it is in the highest degree improbable that the theatres, at so late a date, possessed acting copies of any of Shakespeare's plays which contained any authorised corrections or alterations.

[57] *And Bolingbroke says—I.*

It must be recollected that *ay* was pronounced *I*, and it is, in fact, so printed in all plays of the time of Shakespeare. The old orthography is preserved here on account of the rhyme, as it is again in Romeo and Juliet on account of a quibble.

[58] *In the base-court he doth attend.*

The base-court was the first or outer court of a castle or large mansion. "Into the *base-court* then she did me lead," Tower of Doctrine. Thus in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey:—"My lord being advertised that the duke was coming, even at hand, he caused all his gentlemen to wait upon him down through the hall into the *base court*." So, in Hinde's Eliosto Libidinoso, 1606: "— they were, for a public observation, brought into the *base court* of the palace." Again, in Greene's Farewell to Follie, 1617: "— began, at the entrance into the *base court*, to use these words."—*Steevens.*

According to Stowe,—"the Earle of Northumberland wente forthe to the Duke, who after long talke, concluded that the duke should not enter the castel before the King had dyned, for he was fasting; so the Earle returned, and the King was set to dynner, with whome sate his assured friends the Earle of Salisburie, and the Bishop of Carlile, sir Steven Scrope, and Feribe; they sat long and eate little, for they had no haste to rise. After dinner, the Duke entred the castel all armed, his basenet excepted. King Richard came downe to meete the Duke, who as soone as he saw the King, fell downe on hys knées, and comming neare unto him, he kneeled the second time with his hat in his hand, and the King then put off his hoode, and spake first,—faire cousin of Lancaster, yee are righte welcome. The Duke bowing lowe to the grounde answeared, my Lord, I am come before you sent for me, the reason why I wil shew you. The common fame among your people is suche, that yee have for the space of twentie or two and twentie yeares, ruled them very rigorously, but, if it please our Lorde, I will helpe you to governe better. The Kyng aunswered, fayre cousin of Lancaster, sith it pleaseth you, it pleaseth mee wel."

[59] *And show fair duty to his majesty.*

"After this the duke entered the castle, armed at all points, except his basinet, as you may see in this history. Then they made the king, who had dined in the donjon, come down to meet Duke Henry, who, as soon as he perceived him at a distance, bowed very low to the ground; and as they approached each other he bowed a second time, with his cap in his hand; and then the king took off his bonnet, and spake first in this manner;—"Fair cousin of Lancaster, you be right welcome." Then Duke Henry replied, bowing very low to the ground, "My Lord, I am come sooner than you sent for me: the reason wherefore I will tell you. The common report of your people is such, that you have, for the space of twenty or two and twenty years, governed them very badly and very rigorously, and in so much that they are not well contented therewith. But if it please our Lord, I will help you to govern them better than they have been governed in time past." King Richard then answered him, "Fair cousin, since it pleaseth you, it pleaseth us well." And be assured that these are the very words that they two spake together, without taking away or adding any thing; for I heard and understood them very well. And the Earl of Salisbury also rehearsed them to me in French, and another aged knight who was one of the council of Duke Henry," Creton's narrative.

[60] *You debase your princely knee.*

The Duke when come in presence of his king,
Whether the sight of majestie did breed
Remorse of wrong which reverence did bring;
Or whether but to formalize his deed,
He kneeles him downe even at his entering,
Rose, kneeles againe (for craft will still exceed)
When as the king approcht, put off his hood
And welcomd him, though wishd him little good.

Daniel's Civill Wars of England, 1599.

[61] *Thus high at least.*

On the stage, there is a peculiar interpretation consisting in uttering the permission to rise, first in a tone of bland condescension, and then finishing the sentence with a burst of wrath and a smart tap on the forehead to signify that "thus high" means as high as the seat of the Royal diadem.—*Anon.*

Decker seems to have imitated this speech in his Wonder of a Kingdom, 1636,—

——nay, nay, pray rise!
I know your heart is up though your knee's down.

[62] *Then I must not say, no.*

The Duke, with a high sharpe voyce, bad bring foorth the King's horses, and then two little nagges, not worth fourtie franks, were brought forth: the king was set on the one, and the Earle of Salisburie on the other; and thus the Duke brought the king from Flint to Chester, where he was delivered to the Duke of Glocesters sonne, and to the Earle of Arundels sonne, that loved him but little, for he had put their fathers to death, who ledde him straight to the Castle.—*Stowe's Chronicle.*

[63] *Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.*

The simplicity of the ancient English stage is referred to in a description by Sir Philip Sydney, who, describing the state of the drama and the stage in his

time, about 1583, says:—"Now, you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then you must believe the stage to be a garden. By-and-by, we have news of a shipwreck in the same place; then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out an hideous monster, with fire and smoke, and the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the mean time, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?"

[64] *And I could sing.*

Pope altered *sing* to *weep*, but the old reading, "And I could sing," &c. is, I believe, the true one: the lady had said, "Madam, I'll sing;" to which the queen replies—"thou wou'dst please me better, wou'dst thou weep." The lady then says:—"I could weep, madam, would it do you good." "And if weeping," says the queen, "would do me good, I could rejoice at it, and sing; for in the abundance of my tears I should have security for my happiness." The quaintness of the conceit is not of force to invalidate its reality.—*Seymour.*

[65] *Woe is forerun with woe.*

The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognostication, supposes dejection to forerun calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending. The sense is, that public evils are always presignified by public pensiveness, and plaintive conversation.—*Johnson.*

Warburton alters the last word of this line to, *mocks*, but there is certainly no ground for this emendation, which is neither pertinent to the context, nor is the proposition which it expresses true. For woe is seldom fore-run by mocks, seldom mocked at till it actually happens, though it be too frequently attended with them afterwards. In this latter case indeed inferiors are too apt to take this advantage of the condition of their betters, but not till that condition is determined, or foreseen with the same certainty as if it were determined. The meaning of the common reading,—"Woe is fore-run with woe," is a very just one. Woe seldom befalls us without being preceded by some other woe, some mortification or other, which gives us the first notice of it.—*Heath.*

[66] *Our firm estate.*

Warburton alters *our* to *a*. The servant says *our*, meaning the state of the garden in which they are at work. The state of the metaphorical garden was indeed *unfirm*, and therefore his reasoning is very naturally induced. Why, says he, should we be careful to preserve order in the narrow cincture of this *our state*, when the *great state of the kingdom* is in disorder?—*Steevens.*

[67] *Her knots disorder'd.*

Alluding to the knots, or fantastic garden-beds. The "curious knotted garden" is alluded to in Love's Labour's Lost, act i. sc. 1. So, also, Milton,—

> Flowers, worthy Paradise, which not nice art
> In beds and curious *knots*, but nature boon
> Pour'd forth.

[68] *We, at time of year, do wound the bark.*

The word *we* is not in the old copies. The context shows that some word was omitted at the press; and the subsequent lines—" —superfluous branches —*We* lop away——," render it highly probable that this was the word.—*Malone.* *Do wound*, quarto eds., altered in the folio to, *and wound.*

[69] *'Tis doubt, he will be.*

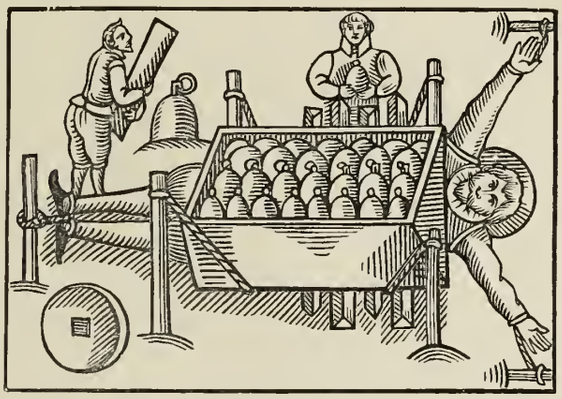
We have already had an instance of this uncommon phraseology in the present play:—

He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis *doubt*,
When time shall call him home, &c.

Doubt is the reading of the quarto, 1597. The folio reads—*doubted*. I have found reason to believe that some alteration even in that valuable copy was made arbitrarily by the editor.—*Malone*.

[70] *I am press'd to death, through want of speaking.*

The poet alludes to the ancient legal punishment, called *peine forte et dure*, which was inflicted on those persons, who, being arraigned, refused to plead, remaining obstinately silent. They were *pressed to death* by a heavy weight laid upon their stomach.—*Malone*.



[71] *Thou, old Adam's likeness.*

This was cut down by Pope to,—"Thou Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,—How dares thy tongue sound this unpleasing news?" In the second line, for the sake of consistency, I have altered "this *unpleasing newes*" to "these *unpleasing news*;"—all the 4tos and the folio having, in the next speech, "To breath *these* newes," and the 4to of 1597, in the second speech after, "*these* news of woe," subsequently printed, "*this* news of woe."—*Dyce*.

[72] *Set to dress this garden.*

This was the technical language of Shakespeare's time. So, in Holy Writ: "—and put him into the *garden* of Eden, *to dress* it, and to keep it," Gen. ii. 15.—*Malone*. "I dresse, I set upryght, or sette a thing strayght," Palsgrave, 1530. "Shut that chest; put up safe this household stuffe; call the nurse that shee sweepe and *dresse* this lodging," Minsheu's Pleasant and Delightfull Dialogues, 1623.

[73] *Thy harsh-rude tongue.*

So, in Hamlet:—"What have I done, that thou *dar'st* wag thy *tongue*—In noise so *rude* against me?" I have quoted this passage only to justify the restoration of the word *rude*, which has been rejected in some modern editions, following ed. 1632. A line in King John may add support to the restoration here made from the old copy:—"To whom he sung in *rude* harsh-sounding rhymes."—*Malone*.

[74] *Here did she fall a tear.*

This is the reading of the quarto, 1597, and, doubtless, the language of Shakespeare. The later quartos and folios substitute *drop* for "fall." In Othello, a. iv. sc. 1, we have a corresponding expression,—"Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile." So in the Comedy of Errors, ——"as easy may'st thou *fall* —A drop of water." And in A Midsummer-Night's Dream, we meet with, "her mantle she did *fall*." It would be easy to point out other instances in which Shakespeare uses to *fall* as a verb active.—*Collier.*

[75] *Rue, even for ruth.*

Rue, the herb, was also a common subject of puns, from being the same word which signified sorrow or pity.—

That bed, which did all joys display,
Became a bed of *rue*.—*R. Brathwaite.*

Act the Fourth.

SCENE.—London. *Westminster Hall.*[1]

The Lords Spiritual *on the right side*[2] *of the Throne; the* Lords Temporal *on the left; the* Commons *below. Enter* Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrey, Northumberland, Percy, Fitz-walter,[3] *another* Lord, *the* Bishop of Carlisle, *the* Abbot of Westminster, *and* Attendants.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.—

Enter Officers, *with* Bagot.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—"Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?"

Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.
Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,[4]
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,[5]
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.
Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.
Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,[6]
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.[7]
Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.
Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.
Aum. Fitz-walter, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
In this appeal as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing: seize it, if thou dar'st.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Lord. I task the earth to the like,[8] forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear

From sun to sun;[9] there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
Surrey. My Lord Fitz-walter, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me this is true.
Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.
Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.
Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull:
In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,[10]
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,[11]
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.
Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his lands and signories: when he 's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.
Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;

And toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice,[12] gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,[13]
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,[14]
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter the Archbishop of YORK[15] *attended.*

Arch. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the Fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.[16]

Car. Marry, God forbid![17]—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! then true nobless[18] would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?[19]
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,[20]
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forfend it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;

And if you crown him, let me prophecy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,[21]
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.—
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.[22]—
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

Arch. I will be his conduct.[23] [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.—
Little are we beholding to your love, [*To* CARLISLE.
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, *with* King RICHARD, *and* Officers *bearing the crown, &c.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reigned? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?[24]

Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?
Arch. To do that office of thine own good will
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. Give me the crown.—Here, cousin, seize the crown;[25]
On this side my hand, and on that side yours.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.
Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.[26]
K. Rich. My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.
Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.[27]
K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is, loss of care, by old care done;[28]
Your care is, gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.
Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?
K. Rich. I, no;—no, I;[29] for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me, how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days![30]—
What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read
[*Offering a paper.*

These accusations, and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,[31]
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave,[32]
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—

No, not that name was given me at the font,[33]—
But 'tis usurp'd:—alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O that I were a mockery-king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—
Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an* Attendant.

North. Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell!

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not, then, be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant *with a glass.*

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds!—O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men?[34] was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.[35]—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;[36]
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?
Boling. Name it, fair cousin.
K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than a king:[37]
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
Boling. Yet ask.
K. Rich. And shall I have?
Boling. You shall.
K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither?
K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.
Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich. O, good! convey?—conveyers are you all,[38]
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.
[*Exeunt* King RICHARD, *some* Lords *and a guard.*
Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.
[*Exeunt all except the* Bishop of CARLISLE, *the* Abbot of WESTMINSTER, *and* AUMERLE.
Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Car. The woe's to come: the children yet unborn[39]
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?[40]
Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,[41]
You shall not only take the sacrament[42]
To bury mine intents, but also to effect[43]
Whatever I shall happen to devise.

I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

[1] *Westminster Hall.*

The stage-direction in the quartos is merely,—"Enter Bullingbroke, Aumerle, and others;" in the folio,—"Enter, as to the Parliament, Bullingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, Carlile, Abbot of Westminster, herald, officers, and Bagot."

In the xxj. yeer of king Richard, he ordeyned and held a parlement at Westmynstre, that was callid the grete parlement, and this parlement was maad onli for to sle the erlle of Arundelle and othir, as thaym likid at that tyme. And for thair jugement, the kyng leet make a long and large hous of tymber in the paleis at Westmynstre, that was callid an Hale; covered with tilez, and open on bothe sidez and atte endis, that alle men myghte se thorough; and the king commaundid everi lord, knyghte, and squier, for to bryng with thaym thair retenuez, and come to the parlement as strong as thay myghte.—*The Brute Chronicle.*

This great hall was begun to be repayred in the yeare 1397, by Richard the Second, who caused the walles, windowes, and roofe to be taken downe, and new made, with a stately porch, and diverse lodgings of a marvellous worke, and with great costs; all which he levied of strangers banished, or flying out of their countryes, who obtayned license to remaine in this land by the kinges charters, which they had purchased with great summes of money, John Boterell being then clarke of the workes.—*Stow's Survay of London*, 1603.

[2] *The lords Spiritual on the right side.*

The costume of the ecclesiastical peers in the fourteenth century was of a very striking description. "The love of decoration by the ecclesiastics, whose robes assumed an extraordinary character of magnificence, was carried to excess. This was displayed more especially in the mitres of the bishops, which, as well as some of the more conspicuous parts of the dress, were now covered with gems and jewels of immense value. One of the personal ornaments of ecclesiastics which received the greatest display of ornamentation, was the large brooch used to fasten the cope over the breast, which was called usually a *morse* (in Latin *morsus*, derived from the verb *mordeo*, to bite, and applied with a similar idea to that

which gave the name *mordaunt* to an appendage of the buckle). The old descriptions of some of these articles give us a wonderful notion of their elaborate richness. The inventory of the jewels, etc., belonging to the church of St. Paul's, in London, includes a morse which had belonged to Peter of Blois, which was of gold, and covered with cameos and other large stones and pearls, *morsus Petri de Bloys, triphoriatus de auro, cum kamahutis et aliis magnis lapidibus et perlis.* Another inventory, made in France in 1380, speaks of a morse which was adorned with eighteen rubies (*balays*), four large emeralds, eight small ones, and four large and twenty-six small pearls. We learn from the old inventories that these rich accessories were often mounted upon metal of less value, and that this metal itself was merely a thin plaque spread upon a disc of wood. Among the miscellaneous articles in Lord Londesborough's collection is a curious circular plaque of silver, chased, partly gilt, and apparently belonging to the latter part of the fourteenth century. The sculpture which covers it, as given in the accompanying cut, represents the popular subject of the offering of the three kings, with the scene of the shepherds in the background. This object is believed to have formed the centre of a morse," Wright.

[3] *Fitz-Walter.*

This baron, called in the old copies Fitzwater and Fitzwaters, was summoned to Parliament from 1390 to 1404. He married Joan, daughter and sole heir of John Baron Devereux, and died in 1407.

[4] *Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars.*

I imagine the poet might mean, by *stars*, the fair fortunes he was born to, the influence of those stars that governed his nativity; and, I believe, the phrase, poetically, may be dispensed with. You know it is a common phrase with us to say, "I thank my stars." Besides, our poet in many places appears evidently a fatist. Othello calls Desdemona "ill-starr'd wench." The Bastard in Lear says, "he should have been the same, if the maidenlike star in the firmament had shone on his nativity;" and in King John, you may observe, Shakespeare makes Constantia speak exactly as he here does Aumerle.—*Theobald.*

We learn from Pliny's Natural History, that the vulgar error assigned the bright and fair stars to the rich and great; "Sidera singulis attributa nobis, et clara divitibus, minora pauperibus," &c. Lib. i. cap. 8. My fair stars, my high descent.—*Anon.*

[5] *There is my gage, the manual seal of death.*

Gage, a pledge, French. Hence the glove or gauntlet thrown down in challenges was called a *gage;* because, by throwing it, the challenger pledged himself to meet the person who should take it up. It is, therefore, in allusion to it as a manual ornament, that Shakespeare makes Aumerle thus speak of it.—*Nares.*

[6] *If that thy valour stands on sympathies.*

Here is a translated sense much harsher than that of the stars. Aumerle has challenged Bagot, with some hesitation, as not being his equal; and therefore one whom, according to the rules of chivalry, he was not obliged to fight, as a nobler life was not to be staked in a duel against a baser. Fitzwater then throws down his *gage*, a pledge of battle; and tells him that if he stands upon 'sympathy,' that is, upon equality of blood, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. 'Sympathy' is an affection incident at once to two subjects. This community of affection implies a likeness or equality of nature, and thence our poet transferred the term to equality of blood.—*Johnson.*

[7] *With my rapier's point.*

Although the name *rapier*, applied to a long narrow sword sharpened on both sides, does not appear to have been known in England before the sixteenth century, a weapon of a similar description was perhaps in use long previously. In Lord Londesborough's armoury at Grimston is a long sword, temp. Richard II., the blade of which is broad, ending in a sharp point, and has a rapier-like double edge. See the annexed engraving.

One of the earliest notices of the rapier under that name occurs in an old manuscript in the Sloane Library, which seems to be the fragment of a register formerly belonging to some of our schools, where the noble Science of Defence was taught, from the year 1568 to 1583; in which we find the following entry: "Item a challenge playde before the Kings Majestie (Edward VI.) at Westminster . . at seven kynde of weapons. That is to saye, . . . the rapier and target, the *rapier* and *cloke*, &c." And in another place Steevens, giving an account of this manuscript, expressly tells us that rapier and target, *rapier* and *cloke*, *rapier* and *dagger*, were among the weapons used in the fencing school.—Again, in Bulleine's Dialogue between Soarnesse and Chirurgi, 1579, p. 20: "There is *a new* kynd of instruments to let bloud withall, whych brynge the bloud-letter sometyme to the gallowes, because hee stryketh to deepe. These instruments are called the ruffins tucke, and *long foining rapier:* weapons more malicious than manly."—*Reed.*

The continuator of Stowe's Annals, ed. 1631, p. 1021, supposes the rapier to

have been introduced about the 20th year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, A.D. 1578, at which time, he says, swords and bucklers began to be disused. Nash, in his life of Jacke Wilton, 1594, mentions rapiers as in use in the reign of Henry VIII., but I question whether this may not be considered an anachronism; and, at all events, it must not be accepted as a proof without further testimony.

"At that time (1587) two other Englishmen, Sir W. Stanley and Rowland Yorke, got an ignominious name of traytors. This Yorke, borne in London, was a man most negligent and lazy, but desperately hardy; he was in his time most famous among those who respected fencing, having been the first that brought into England that wicked and pernicious fashion to fight in the fields in duels with a rapier called a tucke, onely for the thrust: the English having till that very time used to fight with backe swords, slashing and cutting one the other, armed with targets or bucklers, with very broad weapons, accounting it not to be a manly action to fight by thrusting and stabbing, and chiefly under the waste," Darcie's Annals of Queen Elizabeth, 1623, p. 223. This authority, however, proves at most no more than that *a rapier*, called *a tucke* "onely for the thurst," had been introduced by a person who was hanged in 1587, and that *the long foining rapier* was a new kind of instrument in 1597. The *rapier* not called a *tucke*, and for something more than the *thurst* or the *long foin*, might, for any thing that yet appears to the contrary, have been an ordinary weapon long before either Yorke was born. It should appear from Carleton's Thankful Remembrance of Gods Mercy, 1625, that York "was.. famous.. for bringing in a new kind of fight—to run the point of a *rapier* into a mans body. This manner of fight *he* brought *first* into England, &c." That is, as I understand it, he did not bring the rapier itself into England, but only this new manner of fighting with it. The fact I take to be this; the ancient rapier was a long two-edged sharp-pointed weapon, essentially different from that mentioned by Darcie and Bulleine, which was for the *thrust only*, whereas the other was for both blow and thrust.—*Ritson.*

[8] *I task the earth to the like.*

This speech and the following one are found only in the four earliest quarto editions. The reading here adopted is that of ed. 1597, the word *task* being altered to *take* in the later editions, the meaning of the latter reading being perhaps, I take the earth to witness, or, I kneel to the ground in acceptance of your challenge; the meaning of the former, I task the earth by throwing down my gage, I lay the burden of my pledge upon the earth. To "take the earth" is, at present, a fox-hunter's phrase. So, in the Blind Beggar of Alexandria, 1598:—"I'll follow him until he *take the earth.*" But I know not how it can be applied here. It should seem, however, from the following passage in Warner's Albion's England, 1602, that the expression is yet capable of another meaning:—"Lo here my gage (he *terr'd* his glove) thou know'st the victor's meed." To *terre* the glove was I suppose, to dash it on the *earth.* We still say to *ground* a musquet, and to *ground* a bowl. Johnson suggested to alter *earth* to *oath*, in support of which I may observe that the word *oath*, in Troilus and Cressida, 1609, is corrupted in the same manner. Instead of the "—untraded *oath*," it gives "—untraded *earth.*" We might read, only changing the place of one letter, and altering another:—"*I task* thy heart *to the like*——," that is, I put thy valour to the same trial. So, in King Henry VI.—"How show'd his *tasking?* seem'd it in contempt?" One editor boldly reads,—I task thy heart.—*Steevens.*

[9] *From sun to sun.*

That is, from sun-rise to sun-set. A similar expression occurs in Cymbeline. "The time appointed for the *duello*," says Saviolo, "hath alwaies been *'twixt the*

rising and the setting sun; and whoever in that time doth not prove his intent, can never after be admitted the combat upon that quarrel," On Honour and honourable Quarrels, 4to. 1595. This passage fully supports the emendation here made, and my interpretation of the words. The quartos read—"From *sin* to *sin*." The emendation, which in my apprehension requires no enforcement or support, was proposed by Mr. Steevens, who explains these words differently. He is of opinion that they mean, from one day to another.—*Malone.*

However ingenious the conjecture of Steevens may be, I think the old reading the true one. "From sin to sin," is from one denial to another; for those denials were severally maintained to be *lies.—Henley.* "Doe not linke sin unto sin," Daniel's Civill Wars of England, 1599.

[10] *I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness.*

I dare meet him where no help can be had by me against him. So in Macbeth:—"or be alive again,—And dare me to the desert with thy sword." Thus also in the Lovers Progress, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—"Maintain thy treason with thy sword? with what—Contempt I hear it! *in a wilderness*—I durst encounter it."—*Johnson.*

[11] *Here do I throw down this.*

Holinshed informs us, that on this occasion "he threw down *a hood*, that he had borrowed." He had previously thrown down his glove, when accused by Bagot.

[12] *And there, at Venice, gave.*

The remains of Thomas Mowbray were interred in Saint Mark's church, in Venice, A.D. 1399; but his ashes were removed to England in 1533. The slab which originally covered these remains at the latter end of the seventeenth century stood under the gallery of the ducal palace; and the arms of Thomas Mowbray being very elaborately engraved upon it, the stone was described by an Italian writer in 1682 as a Venetian hieroglyphic. By the indefatigable inquiries of Mr. Rawdon Brown, an English gentleman residing in Venice, this most curious monument was traced, in 1839, to the possession of a stonemason; and it has been sent to England, and is now safe in the custody of Mr. Howard, of Corby.—*Knight.*

His death, however, did not take place till the year 1413, long after the date of the present scene. "The Duke of Northfolke, which supposed to have bene borne out by the king, was sore repentant of his enterprise, and departed sorowfully out of the realme into Almain, and at the last came to Venice, where for thought he died," Grafton's Chronicle.

The Duke of Norfolke, having now got a fall, where he thought to take his rest, repented his enterprise, and utterly condemned his light conceite of the king's lightnesse, and so with extreame griefe and anguish of minde, he departed out of the realme into Almaine, and from thence travelled to Venice; where through violence of thought and discontentment, in short time he ended his dayes. This sentence of banishment was given against him the same day of the yeere wherein the Duke of Gloucester by his wicked meanes was strangled to death at Calice.—*Hayward's Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[13] *Unto his captain Christ.*

"Be strong in the *grace* that is in *Christ Jesus:* endure hardness, as a good soldier of *Jesus Christ*," 2 Timothy, ii. "Behold, *God Himself* is with us for our *Captain*," 2 Chronicles, xiii.

[14] *Your differences shall all rest under gage.*

In this Parlament also the Lorde Fitzwater appealed the said Duke of Aumerle, sonne to the Duke of Yorke, upon points of high treason: likewise the Lord Morley appealed John Montacute Earle of Salisburie, and more then twentie other appealants waged battaile; but the King purposing to lay the foundation of his realme by favour and not by force, gave pardon and restitution alike to all, uppon sureties and band for their allegeance; and in a sweet and moderate oration he admonisheth, and as it were intreated the one part, that ould griefes and grudges should not be renued, but buried together with the memory of former times, wherein men were forced to doe many thinges against their mindes; the other part he desired to be more regardfull of their actions afterwards, and for the time past, rather to forget that ever they were in fault, then to remember that they were pardoned.—*Hayward's Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[15] *Enter the Archbishop of York.*

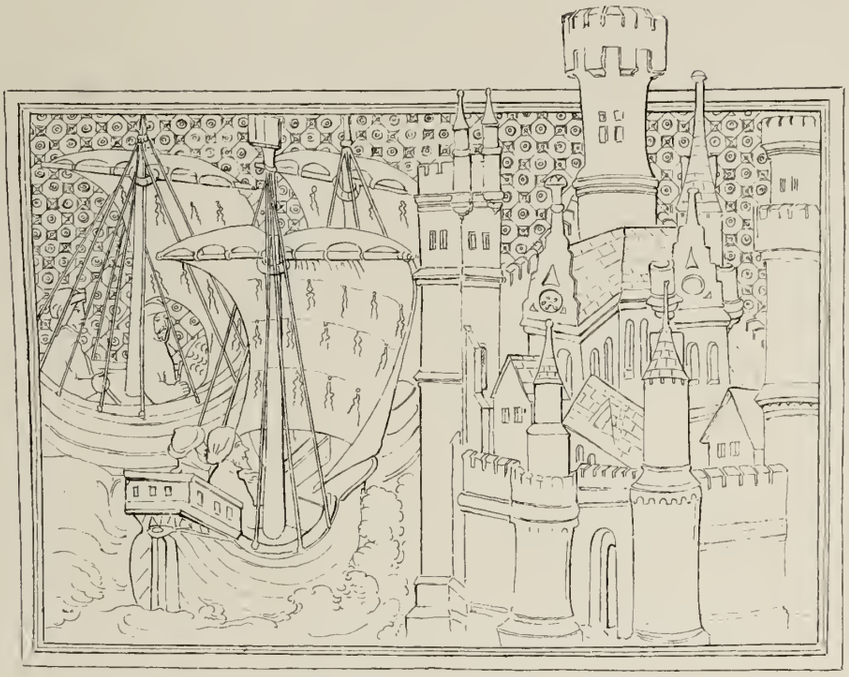
The stage-direction in the early editions is,—"Enter York," which modern editors have accepted as referring to Langley, Duke of York, but there can be little if any doubt that it is the Archbishop who is intended by Shakespeare. When Richard at the Tower received the deputation that waited on him for the purpose of obtaining his consent to his deposition, he constituted the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Hereford his procurators to signify his intention to parliament. It was the Archbishop, according to Grafton, who introduced Richard's surrender to the parliament.

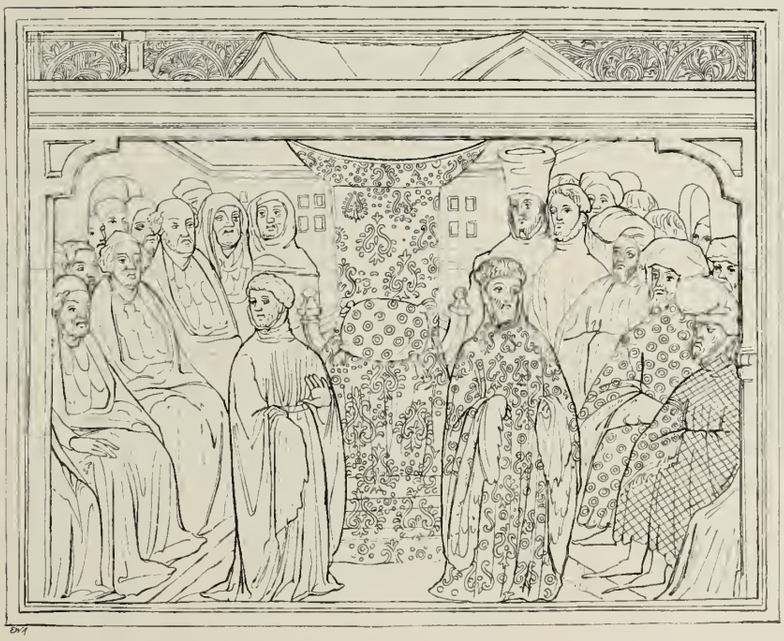
On the morowe followyng, beyng on the Tewesday, and the last day of September, all the Lordes spirituall and temporall, with also the commons of the sayde parliament, assembled at Westmynster; where in the presence of them, the Archbishop of Yorke, according to the kings desyre shewed unto them seriously the voluntary renouncing of the king, with also the favour that he ought unto his cossyn the Duke of Lancaster, for to have him his successor. And moreover he shewed unto them the schedule or bill of renouncement, signed with king Richardes hand. And when the things aforesayde were by the sayde Bishop fynished, the question was asked first of the lordes, if they would admit and allow that renouncement: the which when it was of the lordes graunted and confirmed, the lyke question was asked of the commons, and of them in lyke maner affirmed. —*Grafton's Chronicle.*

[16] *In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.*

The words actually spoken by Henry are recorded by Knyghton. Standing upright, that every one might see him, after he had crossed himself on the forehead and breast, and called on the name of Christ, he said:—"In the name of Fadher, Son, and Holy Ghost, I, Henry of Lancaster, challenge the rewme of Ynglande, and the Croun, with all the membres and the appurtenances, and als I, that am descendit by right line of the blode, coming from the gude king Henry Therde, and throge that right that God of his grace hath sent me, with help of kyn, and of my frendes to recover it, the which

The Earl of Salisbury landing at Conway, and the Parliament Scene at the Deposition of Richard the Second, from Creton's Manuscript Chronicle.





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rewme was in poynt to be ondone, by defaute of governaunce and ondoying of the gude lawes."

Thanne aros the said duke of Lancastre and of Hereforde, and blissid him, and redde in a bille how he descendid and cam doun lynealli of kyng Harri the sone of king Johan, and was the next heir male of his blod, and for that cause he chalanged the croune; and alle the lordis and comunez assentid therto.—*The Brute Chronicle.* The annexed engraving represents the seal of Bolingbroke used previously to his coronation.

[17] *Marry, God forbid!*

There seems to be a reasonable doubt if any speech in favour of Richard was delivered on this occasion by the Bishop of Carlisle. The fact rests on no very good authority. It first appears, in English, in Hall's Chronicle; it occurs in most of the later chroniclers, and Hayward has amplified it to an extraordinary length in his own fashion. The early accounts of the meetings of parliament just before the coronation of Henry are in the highest degree confused and unsatisfactory.

[18] *Then true nobless would.*

Nobless, ed. 1597, altered in later editions to *nobleness*. So, in the Fair Maid of the West, 1631,—"Degenerate Spaniard, there's no nobless in thee." Again, in Ben Jonson's Epigrams,—"But thou, whose noblesse keeps one stature still."

> Thrice noble Earle, behold with gentle eyes
> My wits poor worth; even for your *noblesse*,
> Renowned Lord, Northumberland's fayre flowre.
> *Peele's Honour of the Garter*, 1593.
>
> Your empire is so amply absolute, (Byron to Q. Eliz.)
> That even your theaters show more comely rule,
> True *noblesse*, royaltie, and happinesse,
> Than others courts.—*Byron's Conspiracy*, 1608.

[19] *What subject can give sentence on his king?*

> Never shall this poore breath of mine consent
> That he that two and twenty yeeres hath raignd
> As lawfull Lord, and king by just discent,
> Should here be judgd unheard, and unaraignd
> By subjects two; judges incompetent
> To judge their king unlawfully detaind,
> And un-brought forth to plead his guiltles cause,
> Barring th' annointed libertie of lawes.
> *Daniel's Civill Wars of England*, 4to. Lond. 1599.

[20] *And shall the figure of God's majesty.*

The chief argument urged by the bishop in Holinshed, is, that it was unjust to proceed against the king "without calling him openly to his aunswer and defence." He says that "none of them were worthie or meete to give judgement to so noble a prince;" but does not expressly assert that he could not be lawfully deposed. Our author, however, undoubtedly had Holinshed before him.—*Malone.*

[21] *If you raise this house against this house.*

Raise, eds. 1597, 1598, 1608, 1615; *rear*, ed. 1623. The quarto, 1615, reads,—"O, if you raise this house against *his* house." Perhaps the true reading

is,—"O, if you rear this house against his house." The sense, indeed, of this house against this house, that is, one house against another, a mere civil contention, is sufficiently clear, though not, as I conceive, strong enough for the speaker's purpose, who seems especially to deprecate hostility between the faction of Bolingbroke, who is *present*, and the adherents of the king, whom they ought all to support.—*Seymour.*

If the reading in the text be adopted, the poet alludes most probably to the text in the Evangelist, that "a house divided against itself cannot stand."

[22] *To keep him safely till his day of trial.*

After this line, in eds. 1597 and 1598, instead of what follows, down to the words,—"lords, prepare yourselves," are only the following three lines, which are altered in the last speech of Bolingbroke in the additions, to suit the new arrangement,—"*Bol.* Let it be so: and lo! on Wednesday next—We solemnly proclaim our coronation—Lords, be ready all.—[*Exeunt.*"

> Stopt there was his too vehement speech with speed,
> And he sent close to warde from where he stood.
> *Daniel's Civill Wars of England*, 4to. Lond. 1599.

[23] *I will be his conduct.*

Conduct, that is, conductor. Compare 2 Henry VI., act ii. scene 4,—"Although thou hast been conduct to my shame."

[24] *Will no man say, amen?*

"Blow ye with the trumpet, and say, *God save King Solomon!* And Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, answered and said, *Amen!*," 1 Kings, i.

[25] *Here, cousin, seize the crown.*

The quarto 1608, where this scene first appeared, reads:—"Seize the crown.—Here, cousin, on this side my hand, and on that side yours." The folio:

> Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown.
> Here, cousin, on this side my hand, on this side yours.

It is evident that, in the original copy, the words, "Here, cousin, seize the crown," were misplaced, and erroneously printed—"Seize the crown. Here, cousin;" but these words being properly arranged, all the rest of the first copy is right, and I have followed it. The folio omitted the word *and* in the second line. Steevens prints—"Here, on this side, my hand; on that side, *thine.*"—*Malone.* Singer suggested that the words, "seize the crown," were a stage-direction. The crown being brought, Richard snatches at it, and then proceeds.

> 'Tis said with his owne hands he gave the crowne
> To Lancaster, and wisht to God he might
> Have better joy thereof then he had knowne,
> And that his powre might make it his by right:
> And furthermore he crav'd of all his owne
> But life to live apart a private wight;
> The vanity of greatnes he had tride,
> And how unsurely standes the foote of pride.
> *Daniel's Civill Wars of England*, 4to. Lond. 1599.

[26] *I thought, you had been willing to resign.*

The instrument which he signed is worded in a style of the most voluntary and entire self-abasement. The following expressions occur,—"I do purely of my own accord renounce and totally resign all kingly dignity and majesty, &c.,

purely, voluntarily, simply, and absolutely, I do renounce and them do totally resign. And I do confess, acknowledge, repute, and truly and out of certain knowledge do judge myself to have been and to be utterly insufficient and unuseful for the rule and government of the said kingdoms and dominions, with all their appurtenances; and that for my notorious demerits I deserve to be deposed."

[27] *Part of your cares you give me with your crown.*

Or if they will needs deforce you from your kingdome, yet if an honourable maintenance may bee assured, what shall you lose thereby? What shall you lack? You have no childe to be disinherited; the chiefest motive which maketh men so greedy to get, and so carefull to keepe. And as for yourselfe, you shall be removed from a steepe and slippery hill, to a smooth and pleasant plaine; from tempestuous seas, to a calme haven; from daungerous travaile to secure rest; and if there be no solace without safety, no felicity without firmnesse; you shall finde the private life not onely more sweete, but more high and happy then your princely state. The tallest trees are weakest in the toppes; in widest fieldes are greatest tempests; and envy alwaies aimeth at loftiest marks: so that to be placed on high, is a false felicity, and a true misery in shew a rule, but indeed a subjection to all the subjects; having least stay to stand, and most danger in the fall; and, therefore, if you come downe safely, you are therein priviledged above many other. But you shal lose, you will say, the credit and the countenance of a King; so you shal the cares; and so you shall the casualties. The crown and sceptar are things most weighty to weld; if a Prince be good, he is laden with labour, if evill, with infamy and reproch; if either with perils; on every side he is beset with dangerous rocks, with deadly gulfes, and continually tossed with strong and sturdie tempests: so that to be freed from these feares, is to be esteemed an escape, and not a losse. —*Hayward's Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[28] *My care is—loss of care, by old care done.*

Shakespeare often obscures his meaning by playing with sounds. Richard seems to say here, that "his cares are not made less by the increase of Bolingbroke's cares;" for this reason, that "his care is the loss of care,"—his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, by the cessation of the care to which he had been accustomed.—*Johnson.*

[29] *I, no;—no, I.*

The old form of *ay* is here retained on account of the quibble. From this, and many other instances, it is clear, that *ay* and *I* were sounded alike; it also hence appears that a double negative sometimes, as now, formed an affirmative. Bolingbroke asks Richard if he is contented to resign the crown, to which Richard, at last, answers: I will say "no" twice, that is, I will resign.—*Seymour.*

[30] *And send him many years of sunshine days!*

Then he read openly and distinctly the forme of his cession, wherein hee did declare, that hee had discharged his subjects from their oathes of fealty and homage, and all other oathes whatsoever; and of his own will and free motion, did abdicate the title, dignitie, and authoritie of a King: and rendred up the possession of the realme, with the use and title thereof, and all the rights thereunto apperteining. To this the King subscribed and was sworne; and then hee delivered with his owne hands the crowne, the scepter, and the robe to the Duke of Lancaster; wishing unto him more happinesse therewith, then had ever happened unto himselfe. Then he did constitute the Archbishop of Yorke, and

the Bishop of Hereford his procurators, to intimate and declare this his resignation to all the states of the realme, which should be assembled together in Parlament. Lastly, he gave all his riches and goods, to the summe of three hundred thousand pounds in coyne, besides his jewels and plate, for satisfaction of the injuries that hee had done, desiring the Duke, and all the rest that were present severally by their names not altogether to forget that he had beene their King, nor yet too much to thinke upon the same; but to retaine of him a moderate remembrance; and in recompence of the ease that hee had done them by his voluntary yeelding, to permit him to live safely, in a private and obscure life: with the sweetnesse wherof he was so possessed, that from thenceforth he would preferre it, before any preferment in the world. All this was delivered and done by the King, with voyce and countenance so agreeable to his present heavinesse, that there was no man too unmindefull of humane instabilitie, which was not in some measure mooved thereat; insomuch as a fewe secret teares melted from the eyes of many that were present, in whose mindes a confused and obscure alteration alreadie ganne to beginne. So prone and inclinable are men to pitie miserie, although they have procured it, and to envie prosperie, even that which they have raysed. —*Hayward's Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[31] *Nay, all of you that stand and look upon.*

So the quarto 1608, except that it omits the word *all*, which I have restored from the folio. The folio reads—look upon *me*. To "look upon" is frequently used by our author, for—"to be *a looker on*."—*Malone.*

[32] *And sovereignty, a slave.*

So the quartos of 1608 and 1615. The folio misprints it "*a* sovereignty," altered in the second and later editions to, "a sovereign," a change for which there does not seem any necessity. To *make* sovereignty *a slave*, is as proper an expression, as to *make* majesty *a subject*, or state *a peasant*.—*Malone.*

[33] *No, not that name was given me at the font.*

How that name which was given him at the font could be usurped, I do not understand. Perhaps Shakespeare meant to shew that imagination, dwelling long on its own misfortunes, represents them as greater than they really are. Every thing is taken away from me; there is nothing that I now can call my own; my power, my title, nay, the very name that was given to me at my baptism, I suppose, is now no longer mine.—*Anon.*

[34] *Did keep ten thousand men.*

It does not appear that this enormous number of retainers absolutely lived under Richard's roof, but the old chronicles say "that to his household came every day, to meate, ten thousand men." He had three hundred domestics in his kitchen, and there is no doubt but that this prodigality was the source of much exaction, and a great cause of the discontent of the people. Richard's prodigality is thus described by Holinshed: "He kept the greatest port, and maintained the most plentifull house that ever any king in England did either before his time or since. For there resorted dailie to his court above ten thousand persons that had meat and drinke there allowed them. In his kitchen were three hundred servitors, and everie other office was furnished after the like rate. Of ladies, chamberers, and landerers, there were above three hundred at the least. And in gorgious and costlie apparell they exceeded all measure; not one of them that kept within the bounds of his degree. Yeomen and groomes were clothed in silkes, with cloth of graine and skarlet, over sumptuous ye may be sure for their estates."

And as Hardynge sayeth, he was veraye prodigall, ambycyous, and leccherous. For there resorted to hys courte at their pleasures above the noumbre of ten thousande persones, that had theyr desyres and commaundementes. And that in his kytchyn were thre hundreth servytours, and in every office a great noumbre. Moreover, of ladyes, chaumbercrs, and lavenders, there were above the nombre of thre hundred, and they all exceded in gorgeous and costelye apparell, farre above theyr degrees: yomen and gromes were clothed in sylke, as saten and damaske bothe doblettes and gounes, with clothe of grayne and skarlette over sumpteous, and had theyr garmentes cutte bothe in the courte and townes, farre otherwyse then it had bene before his dayes, wyth brodery worke, ryche furres and goldsmythes woorke; devysynge evcry daye a newe fassion, to the great ruyne and decaye of the welthe of Englande.—*Fabyan's Chronicle.*

[35] *Crack'd in a hundred shivers.*

It must be recollected that Richard never came personally before the parliament, and that any ebullitions of anger and grief were shown really in his prison-chamber. The prose MSS. in the library of the king of France will help us to follow Richard into the Tower, and view the irritated condition of his mind during the earlier part of his confinement. They relate that, when the Dukes of Lancaster and York went to the Tower to see the king, Lancaster desired the Earl of Arundel to send the king to them. When this message was delivered to Richard, he replied, "Tell Henry of Lancaster from me, that I will do no such thing, and that, if he wishes to speak with me, he must come to me." On their entering, none shewed any respect to the king, except Lancaster, who took off his hat and saluted him respectfully, and said to him; "Here is our cousin, the Duke of Aumarle, and our uncle, the Duke of York, who wish to speak with you;" to which Richard answered, "Cousin, they are not fit to speak to me." "But have the goodness to hear them," replied Lancaster: upon which Richard uttered an oath, and turning to York, "Thou villain, what wouldst thou say to me? and thou, traitor of Rutland, thou art neither good nor worthy enough to speak to me, nor to bear the name of duke, earl, or knight; thou, and the villain thy father, have both of you foully betrayed me; in a cursed hour were ye born; by your false counsel was my uncle of Gloucester put to death." The Earl of Rutland replied to the king that, in what he said, he lied; and threw down his bonnet at his feet; on which the king said, "I am king, and thy lord; and will still continue king; and will be a greater lord than I ever was, in spite of all my enemies." Upon this Lancaster imposed silence on Rutland. Richard, turning then with a fierce countenance to Lancaster, asked why he was in confinement; and why under a guard of armed men,—"Am I your servant or your king? What mean you to do with me?" Lancaster replied, "You are my king and lord, but the council of the realm have ordered that you should be kept in confinement till full decision (*jugement*) in parliament." The king again swore; and desired he might see his wife. "Excuse me," replied the duke, "it is forbidden by the council." Then the king in great wrath walked about the room; and at length broke out into passionate exclamations, and appeals to heaven; called them "false traitors," and offered to fight any four of them; boasted of his father and grandfather, his reign of twenty-two years; and ended by throwing down his bonnet. Lancaster then fell on his knees, and besought him to be quiet till the meeting of parliament, and there every one would bring forward his reason. At the conclusion of this interview, Richard is made to say, "At least, fair sirs, let me come in judgment (*on trial*), that I may be heard in my reasons; and that I may answer to all that they would say and bring forward against me and my regal majesty." Then said the Duke of Lancaster, "Sire, be not afraid; for nothing unreasonable shall be

done to you." And so he took leave of the king; and not a lord who was there durst utter a word. Another conference between Richard and Henry in the Tower, at the solicitation of the former, is given by Froissart, xii. 26, in which Richard, in a very different temper, humbly acknowledges his errors, offers to resign; and listens with patience to reproofs of his conduct, and rumours of his illegitimacy from the mouth of his rival.—*Webb.*

[36] *That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.*

A similar expression occurs in Lilly's play of Midas, published in 1592,—"I am one of those whose tongues are swell'd with silence."

[37] *Fair cousin! I am greater than a king.*

So the folio. The quarto 1608, reads:—"Fair *coose, why?* I am greater than a king." The modern editors:—"Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than a king." —*Boswell.*

[38] *Conveyers are you all.*

To *convey* is a term often used in an ill sense, and so Richard understands it here. Pistol says of *stealing*, "*convey* the wise it call;" and to *convey* is the word for sleight of hand, which seems to be alluded to here. *Ye are all*, says the deposed prince, *jugglers*, who rise with this nimble dexterity by the fall of a good king.—*Johnson.* "What say ye of this crafty *conveyer*, which feareth not to juggle with the Holy Scripture?," Tyndal.

[39] *The children yet unborn.*

> Stay here thy foote, thy yet unguilty foote,
> That canst not stay when thou art farther in;
> Retire thee yet unstaind whilst it doth boote,
> The end is spoile of what thou dost begin:
> Injustice never yet tooke lasting roote,
> Nor held that long impiety did win:
> The babes unborne, shall ô be borne to bleed
> In this thy quarrell, if thou doe proceede.
>
> *Daniel (S.) Civill Wars of England*, 4to. Lond. 1599.

[40] *To rid the realm of this pernicious blot.*

According to some of the chroniclers, the Abbot of Westminster accused Henry of looking with a jealous eye upon the large revenues of the Church, a circumstance that would, if believed, have been an unfailing source of his unpopularity with the clergy.

There was at that time an Abbot of Westminster, one that applyed his studies, not as the most part, to cloake idlenesse and slouth under the glorious tytle of religion, but to enable himselfe for counsaile and direction in publique affayres; who, for the generall opinion of his wisdome and integritie, was in good favour and credit with King Richard, and did accompany him in his last voyage into Ireland. This Abbot called to his remembrance a speach which hee heard once fall from King Henry, when hee was but Earle of Derbie, and not yet come to any great stayednesse, eyther in yeares or judgement; that princes had too little, and religious men too much.—*Haywards Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[41] *Before I freely speak my mind herein.*

> Meanes how to feele, and learne each others hart
> By th' Abbot now of Westminster is found,

Who secretly disliking Henries part
Invites these Lords, and those he ment to sound,
Feasts them with cost, and drawes them on with art,
And darke, and doubtful questions doth propound:
Then plainer speakes, and yet uncertaine speakes,
Then wishes wel, then off abruptly breakes.
Daniel's Civill Wars of England, 4to. Lond. 1599.

[42] *You shall not only take the sacrament.*

A solemne oth religiously they make
By intermutuall vowes protesting there
This never to reveale; nor to forsake
So good a cause, for daunger hope, or feare:
The Sacrament the pledge of faith they take,
And every man uppon his sword doth sweere
By knighthood, honor, or what els should binde,
To assecure the more each others minde,
Daniel's Civill Wars of England, 4to. Lond. 1599.

[43] *To bury mine intents.*

That is, to conceal, to keep secret. So, in Every Man in his Humour, by Ben Jonson:—"Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here."—*Steevens.*

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—London. *The Quay in front of the Tower.*[1]

Enter Queen *and* Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,[2]
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.—
But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither:[3] yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.

Enter King Richard *and* Guards.

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,[4]
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,[5]
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief,[6] fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,

To think our former state a happy dream ;[7]
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this : I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity ;[8] and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house :
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd ? hath Bolingbroke depos'd
Thine intellect ? hath he been in thy heart ?
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd ; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts ?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed ; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France :
Think I am dead ; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid ;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,[9]
And send the hearers weeping to their beds :
For why the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out ;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd ;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you ;
With all swift speed you must away to France.[10]

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,

The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd!—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage,—'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.[11]—
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France,—from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off than near,—be ne'er the near.[12]
Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief:
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part:
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiss.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.[13] [*They kiss again.*

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.
K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Langley.[14] *A Room in the* Duke of York's *Palace.*

Enter York, *and his* Duchess.[15]

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands from windows' tops
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried, "God save thee, Bolingbroke!"
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once,[16]
"Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!"
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—"I thank you, countrymen:"
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,[17]
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, "God save him!"
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;

Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;[18]
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Welcome, my son: who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knows I had as lief be none as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not, I purpose so.

York. What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?[19]
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter, then, who sees it:[20]
I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me:
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into[21]
For gay apparel against the triumph-day.

York. Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.
York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treason! foul treason!—Villain! traitor! slave!
Duch. What 's the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who 's within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.—
God for his mercy, what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is 't, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.—
Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain. [*Exit* Servant.
Duch. What 's the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace.—What is the matter, son?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
Duch. Thy life answer!
York. Bring me my boots:—I will unto the king.

Re-enter Servant, *with boots.*

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.—
Hence, villain! never more come in my sight. [*To the* Servant.
York. Give me my boots, I say.
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,[22]
To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.
Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman! [*Exit.*
Duch. After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his horse;
Spur post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away, be gone!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE *as* King, PERCY, *and other* Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,[23]
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,—
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy,

Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.
Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.
Boling. And what said the gallant?
Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews,[24]
And from the commonest creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour;[25] and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.
Boling. As dissolute as desperate; yet through both
I see some sparks of better hope,[26]
Which elder days may happily bring forth.—
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, *hastily.*

Aum. Where is the king?
Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?
Aum. God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.
Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt* PERCY *and* Lords.
What is the matter with our cousin now?
Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.
Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the first,[27] how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
Boling. Have thy desire. [AUMERLE *locks the door.*
York [*within*]. My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause to fear.
York [*within*]. Open the door, secure, foolhardy king:
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.
[BOLINGBROKE *unlocks the door, and afterwards locks it again.*

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd:
I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,[28]
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;[29]
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.
York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.
Duch. [*within*]. What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let me in.
Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?
Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.
Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the King."[30]—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

[AUMERLE *unlocks the door.*

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,

More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This let alone will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man!
Love loving not itself, none other can.
York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?[31]
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
Duch. Sweet York, be patient.—Hear me, gentle liege.
[*Kneels.*
Boling. Rise up, good aunt.
Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I walk upon my knees,[32]
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*
York. Against them both my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
Duch. Pleads he in earnest?[33] look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. Nay, do not say "stand up;"
But "pardon" first, and afterwards "stand up."
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
"Pardon" should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say "pardon," king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like "pardon" for kings' mouths so meet.
York. Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez moi.*

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word!—
Speak "pardon" as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.[34]
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee "pardon" to rehearse.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.
Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.
Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying "pardon" doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.
Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.
Duch. A god on earth thou art.
Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot,[35]
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell:—and, cousin, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Duch. Come, my old son:—I pray God make thee new.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Hounslow Heath.[36] *A tent in the King's Camp.*

Enter Sir PIERCE of Exton, *and a* Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake,—
"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"[37]
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.
Exton. "Have I no friend?" quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together,—did he not?
Serv. He did.
Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;[38]
As who should say,—I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart,—
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.[39] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—yet I'll hammer 't out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;[40]
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:[41]
As thus, "Come, little ones;" and then again,
"It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye."
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison-walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,

That many have, and others must sit there ;[42]
And in this thought they find a kind of case,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person,[43] many people,
And none contented : sometimes am I king ;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am : then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king ;
Then am I king'd again : and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing :—but whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Music do I hear ? [*Music.*
Ha, ha ! keep time :—how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke and no proportion kept !
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder'd string ;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me ;
For now hath time made me his numbering clock :
My thoughts are minutes ; and, with sighs, they jar
Their watches on unto mine eye,[44] the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing it from tears.
Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is,[45]
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart.
Which is the bell : so sighs and tears and groans
Show minutes, times, and hours :—but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack-o'-the-clock.[46]
This music mads me ; let it sound no more ;
For though it have holp madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me !
For 'tis a sign of love ; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch[47] in this all-hating world.[48]

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how com'st thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog[49]
That brings me food to make misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.[50]
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,—
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!
K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary?[51] Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?
Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.
K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down—
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.[52]

Enter Keeper, *with a dish.*

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
[*To the* Groom.
K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.
Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.
[*Exit.*
Keep. My lord, will 't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.
Keep. My lord, I dare not. Sir Pierce of Exton,
Who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.
K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the* Keeper.
Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Sir PIERCE of Exton *and* Servants, *armed.*[53]

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching a weapon and killing a Servant.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another Servant. Then* EXTON *strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward here to die.[54] [*Dies.*
Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt;—O, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear:—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE *as* King, YORK, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;[55]
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is, I have to London sent[56]
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:[57]
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here. [*Presenting a paper.*
Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZ-WALTER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.
Boling. Thy pains, Fitz-walter, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, *with the* Bishop of CARLISLE.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;[58]
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.
Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:[59]—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.[60]

Enter Sir PIERCE of Exton, *with* Attendants *bearing a coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.
Boling. Exton, I thank thee not: for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head and all this famous land.
Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.[61]
Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,

Nor do I thee : though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour :
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,[62]
And never show thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow :
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent :
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand :—
March sadly after ; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fifth Act.

[1] *The Quay in front of the Tower.*

As the king was conveyed from Westminster to the Tower of London by water, the present scene must be laid on the platform now called the Tower Wharf, near the Traitor's Gate. We must suppose that he lands on those steps in the precincts of the Tower which are nearest to him in coming from Westminster, and which, as the old maps show, are close to the last outer wall. If he landed at this spot, he must walk along the platform towards the Traitor's Gate, and if the Queen be supposed to be waiting for him on that path, the conditions of the scene are well preserved, the large tower in the middle of the fortress, popularly called Julius Cæsar's tower, being visible from that part of the precincts.

According to Stow, in concluding his relation of the journey of the King and Bolingbroke to London, "when the Duke came within two miles of the Citie, the duke caused the hoste to stay, and then said to the commons of the Citie, My maisters, beholde here youre King; consider what yee will doe wyth him. They answered they woulde he should be ledde to Westminster, whereuppon he was delivered unto them, and they ledde him to Westminster, and from thence by water to the Tower of London." According to another account, in the MS. Ambassades, Richard was taken to the Tower from Westminster through the streets of London,—"The duke then sent for the king, who arrived with his face bathed in tears, and delivered him in charge to the mayor and commons of the city, who carried him to Westminster. Next day the king was carried through the city from Westminster on a sorry horse, with an open space around him, that all might see him, and lodged in the Tower. Some had pity of him, but others expressed great joy, abusing him, and saying,—Now are we avenged of this little bastard, who has governed us so ill."

[2] *To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower.*

The Tower of London was traditionally said to have been the work of Julius Cæsar. Old Stowe says, "it hath bene the common opinion, and some have written, but of none assured ground, that Julius Cæsar, the first Conqueror of the

Britaines, was the originall author and founder, as well thereof, as also of many other towers, castles, and great buildings within this realme. But, as I have already before noted, Cæsar remained not here so long, nor had he in his head any such matter, but onely to despatch a conquest of this barbarous countrey, and to proceed to greater matters. Neither doe the Romane writers make mention of any such buildings erected by him here." *Ill-erected* means erected for evil purposes, or, perhaps, inauspiciously erected.

That part of the Tower of London, which is reported to have been built by Julius Cæsar, is a very small portion of the present building; it stands nearest to the entrance, and is distinguished by the wardours, who attend occasional visitors, by the Black Tower.—*MS. circa* 1790.

[3] *My fair rose wither.*

The king Richard of Yngland
Wes in his flowris than regnand:—
Bot his flowris eftyr sone
Fadyt, and ware all undone.—*Wyntown's Cronykil.*

[4] *Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand.*

The Queen uses comparative terms absolutely. Instead of saying, *Thou who appearest* as the ground on which the magnificence of Troy was once erected, she says:—"Ah, thou the model, &c.—Thou map of honour;" thou *picture* of greatness.—*Johnson.*

Model, it has already been observed, is used by our author, for a thing made after a pattern. He is, I believe, singular in this use of the word. Thou ruined majesty, says the Queen, that *resemblest* the desolated waste where Troy once stood. So, before:—"Who was the *model* of thy father's life." In our author's Rape of Lucrece, sleep is called "the *map* of death."—*Malone.*

[5] *Thou most beauteous inn.*

The term *inn* was formerly applied to any house or lodging, and this seems to be the meaning in the present passage. An inn was originally a dwelling—a place of cover or protection. We have still the Inns of Court; Lord Braybrooke's seat in Essex, commonly called Audley-End, is, properly, Audley-Inn. When the queen opposes the term *alehouse* to *inn*, she certainly does not mean, as Monck Mason thinks, to discriminate between two classes of houses of entertainment, but between a public-house and a "beauteous mansion."—*Knight.*

Syre Simonde de Mountfort hath suorc bi ys chyn,
Hevede he nou here the erle of Waryn,
Shuld he never more come to is *yn*.—*Pol. Song.*

[6] *Join not with grief.*

Do not thou unite with grief against me; do not, by thy additional sorrows, enable grief to strike me down at once. My own part of sorrow I can bear, but thy affliction will immediately destroy me.—*Johnson.*

[7] *To think our former state a happy dream.*

Richard was now in his thirtieth year, and the queen in her eleventh, but there can be no doubt that Shakespeare intended to represent her as a mature woman, and it is necessary, for the sake of the play, that she should be so considered. There is, however, good evidence that Richard, notwithstanding her tender years, entertained a romantic affection for her. He espoused her in 1396, when she was only eight years old, and, according to Froissart, when he was told that "the lady was by far too young," he replied by saying, that "every day she

would encrease in age. In addition to this, he gave pleasantly his reasons for his preferring her, that since she was so young, he should educate her, and bring her up to his own mind, and to the manners of the English; and that for himself he was young enough to wait till she was of a proper age for his wife." Creton relates that when Richard was at Conway, he burst out into the following lamentations over his separation from Isabel,—"My mistress and my consort! accursed be the man, little doth he love us, who thus shamefully separateth us two. I am dying of grief because of it. My fair sister, my lady, and my sole desire. Since I am robbed of the pleasure of beholding thee, such pain and affliction oppresseth my whole heart, that oftentimes I am hard upon despair. Alas! Isabel, rightful daughter of France, you were wont to be my joy, my hope, and my consolation; I now plainly see that through the great violence of fortune, which hath slain many a man, I must wrongfully be removed from you. Whereat I often endure at heart so severe a pang that day and night I am in danger of bitter and certain death. And it is no wonder, considering my misfortune, who from such a height have fallen thus low, and lose my joy, my solace, and my consort. I plainly see too that no one maketh a secret of vexing and cheating me; alas! every one attacketh or hateth me: still praised be God in his holy heavens above. Thus spake the king, while his eyes wept piteously; for he could do no better at that time." It is scarcely necessary to observe that Richard never saw the queen after his departure for Ireland, and that the present scene is wholly imaginary.

[8] *I am sworn brother to grim necessity.*

I have reconciled myself to necessity, I am in a state of amity with the constraint which I have sustained. The expression—*sworn brother*, alludes to the *fratres jurati*, who, in the ages of adventure, bound themselves by mutual oaths to share fortunes together.—*Steevens.*

[9] *Tell thou the lamentable tale of me.*

Tale, ed. 1597; *fall*, ed. 1623, which latter reading has been considered one of Shakespeare's own emendations; but it was much more probably a misprint in the folio, 1623, which, in most respects, slavishly follows the text of the latest quarto before its time, that of 1615: the word there is *tale*, as it had been in the earlier editions in the same form, of 1597, 1598, and 1608.—*Collier.*

[10] *You must away to France.*

Shortly after King Henrie sent the Lady Isabell under the conducte of Lorde Thomas Piercy Earle of Worcester, in royall estate to Calice; she was accompanied with a great troupe of honourable personages, both men and women; and carried with her all the jewelles and plate which shee brought into England, with a great surple-sage of rich gifts.—*Hayward's Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[11] *For with a kiss 'twas made.*

A kiss appears to have been an established circumstance in our ancient nuptial ceremony. So, in Marston's Insatiate Countess, 1613, the Duke, on parting with his wife, says to her:—"The kiss thou gav'st me in the church, here take."—*Steevens.*

[12] *Better far off than near,—be ne'er the near.*

That is, be never the nearer. Richard says, we had better be far off than near, better be never nearer than France is to England. The expression, ne'er the near, is very common in our old writers. "So longe we may goo seeke—For that which is not farre,—Till ended be the week,—And we *never the narre*," MS. Cotton. Vespas.

A. xxv. "Of friends, of foes, behold my foule expence, and never the neere," Mirrour for Magistrates. "Poore men put up bils every day, and nothing the neere," Latimer's Sermons. "Much will be said, and ne'er a whit the near," Drayton. "Early up, and nere the neere," Scourge of Folly, 1611. "Far off, and ne'er the near," Fair Maid of the Exchange, 1625. "My friends if you will understand—My fortunes what they are—I once had cattle house and land—But now am *never the near*," old ballad.

> Though thow him seche thes seven yer,
> Thow worst that child *never the ner*.
> *Sir Beves of Hamtoun*, Auchinleck MS.

> Compel the hauke to sit, that is unmann'd,
> Or make the hound untaught to draw the deere,
> Or bring the free against his will in band,
> Or move the sad a pleasant tale to hear,
> Your time is lost, and *you are never the near*.
> *Churchyard's Legend of Shore's Wife*, 1578.

> But when I had perusde them over well,
> Was neare the nere in knowing thy intent.
> *The Forrest of Fancy*, 4to, Lond. 1579.

But what shall I doe? is it best that I goe to him, and taunt and take him up for his injurie? I shall give him shrewd words his fill. But one may say to me, thou shalt be *never the neare;* yes, very much; without doubt I shall anger him, and withall shall ease my owne minde.—*Terence in English*, 1614.

> Some to Yorkes Archbishop, and some to Hull,
> But had the twelve Apostles sure beene there
> My witnesses, I had beene *ne'r the neere*.
> And let me use all oathes that I could use,
> They still were harder of beliefe then Jewes.
> *The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet*, 1630.

Nay, quoth he, if he be not able to pay me when he is at liberty, he will never be able to pay me in prison, and therefore it were as good for me to forbear my money without troubling him, as to add more trouble to his grieved heart, and he never the near.—*Historie of Jack of Newbury*.

The men were no sooner kill'd but they started up alive again, and put him to new trouble; so that after he had sweat, and toil'd, and moil'd, and laid about him like another Sampson, the victory was never the nearer.—*The Pagan Prince*, 1690.

[13] *And kill thy heart.*

So, in our author's Venus and Adonis:—"they have *murder'd* this poor *heart* of mine." Again, in King Henry V., "—he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king hath *kill'd* his *heart*."—*Steevens.*

[14] *Langley.*

No place for this scene is given in the old editions, and the modern editors assign it to London, which seems inconsistent with the first speech of the Duchess. According to Holinshed, the Earl of Rutland had departed "*from* Westminster, to see his father, the duke of Yorke." It seems, therefore, most probable that the scene should be laid at Langley.

[15] *And his Duchess.*

The first wife of Edmund, Duke of York, was Isabella, the younger daughter

and co-heir of Peter, king of Castile and Leon, called the *Cruel*. He married her in 1372, and by her he had the Duke of Aumerle, and all his other children. In introducing her in the scene in the present play, our poet has departed more widely from history than he has done in making Richard's queen sustain the part he has assigned to her; for Isabella of France, who, as has been already observed, was a child in 1398, he has introduced as a woman; but the Duchess of York he has summoned from the grave, for she died in the year 1394, four or five years before the commencement of the present play. After her death, the Duke of York married Joan, daughter of John Holland, Earl of Kent, who survived him about thirty-four years, and had afterwards three other husbands.—*Malone.*

[16] *With painted imag'ry.*

This is perhaps in allusion to the painted cloths that were hung in the streets, in the pageants that were exhibited in his own time; in which the figures sometimes had labels issuing from their mouths, containing sentences of gratulation.—*Malone.*

[17] *As in a theatre, the eyes of men.*

I cannot leave this subject before I do justice to that divine poet, by giving you one of his passionate descriptions; 'tis of Richard the Second when he was depos'd, and led in triumph through the streets of London by Henry of Bullingbrook; the painting of it is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read any thing comparable to it, in any other language. Suppose you have seen already the fortunate usurper passing through the croud, and follow'd by the shouts and acclamations of the people; and now behold King Richard entring upon the scene; consider the wretchedness of his condition, and his carriage in it; and refrain from pitty if you can. To speak justly of this whole matter; 'tis neither height of thought that is discommended, nor pathetic vehemence, nor any nobleness of expression in its proper place; but 'tis a false measure of all these, something which is like 'em, and is not them; 'tis the Bristol-stone, which appears like a diamond; 'tis an extravagant thought, instead of a sublime one; 'tis roaring madness instead of vehemence; and a sound of words, instead of sence. If Shakespear were stript of all the bombast in his passions, and dress'd in the most vulgar words, we should find the beauties of his thoughts remaining; if his embroideries were burnt down, there would still be silver at the bottom of the melting-pot; but I fear (at least, let me fear it for myself) that we who ape his sounding words, have nothing of his thought, but are all out-side; there is not so much as a dwarf within our giants cloaths. Therefore, let not Shakespear suffer for our sakes; 'tis our fault, who succeed him in an age which is more refin'd, if we imitate him so ill, that we coppy his failings only, and make a virtue of that in our writings, which in his was an imperfection.—*Dryden's Preface to his Troilus and Cressida*, 1679.

Richard the Second his Life and Death; a tragedy, which is extreamly commended even by Mr. Dryden, in his Grounds of Criticisme in tragedy, printed before Troilus and Cressida: and Mr. Tate, who altered this play in 1681, says, that there are some master-touches in this play, that will vye with the best Roman poets. For the plot, consult the Chronicles of Harding, Caxton, Walsingham, Fabian, Pol. Virgil, Grafton, Hollingshead, Stow, Speed, &c.—*Langbaine*, 1691.

[18] *Aumerle that was.*

The Dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter, were, by an act of Henry's first parliament, deprived of their dukedoms, but were allowed to retain their earldoms of Rutland, Kent, and Huntingdon.—Holinshed, p. 513, 514.—*Steevens.*

[19] *What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom.*

The seals of deeds were formerly impressed on slips or labels of parchment appended to them. The Great Seal is applied in a similar manner at the present day.

[20] *No matter, then, who sees it.*

Shakespeare has taken his account of the disclosure of Rutland's conspiracy from Holinshed, but there seems to be strong grounds for believing that he betrayed his associates under pretence of an accidental discovery. According to an early MS. account,—"The Duke of Aumarle was dining that day with his father the Duke of York in London; and during dinner he put the letter relating to their design upon the table. 'What letter is that?' said the Duke of York. 'It is not for you, sir,' replied Aumarle, taking off his hat to his father. 'Shew it me,' said the Duke of York, 'I wish to see it.' Aumarle then gave it to him; and when he had seen the six seals and read the letter he broke out into bitter reproaches against his son; and, ordering his horses, set off to Windsor to inform King Henry of the plot. But Aumarle got the start of him, and was the first to communicate the intelligence, which Henry could hardly credit, till his uncle arrived with the sealed indentures." Creton's account is as follows,—"Thus stood the matter till the approach of Christmas, when the duke went to Windsor to be judge of the approaching tournament (*feste*). Then the Duke of Surrey and the Earl of Salisbury, who reckoned upon nothing but accomplishing their work, wrote a letter, which they sent to London by a person who was in the secret, to the Earl of Rutland, who was at that time Duke of Aumarle, beseeching him that he would be ready to come to them in person for the fulfilment of their purpose, and of the vows that they promised together; and that he would bring all his people with him, in order that if any should oppose them, they might slay them, or take and put them immediately to death. But when the Duke of Aumarle saw the summons and the contents of the letter, in which he was holden by his promise and faith that he pledged, he feigned a shew of great desire to set out with all haste to obey the message of the lords. Alas! he was not sincere. Never will there be his equal; for the letter of the lords he carried straight to the old duke his father, neither favoured he them at all. He also knew for certain that the duke his father neither loved them nor King Richard in the least, but was entirely bound by liege homage to the side of Duke Henry. And when he saw the language of the letter, and the whole manner of it, he maliciously spoiled the sport; and assembling many of his people said to them, 'Bring my son with all speed to the king, that he may relate to him the mischief that is designed against him. I think their business is a bad one.' The Duke of Aumarle quitted his father in such haste, that he alighted not till he came to Windsor, gave the letter to Duke Henry, and declared to him the whole affair. But the duke believed it not; till on the self-same day, in great haste came the mayor of London without stopping, who informed him anew of the whole matter from beginning to end. And when Duke Henry heard it, on no account would he abide there longer; to horse he went right soon; for fear that he should be overcome of his enemies upon that very day. He took the road to London where the mayor also with his people made diligent speed; but or ere they could reach London, those who greatly desired to put him to death were already in the castle of Windsor to accomplish their business. But when they knew that the duke was gone forth, they were sore troubled that they had not caught him, and that he had thus escaped."

[21] *Some bond that he is enter'd into.*

Instead of *that he is*, we have *he's* substituted in the editions of Pope, Theobald, and Hanmer,—those earlier editors allowing themselves such liberties with the text as their successors dare not take, even in passages which are most probably corrupted.—*Dyce.*

[22] *And interchangeably set down their hands.*

This devise was no sooner uttered, then allowed and applauded of the rest of the confederates; and so resolving upon the enterprize, they tooke an oath upon the Evangelistes, the one to be true and secret to the other, even to the houre and point of death: the Lords also made an indenture sextipartite wherein they bound themselves, to do their best assay, for the death of the one king and deliverance of the other; this they sealed and subscribed, and delivered to every Lord a counter-pane of the same: and further they concluded what forces should be gathered, by whom, how they should be ordered and placed, and to whose trust the execution should be committed.—*Hayward's Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[23] *Enquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there.*

Shakespeare seldom attended to chronology. The prince was at this time but twelve years old, for he was born in 1388, and the conspiracy on which the present scene is formed, was discovered in the beginning of the year 1400.—He scarcely frequented taverns or stews at so early an age. He afterwards highly distinguished himself at the battle of Shrewsbury, in 1403, when he was but fifteen. The period of his dissipation was afterwards, probably between the year 1405 and 1409, that is, between the age of seventeen and twenty-one.—*Malone.*

[24] *He would unto the stews.*

Thomas Elmham, prior of Lenton, who was contemporary with Henry the Fifth, and wrote a long account of his life, thus speaks of him in his early days,—"Pro *tempore juventutis lasciviæ æmulator assiduus*, instrumentis organicis plurimum deditus, laxo pudicitiæ freno, licet Martis tamen Veneris milicia ferventer militans, ipsius facibus juveniliter æstuabat, aliis quoque insolentiis, ætatis indomitæ tempora concomitantibus, inter proba gesta militaria vacare solebat."

[25] *And wear it as a favour.*

While the spirit of chivalry lasted, the *glove* of a lady worn in the helmet, as a favour, was a very honourable token; and much of the wearer's success was supposed to be derived from the virtue of the lady; whence this boast of Henry of Monmouth. At the battle of Agincourt, according to Drayton, all the noble youth were distinguished by such tokens:—

One wore his mistress' garter, one her *glove*,—And he a lock of his dear lady's hair,
And he her colours whom he most did love;—There was not one but did some favour wear.

We have, indeed, the same account in sober history:—"One part had their plumes at whyt, another hadde them at redde, and the thyrde had them of several colours. One ware on his headpiece his ladies sleve, and another bare on hys helme the *glove* of his dearlynge," Hall's Chronicle.—*Nares.*

During the middle ages they were frequently attached to the knightly helmet in the tournament; a custom alluded to by Marlow, in his Edward II, 1599:—"Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,—Where women's favors hung like labels down."

So, in Promos and Cassandra, 1578, Lamia, the strumpet, says:—

Who loves me once is lymed to my heast,
My colour some, and some shall wear my *glove*.

Again, in the Shoemaker's Holiday, or Gentle Craft, 1600:—

Or shall I undertake some martial sport
Wearing your *glove* at turney or at tilt,
And tell how many gallants I unhors'd?—*Steevens.*

[26] *I see some sparks of better hope.*

So the quarto, 1597. The quarto of 1598 alters "sparks" to *sparkles*, which error the two quartos of 1608 and 1615 adopt. The folio, 1623, returns to "sparks." Bolingbroke afterwards speaks of "*sparks* of honour." The usual modern reading is,—"*I see some* sparkles *of* a *better hope*."—*Collier.*

[27] *If on the first.*

So the old copies. "If your fault stand only on intention." Pope and the subsequent editors read *but*, which affords an easy sense; but it is very unlikely that a compositor should print *on* for *but*.—*Malone.*

[28] *Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain.*

Sheer is, pellucid, transparent. Some of the modern editors arbitrarily read *clear*. So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. ii.:—"Who having viewed in a fountain *shere*—Her face," &c. Again, in b. iii. c. xi.:—"That she at last came to a fountain *shere*." Again, in the fourth book of Golding's translation of Ovid's Metamorphosis, 1587:—"The water was so pure and *sheere*," &c. Transparent muslin is still called *sheer* muslin.—*Steevens.*

[29] *Thy overflow of good converts to bad.*

Theobald reads, *the bad*, that is, so alters, and alleviates, the heinousness of thy son's trespass, that I forgive it on the score of thy superabundant goodness.—*Theobald.*

The old reading—*converts to bad*, is right, I believe, though Theobald did not understand it. "The overflow of good *in thee* is turned to bad *in thy son;* and that same abundant goodness *in thee* shall excuse *his* transgression."—*Tyrwhitt.*

[30] *The Beggar and the King.*

Alluding most probably to the ballad of King Cophetua, which we have already noticed. It is alluded to, in nearly the same terms, in Cynthia's Revenge, 1613,—

Provoke thy sharpe Melpomene to sing
The story of a Beggar and the King.

The ballad referred to was generally entitled, King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid; and is printed in Rich. Johnson's Crown Garland of Goulden Roses, 1612, where it is entitled, simply, A Song of a Beggar and a King.

[31] *What dost thou make here?*

In some editions, *make* is improperly altered to *do*. The expression, though now obsolete, frequently occurs in these plays. So, in the Merry Wives of Windsor:—"What *make* you here?" Again, in Othello:—"Ancient, what *makes* he here."—*Malone.*

[32] *For ever will I walk upon my knees.*

Walk, eds. 1597, 1598, 1608, 1615; *kneel*, ed. 1623. In our author's time

it was common, in speaking of a loquacious person, to say, "his tongue *walks* fast." See also the 128th Sonnet:

> ————They would change their state
> And situation with those dancing chips,
> O'er whom thy fingers *walk* with gentle gait.

The present metaphor is surely not more violent; it gives indeed a spirit and force to the line which is destroyed by the other phrase; to which it is a sufficient objection to ask, on what but her *knees* could the Duchess *kneel?* By saying that she will for ever *walk* upon her knees, she means she will never rise more, and ever move from place to place on her knees, till the king has granted her request. The tautological expression obtained by adopting the reading of the folio is not in itself objectionable, and indeed occurs shortly afterwards,—"our knees shall kneel." In the Communion Service we have "meekly kneeling on your knees."

The verb *walk* was, however, formerly used with great license. "And so finding my *hand* unable to *walk* any farther, I take my leave of your good lordship," Letter from lord Burghley to lord Essex. Again, in Fennor's Compter's Commonwealth, 1618: "The keeper admiring that he could not hear his prisoner's tongue *walk* all this while, &c."

[33] *Pleads he in earnest?*

Nay, so close is the connection between certain sentiments and the proper manner of pronouncing them, that he who does not pronounce them after that manner, can never persuade us that he believes, or feels, the sentiments themselves. His delivery may be such as to give the lie to all that he asserts. When Marcus Callidius accused one of an attempt to poison him, but enforced his accusation in a languid manner, and without any warmth or earnestness of delivery, Cicero, who pleaded for the accused person, improved this into an argument of the falsity of the charge, "An tu, M. Callidi, nisi fingeres, sic ageres?"—*Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric.*

[34] *The chopping French we do not understand.*

Chopping, I believe, here means *jabbering*, talking flippantly a language unintelligible to Englishmen. I do not remember to have met the word, in this sense, in any other place. In the universities they talk of *chopping* logic; and our author, in Romeo and Juliet, has the same phrase:—"How now! how now! *chop logic?*"—*Malone.*

Chopping means *changing;* it is commonly used in speaking of exchanging things by way of barter, but in vulgar discourse it is very usually applied to the wind: when the wind suddenly blows from an opposite quarter, it is said to have *chopped* about; and in this sense the Duchess of York may apply the word to the French expression of *Pardonnez moi*, which gives a directly opposite meaning to the English word pardon, in the way she wishes the king to speak it.—*Pye.*

"Such *chopping* cheare as we have made," Conflict of Conscience, 1581. "One caveat, good reader, and then God speed thee. Let me intreat thee, not to give my booke the chopping censure. A word old enough, yet would have a comment. Do not open it at a ventures, and by reading the broken pieces of two or three lines, judge it. But read it through, and then I beg no pardon, if thou dislikest it," Adams' Devills Banket Described, 1614.

[35] *Our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot.*

So the quartos: the folio reads "our trusty brother-in-law, the abbot." The abbot of Westminster was not brother-in-law to the king, but the duke of Exeter,

who had married with the lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, sister of Henry Bolingbroke.

[36] *Hounslow Heath.*

The present short scene is generally laid at Windsor, but the new king had left that place, almost immediately after the breaking out of the rebellion, and gone to the metropolis, after which, says, Holinshed, "issuing out of London with twentie thousand men, came streight to Hunslo heath, and there pitched his campe to abide the comming of his enimies." The words supposed to have been spoken by the king would be more natural and significant if uttered at that time, than afterwards, when the rebellion was suppressed. The time, also, is consistent with the facts of the next scene, for it would take some days for Exton to go to Pomfret, and make preparations, added to which, it seems, from a speech of the keeper, that he was some little while at Pomfret before the commission of the murder.

[37] *Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear.*

The most current report at that time went, that hee was princely served every day at the table, with aboundance of costly meates, according to the order prescribed by Parlament, but was not suffered to tast or touche any one of them; and, so perished of famine; being tormented with the presence of that, whereof he dyed for want, but such horrible and unnaturall cruelty, both against a King and a kinseman, should not proceed from King Henry (me thinke) a man of a moderate and milde disposition, nor yet from any other minde which is not altogether both savage in humanitie, and in religion prophane. One wrighter who would seeme to have the perfect intelligence of these affayres, maketh report, that King Henry sitting at his table sad and pensive, with a deepe sigh brake foorth into these wordes; Have I no faithfull friend that wil deliver me of him, whose life wil breed destruction to me and disturbance to the realme, and whose death will bee a safetie and quiet to both? for how can I be free from feare, so long as the cause of my daunger doth continue? and what securitie, what hope shall we have of peace unlesse the seed of sedition be utterly rooted out?—*Hayward's Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

He knew this time, and yet he would not seeme
Too quicke to wrath, as if affecting bloud;
But yet complaines so far, that men might deeme
He would twere done, and that he thought it good;
And wisht that some would so his life esteeme,
As rid him of these feares wherein he stood.
Daniel's Civill Wars of England, 4to. Lond, 1599.

Send to your father eke, he shall appease
Your kindled minds, and rid you of this feare.
The Tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex.

[38] *He wistly look'd on me.*

Wishtly, eds. 1597, 1598; *wistly*, later eds. The latter word is common in the sense of, earnestly, with eager attention, from *wist*. "And thus environed with troupes of armed souldiors and gowned citizens, conveyed hee was along as in battaile ray, having the eyes of all men fastened *wistly* upon him, not onely with an earnest looke, but also with much admiration," Ammianus Marcellinus, tr. Holland, 1609.

When Sir Richard Nepier M.D. of London, was upon the road coming from Bedfordshire the chamberlain of the inn shewed him his chamber, the doctor saw

a dead man lying upon the bed; he look'd more *wistly* and saw it was himself. He was then well enough in health. He goes forward in his journey—to Mr. Steward's in Berkshire, and there died. This account I have in a letter from Elias Ashmole Esquire.—*Aubrey's Miscellanies*, p. 91.

> And therewith eies a knight, that then was by,
> Who soone could learne his lesson by his eie.
> The man he knew was one that willingly
> For one good looke would hazard soule and all,
> An instrument for any villanie,
> That needed no commission more at all:
> A great ease to the king that should hereby
> Not need in this a course of justice call,
> Nor seeme to wil the act, for though what's wrought
> Were his own deed, he grieves should so be thought.
> *Daniel's Civill Wars of England*, 4to. Lond. 1599.

[39] *And will rid his foe.*

To *rid* and to *dispatch* were formerly synonymous, as may be seen in the old dictionaries, "To *ridde* or *dispatche* himself of any man."—"To *dispatche* or *ridde* one quickly." Vide Baret's Alvearie, 1576, in Ridde and Dispatche. So in King Henry VI. Part II.—"As deathsmen you have *rid* this sweet young prince." —*Singer.*

[40] *People this little world.*

That is, his own frame,—"the state of man;" which in our author's Julius Cæsar is said to be "like a little kingdom." So also, in his Lover's Complaint: —"Storming my *world* with sorrow's wind and rain." Again, in King Lear:— "Strives in this *little world* of man to outscorn—The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain."—*Malone.*

Shakespeare here uses the philosophy which is thus described by Raleigh:— "Because in the little frame of man's body there is a representation of the universal, and (by allusion) a kind of participation of all the parts there, therefore was man called *microcosmos*, or the little world," History of the World.—*Knight.*

[41] *The word itself against the word.*

By the word, I suppose, is meant, the *holy word.* The folio reads:—"—the *faith* itself—Against the *faith.*" The reading of the text is that of the first quarto, 1597.—*Steevens.*

Thy word, eds. 1598, 1608, 1615. The quarto of 1597 reads—"The word itself against the word;" which is, perhaps, better taken singly. But in the third scene of this act the duchess uses precisely the same expression; and the sense of *the word* there being altogether different, the change was, we think, judicious.— *Collier.*

[42] *That many have, and others must sit there.*

That is, many have sat, &c. This sort of excuse is in great vogue with English rustics, when in any kind of disgrace. A Warwickshire newspaper, a few years ago, contained the following notice of the stocks at Stratford-on-Avon,— "The inhabitants of this quiet little town have been much amused by the revival of this old mode of punishment. One day last week three fellows were placed in the stocks for being drunk and disorderly on the previous Sunday, and for refusing to pay the fine. About a fortnight ago a fellow was doing penance for a similar offence, and was asked by a passer by how he liked it. His reply was—I beant the first mon as ever were in the stocks, so I don't care a fardin about it."

[43] *Thus play I, in one person.*

Alluding, perhaps, to the necessities of our early theatres. The title-pages of some of our Moralities show that three or four characters were frequently represented by *one person*. Thus the first quarto 1597. All the subsequent old copies have—*prison.—Malone.*

[44] *They jar their watches on unto mine eye.*

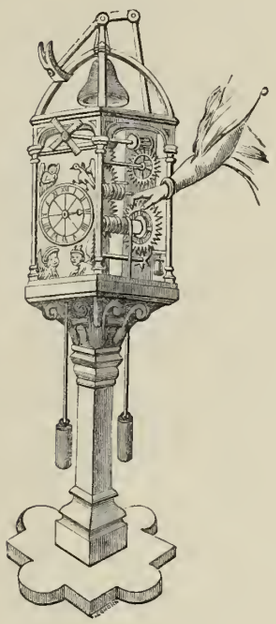
There is a confusion of singulars and plurals in the original text of this speech, which is a licence of frequent occurrence in works of the Shakespearian period. His thoughts are compared to minutes, which the sighs or seconds tick on in progress along the circular marked rim of the dial, which is compared to his eye, the index being his finger, which removes the tears as it sweeps round the dial. The term *watch* in this line first signifies a short interval of time, and secondly, the face of the clock. The outward watch is the outside of the watch or dial, as the outward man, in common parlance, is the exterior of the man. "Their watches on unto," early quartos, with the exception of *their* being altered to *there* in ed. 1615. In ed. 1632, *on unto* is altered to *to*. The annexed engraving represents one of the earliest table-clocks preserved in this country. The following are the notes of the commentators;—

Dr. Johnson proposed to read,—"My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar—Their watches on; mine eyes the outward watch,—Whereto," &c. The *outward watch*, as I am informed, but on doubtful information, was the moveable figure of a man habited like a watchman, with a pole and lantern in his hand. The figure had the word *watch* written on its forehead; and was placed above the dial-plate. Such a figure appears to have been alluded to in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour: "—he looks like one of these *motions* in a great antique clock," &c. A *motion* anciently signified a *puppet*. Again, in his Sejanus:—"Observe him, as his *watch* observes his *clock*." Again, in Churchyard's Charitie, 1595:—"The clocke will strike in haste, I heare the *watch*—That sounds the bell." The same thought also occurs in Greene's Perimedes, 1588:—"Disquiet thoughts the minuts of her *watch*." To *jar* is, I believe, to make that noise which is called *ticking*. So, in the Winter's Tale: "—— I love thee not a *jar* o' the clock behind," &c. Again, in the Spanish Tragedy: "—— the minutes *jarring*, the clock striking."—*Steevens.*

There appears to be no reason for supposing with Dr. Johnson, that this passage is corrupt. It should be recollected that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time; by the libration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these, the King, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the jarring of the pendulum, which at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial or outward-watch, to which the King compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, or, to use an expression of Milton, *minute drops:* his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the *dial's point:* his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour. In King Henry IV. Part ii, *tears* are used in a similar manner:—

But Harry lives that shall convert those *tears*
By number into *hours* of happiness.—*Henley.*

This fanciful passage has been found very difficult. The meaning appears to be as follows: "Time has now converted me into a clock for numbering the lapse of his hours. My thoughts are minutes; and the sighs they produce *jar on their watches*, i.e. *tick their sounds* to my eyes, which are *the outward watch* or dial whereto my finger is ever pointing." The metaphor is forced and bad, but I do not think the passage is corrupt.—*Harness.*

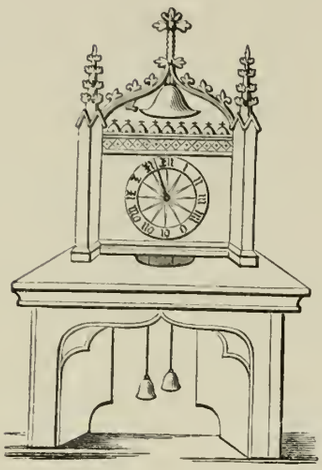


It is somewhat difficult to follow this reading. Richard says Time has made him a numbering clock. A clock and a watch were formerly the same instruments; a clock so called because it clicketh—a watch so called because it marks the *watches*, the ancient divisions of the day. Comparing, then, himself to such an instrument, he says, his thoughts jar—that is, tick their watches on (unto) his eyes, which are the outward part of the instrument—the dial-plate on which the hours are numbered,—whereto his finger, the dial's point, is pointing.—*Knight.*

[45] *Now, sir, the sound.*

"Now, *sir*," is merely one of those improprieties in soliloquy, of which not a few examples might be collected from our early dramatists: so in Chapman's Humorous Dayes Myrth, 1599, while Florila is alone on the stage, her husband enters behind, unseen by her, and commences a soliloquy thus: "Yea, mary, *sir*, now I must looke about: now if her desolate (dissolute) proover come againe, shal I admit him to make farther triall?" and in Middleton's A Mad World, my

Masters, Sir Bounteous, who is the only person on the stage, observes, "An old man's venery is very chargeable, *my masters;* there's much cookery belongs to't." To these instances the following may be added: in Fletcher's Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed, Petruchio says, *while solus*, —"'Tis hard dealing,—Very hard dealing, *gentlemen*, strange dealing!" and in his Wild-Goose Chase, Pinac says, *while alone*,—"*You* talk of travels; here's a curious country!"—*Dyce.*



"Which is the bell."—The bells of ancient clocks were conspicuous portions of them, as in the three examples here given, taken from illuminated manuscripts of the fifteenth century. See the two engravings on the previous page, and the annexed specimen, the last taken from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, dated 1450. The second one represents Temperance standing on a windmill, with a portable clock on her head.

[46] *His Jack-o'-the-clock.*

Alluding to an automaton formerly attached to some clocks, that struck the hours. Two of these were not many years ago remaining in St. Dunstan's church in Fleet Street, and are amongst my own earliest remembrances of London about 1830. They are now preserved at St. Dunstan's in the Regent's Park, the residence of Henry Hucks Gibbs, Esq., to whose liberality I am indebted for the annexed engraving of them. They are alluded to in the Walk through London and Westminster, 1690,—

> Two savages arm'd with battoons,—On bells, make here alternate sounds,
> T' express the power of art sublime,—And shew us how we waste our time,
> Daily, by this we teach our eyes,—Or ears, the proper time to rise;
> And as much stands us too in stead:—Instruct us when to go to bed.

These automatons were called *Jacks* of the clock-house, because *Jack* in our author's time was a common appellation for a mean, contemptible fellow, employed by others in servile offices. Richard resembles Buckingham to one of those automatons, and bids him not suspend the stroke on the clock-bell, but strike, that the hour may be past, and himself be at liberty to pursue his meditations.—*Hawkins.*

So, in the Fleire, a comedy, 1610:—"their tongues are, like *a Jack o' the clock*, still in labour." Again, in the Puritan,—"Why, do you take us to be *jacks o' the clock house?*" Again, in the Coxcomb, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— Is this your *Jack o' the clock*-house?—Will you *strike*, sir?" Again, in a pamphlet by Decker, called the Guls Hornbook, 1609: "— but howsoever, if Powles *Jacks* be once up with their elbowes, and quarrelling to strike eleven, as soon as ever the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the duke's gallery conteyne you any longer." By the above it appears that the *jacks* at St. Paul's struck only the quarters.—*Steevens.*

In Lantern and Candle-light, or the Bellman's Second Night-walk, by Decker, is a passage "of a new and cunning drawing of money from gentlemen," which may tend to a somewhat different explanation of the word—*strike*: "There is another fraternitie of wandring pilgrims, who merrily call themselves *Jackes of the clock-house.* The *jacke of a clock house* goes upon screws, and his office is to do nothing but *strike*: so does this noise (for they walke up and down like fidlers) travaile with motions, and whatever their motions get them, is called *striking.*" "He scrapes you just such a leg, in answering you, as *jack o' th' clock-house* agoing about to strike," Flecknoe's Ænigmat. Char. p. 76. Cotgrave, in the artiele Fretillon, introduees it as a general term for a diminutive or paltry fellow:—"A little nimble dwarfe or hop-on-my-thumbe; a *jacke of the clock-house;* a little busie-body, medler, jack-stickler; one that has an oare in every man's boat, or his hand in every man's dish."

[47] *Is a strange brooch.*

That is, is as strange and uncommon as a *brooch* which is now no longer worn. So, in All's Well that Ends Well: "Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion, richly suited, but unsuitable; just like the *brooch* and the toothpick, which *wear not now.*" Mason asserted that a *brooch* meant a jewel *in general;* but there is no foundation for this assertion. A *brooch*, being usually ornamented with some gem, was considered and denominated a jewel; but no jewel could be denominated a *brooch*, unless it were appended to that particular pin from which the name is derived.—*Malone.* The annexed engraving represents a "strange brooch" of the fifteenth century.

That the word *brooch* was applied to a partieular kind of ornament is eertain; but it also signifies a jewel in general; and it appears to me that Richard means to say that love to him was a strange jewel, a rich jewel out of plaee, in an all-hating world, without any referenee to the fashion of wearing brooches.—*Mason.*

There is, I believe, no allusion here to brooches being "out of fashion." The word "sign" in the preeeding line probably suggested the expression "a strange *brooch:*" "it is a *sign* of love; and love to Richard is, amid so much hatred, a strange feeling for any one to *display*,—as he would a brooch or ornament." I may add that "brooch" (about the precise meaning of which Malone squabbled with Mason) was not unfrequently used metaphorically for, *ornament.* "These sonnes of Mars, who in their times were the glorious *brooches* of our nation, and admirable terrour to our enemies," World Runnes on Wheeles,—Taylor's Workes, p. 237, ed. 1630.—*Dyce.*

Brooch is altered to *gift* in an annotated copy of the seeond folio.

[48] *In this all-hating world.*

The sense is, And love to Richard reduced to the lowest ebb of ill fortune is a strange ornament indeed to make its appearanee in a world, made up of nothing

but malevolence and malice. Warburton instructs us to read, *fall-hating world*, which he interprets, "a world that shuns and avoids those that are fallen." But this is a sense which the word, though coined for that very purpose, will not bear. If it means any thing, it means, a world which hath an aversion to falling, or to a change of fortune for the worse.—*Heath.*

Johnson supposes, that by an *all-hating* world, Richard means a world in which he was universally hated; but I think he rather means a world in which the spirit of hatred was prevalent.—*Mason.*

[49] *But that sad dog.*

It should be remembered that the word *sad* was, in the time of our author, used for *grave*. The expression will then be the same as if he had said, *that grave, that gloomy villain.* So, in Holinshed, p. 730: "With that, the recorder called Fitzwilliam, a *sad man*, and an honest," &c.—*Steevens.*

The phrase, "sad dog," is intended to be used in contempt, but if any association of the comic or ridiculous kind hath accrued to it from the use made of it by later comedians, that surely can be no reason why it may not have been more seriously employed by Shakespeare.—*Heath.*

[50] *My sometimes royal master's face.*

Sometimes was used for *formerly*, as well as *sometime*, which the modern editors have substituted. So, in Speed's History of Great Britaine, 1611:—"A catalogue of the religious houses, &c. *sometimes* in England and Wales."—*Malone.*

[51] *Rode he on Barbary?*

This story of Roan Barbary might have been of Shakespeare's own invention. Froissart, however, relates a yet more silly tale concerning a favourite greyhound of King Richard's, "who was wont to lepe upon the King, but left the King and came to the erle of Derby duke of Lancastre, and made to hym the same frendly countinaunce and chere as he was wonte to do to the King," &c.—*Steevens.*

[52] *By jauncing Bolingbroke.*

The verb *jounce*, to bounce, thump, and jolt, as rough riders are wont to do, is still in use in the provinces. "*Jancer un cheval*, to stirre a horse in the stable till hee sweat withall, or, as our, to jaunt," Cotgrave. In some of the early editions of Romeo and Juliet, *jaunt* is written *jaunce*, so that the two words were formerly synonymous.

[53] *Enter Exton, and Servants, armed.*

Upon this speech a certaine Knight called Sir Pierce of Extone, presently parted from the Court, accompanyed with eight tall men, and came to Pomfrete, and there commaunded that the esquire who was accustomed to sewe, and take the assay before King Richard, should no more use that manner of service: and let him (quoth he) now eate wel, for he shall not eate long. King Richard sate downe to dinner, and was served without courtesie or assaye, whereat he merveyled, and demaunded of the esquire, why he did not his duty? the esquire answered, that he was otherwise commaunded by Sir Pierce of Extone, who was latelye come from King Henry. The King being somewhat mooved at his acte and answere, tooke the carving-knife in his hand, and strucke the esquire therewith lightly on the head, saying, the devill take Henrie of Lancaster and thee together: with that Sir Pierce entred the chamber, with eight men in harneys, every one having a byll in his hand; whereupon King Richard, perceiving their drift and his owne daunger, put the table from him, and stepping stoutly to the formost

Notices of Richard the Second, and other Plays, from the original Entries on the Registers of the Stationers Company

1596 Anno 38 Elizabeth
Vto die Augusti

Edward White. Entred for his copie under the wardens hands these two ballads followinge viz
The one intituled. A newe ballad of Romeo and Juliett } vjd

29 Augusti. (1597)

Andrew Wise. Entred for his copie by appoyntmt from Mr Warden man, the Tragedye of Richard the Second } vjd

(1606) 22. Januar.

Mr Linge. Entred for his copies by direccion of a Court and wth consent of Mr Burby under his handwrytinge these iij copies. viz. Romeo & Juliett. Loves Labour Loste. The taminge of a Shrewe } xvjd R

20 May (1608.)

Edw. Blount. Entred for his copie under thandle of Sr Geo. Buck knight & mrs Warden Sotona booke called. The booke of Pericles prynce of } vjd R

Edw. Blount Entred also for his copie by the like Auctoritie. A booke called. Anthony & Cleopatra } vjd R

Ashbee & Dangerfield, Fac sim.
22 Bedford Street Covent Garden.

To face p 218

man, wrested the bill out of his hand, wherewith (although unarmed and alone) he manfully defended himselfe a good space, and slew foure of his assaylants. Sir Pierce lept to the chaire where King Richard was wont to sit, whilest the rest chased him about the chamber. At the last being forced towards the place where Sir Pierce was, he with a stroake of his pollax felled him to the ground, and forthwith he was miserable rid out of his miserable life. It is saide that at the pointe of his death, hee gathered some spirit, and with a fainte and feeble voice, groaned foorth these wordes, My great grandfather, King Edward the second, was in this manner deposed, imprisoned and murthered; by which meanes my grandfather King Edward the third obteyned possession of the crowne; and now is the punishment of that injurie powred upon his next successour. Well this is right for mee to suffer, but not for you to doe; your King for a time may joye at my death, and enjoy his desire; but let him qualifie his pleasures with expectation of the like justice; for God who measureth all our actions by the malice of our mindes, will not suffer this violence unrevenged. Whether these words proceeded from a distempered desire, or from the judgement of his foresight, they were not altogether idle and vaine. For Sir Pierce expecting great favor and rewards for his ungracious service, was frustrated of both, and not onely missed that countenance for which he hoped, but lost that which before he had, so odious are vices even where they are profitable.—*Hayward's Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[54] *Here to die.*

Creton, after relating the failure of the attempt to restore Richard to the throne by the conspiracy of January, 1400, observes,—"Soon after they made good King Richard acquainted with the whole truth of this melancholy business, which was piteous for him to hear; and it was no great wonder (that it should be so). Then he wept and said, "Make ready, death, and assault me; no one can aid me more, since I have lost my friends. Gracious Lord, who wast crucified, deign to have mercy on me, for I can live thus no longer." Then was the king so vexed at heart by this evil news, that he neither ate nor drank from that hour: and thus, as they say, it came to pass that he died. But, indeed, I do not believe it; for some declare for certain that he is still alive and well, shut up in their prison;—it is a great error in them;—although they caused a dead man to be openly carried through the city of London in such pomp and ceremony as becometh a deceased king, saying that it was the body of the deceased King Richard. Duke Henry there made a shew of mourning, holding the pall after him, followed by all those of his blood in fair array, without regarding him, or the evils that they had done unto him. This will be a great burden to them before God at the latter day, when he will sentence the wicked to the everlasting flame of hell. Thus, as you shall hear, did they carry the dead body to Saint Paul's in London, honourably and as of right appertaineth to a king. But I certainly do not believe that it was the old king; but I think it was Maudelain, his chaplain, who in face, size, height, and make, so exactly resembled him, that every one firmly thought it was good King Richard. And if it were he, morn and night I heartily make my prayer to the merciful and holy God, that he will take his soul to heaven, for, in my opinion, he hated all manner of blame, and every vice. Never did I see anything in him save catholic faith and justice."

This account is curious, but the notion of the body being that of Maudelain is extremely improbable. Creton's narrative is supported by Gower, in his Latin poem on the deposition of Richard the Second in the Cotton MSS.,—

Semper enim plorat; semper de sorte laborat
Qua cadit; et tales meminit periisse sodales.

Solam deposcit mortem, nec vivere possit
Amplius est; et ita moriens sua pompa sopita.

According to a curious MS. in the Imperial Library at Paris, 10212, when he heard of the execution of his friends, he was so much afflicted that he took an oath that he would never more taste any food; and so he remained four days without eating; on which Henry sent certain prelates to comfort him, and persuade him to eat. He confessed himself to one of them, who enjoined him to take food; but when he attempted to swallow, he was unable to do it, and so he died.

Another account relates that he was starved by his keepers. "A cibo et potu per quatuor aut quinque dies restrictus famis inedia exspiravit," Cronicon. Harl. MSS. 4323, p. 68. In the Chronicle of Godstow, subjoined by Hearne to his edition of Roper's Life of More, the words are "tandem a cibo et potu per quatuor vel quinque dies restrictus famis inedia expiravit." In the letter of defiance which the Percys sent to King Henry in the field, immediately before the battle of Shrewsbury, Henry is charged with having caused Richard to perish from hunger, thirst, and cold, after fifteen days and nights of sufferings unheard of among Christians. They expressly charge him with having "carried his sovereign lord traiterously within the castell of Pomfret, without his consent or the judgement of the lordes of the realm,—by the space of fiftene daies and so many nightes, (which is horrible among christian people to be heard,) *with hunger, thirst, and cold*, to perishe." The more elaborate and detailed articles put forth against Henry, at a subsequent period, by Archbishop Scroop, repeat the charge, in different words, but to the same effect.

Compare also the 1480 edition of Caxton's Chronicle,—"And than anon dyed King Richard in the Castle of Pountfret in the North Contre. In ther he was enfamyned unto the dethe by his kepar, for he was kept ther four or five dayes from mete or drynke. And so he made his ende in this worlde, yet moche peple in Englond, and in other landes, sayd that he was alive many yere after his death; but whether he were alive or dede forth they held their fals oppynyons and byleve that men hadden in moche which come to grete meschyef and foule dethe." Sir John Fortescue (as quoted by Stow, from a work which Malone supposes to be somewhere existing in MS.) says, that "King Richard was imprisoned in Pomfret Castle, where xv. days and nights they vexed him with continuall hunger, thirst, and cold, and finally bereft him of his life with such a kinde of death as was never before that time knowne in England." This passage, however, seems to be only a literal translation from Archbishop Scroop's manifesto.

The account of Richard's death, adopted by Shakespeare from Holinshed, is found in an early MS. at Paris, in Caxton's additions to Hygden, in Fabyan, Hall, Hayward, and others. Holinshed erroneously cites Walsingham for this version of the story, but that chronicler attributes the King's death to grief and voluntary abstinence. He relates that when Richard, in his confinement at Pontefract Castle, heard of the disasters which had frustrated the attempts of his friends to restore him, he voluntarily starved himself, as it was reported, and expired on Saint Valentine's day. His body was removed to the Tower, and publicly shewn; after which, the King and the citizens of London celebrated his Requiem in St. Paul's Cathedral. The funeral took place at Langley, under the direction of the Bishop of Chester and the Abbots of St. Alban's and Walsingham; but the customary hospitalities to those who assisted in the ceremony appear to have been omitted; for Walsingham says that, when their labour was ended, there was nobody who would invite them to dinner. This account, in its material points, is confirmed by three writers of those times, namely, by Thomas Otterbourne, by

the Monk of Evesham who wrote the Life of Richard which Hearne has edited, and by the continuator of the Chronicle of Croyland. The latter author asserts that the King refused food for five days and nights. According to Fabyan, Richard was murdered by eight armed men, "four of whom he slew with his own hand." In the year 1634, a pillar was still shown in the room which was supposed to have been the prison of Richard, in Pomfret Castle, which was hacked with the blows of the murderers, as the king fled round it from them.

Some years ago, when the tomb of Richard in Westminster Abbey was accidentally laid open, and the skull having been examined, "there did not appear upon it," to use the language of an eye-witness, "any such marks of a blow or wound upon it as could at all warrant the commonly-received history of this wretched King's unhappy end. A small cleft, that was visible on one side, appeared, on close inspection, to be merely the opening of a suture from length of time and decay, and was, besides, in such a part of the head, that it must have been visible when the visage was exposed, had it been the consequence of a wound given by a battle-axe, it being at the top of what the anatomists call the *os temporis*." The corpse had been publicly exposed soon after the death. Otterbourne, who was living at the time, says that that part of it was uncovered by which it might be known; that is to say, the face from the lower part of the forehead to the throat. Froissart says that more than twenty thousand persons came to see the King, who lay in the litter, his head on a black cushion, and his face uncovered. Hardyng the chronicler was one of these spectators,—

> Sone after so the Kyng Richerde that dede
> And brought to Poules with grete solempnyte.
> Men sayde he was forhungred, and lapte in lede,
> Bot that his masse was done and dyrige,
> In herse Rial, *his corse lay there I se.*

Notwithstanding this exposure, the story afterwards prevailed, and is related by Hector Boece, that Richard escaped to Scotland, where he lived a religious life, and was buried at Stirling. The probability is that the real history of Richard's death will never be unravelled. Froissart, who was ever eager in the pursuit of information, candidly confesses that, at the time when he wrote his Chronicle, he "could not learn the particulars of Richard's death, nor how it happened." In the preparation of this note, use has been made of Webb's researches on the subject.

[55] *Our town of Cicester in Glostershire.*

Circester or Cirencester, generally pronounced Cicester, and hence corrupted by Hayward into Chichester. "From Windsor they withdrew to Cirencester, a town hard by, where they had a very great quantity of their men at arms, all most desirous to restore to possession King Richard, who, so long as he lived, ought in reason to be king. They caused their people to be put into good order for service. They had many archers with them. They said that good King Richard had left his prison, and was there with them. And to make this the more credible, they had brought a chaplain, who so exactly resembled good King Richard in face and person, in form and in speech, that every one who saw him certified and declared that he was the old king. He was called Maudelain. Many a time have I seen him in Ireland riding through the country with King Richard his master. I have not for a long time seen a fairer priest."—*Creton.*

At the last they came to Chichester, and there the Lordes tooke their lodgings, the Duke of Surrey and the Earle of Salisburie in one inne; the Duke of Exceter and the Earle of Gloucester in another; and all the hoast encamped

in the fields. But the bayliffe of the towne, suspecting all this countenance to be but the vaine flashe of a false fire, did in the night with about fourescore archers, beset and set upon the house where the Duke of Surrey and the Earle of Salisburie laye; who were men but of weake resistance by nature, but being put upon necessitie, shewed great manhood and persistance in defending themselves against the townsmen. The Duke of Exeeter and the Earle of Gloucester being in another inne, were not able by force to reseue their associates; whereupon a certaine priest of their companye set divers houses in the towne on fire, supposing thereby to divert the townsmen from their assault, to the saving of their houses and of their goods; but this fire greatly inflamed their furie, and made them more obstinate in their attempt, crying out that they would never labour to reseue their losses, but to revenge them; and that with the bloud of the Lords, whose flames should be quenched. Then there arose confused clamours, and noyses, all the towne being in an uproare and in armes, shooting fiercelie and running upon the lords with a rashe and desperate rage; not caring to loose many, wherof they had many to spare.—*Hayward's Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[56] *I have to London sent.*

Then they forgat not in this reckoning the Earl of Salisbury. These three they foully and wrongfully put to death; they afterwards brought their heads to London, where great rejoicings were made for it. There they set them aloft upon the bridge, fixed upon lances, at such a height that they might be well seen.—*Creton.*

[57] *The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.*

So the folio. The quarto reads—of *Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt*, and *Kent.* It appears from the histories of this reign that the reading of the folio is right.—*Malone.*

Thus the Duke of Surrey, and the Earle of Salisbury, and the lords, and gentlemen which were in their company, were left to defend themselves against the townesmen as they could; who manfullye maintained the fight with great bloudshed of their enemies, from midnight untill three of the cloeke the next day in the afternoone; at the last, being inferiour both in number and fortune, the Duke and the Earle were wounded to death and taken, and the same evening theyr heades were striken off and sent to London: there were also taken Sir Bennet Shelley, Sir Barnard Brokas, Sir Thomas Blunt, and 28. other lordes knights and gentlemen, who were sent to Oxford, where the King then lay, and there were put to exeeution.—*Hayward's Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[58] *Hath yielded up his body to the grave.*

This Abbot of Westminster was William de Colchester. The relation here given of his death, after Holinshed's Chronicle, is untrue, as he survived the King many years; and though called "the grand conspirator," it is very doubtful whether he had any concern in the conspiracy; at least nothing was proved against him.—*Ritson.*

[59] *Carlisle, this is your doom.*

This prelate was committed to the Tower, but on the intercession of his friends, obtained leave to change his prison for Westminster Abbey. In order to deprive him of his see, the Pope, at the King's instance, translated him to a bishoprick *in partibus infidelium;* and the only preferment he could ever after obtain, was a rectory in Gloucestershire. He died in 1409.—*Ritson.*

[60] *High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.*

Thus, in the old play of the History of King Leir, &c.:—"I *see* such *sparks*

of honour in your face." Hence, perhaps, Milton, in his Arcades, v. 26:—"I *see* bright honour sparkle in your eyes."—*Steevens.*

[61] *From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.*

A doubt has existed whether this event was hastened by Henry's orders, or indirect concurrence. He denied it. In his answer to the accusation brought against him in the challenge of the Duke of Orleans, we have his vindication in his own words:—"Whereas in your said letter mention is made of the decease of our very dear lord and cousin, whom God pardon! And when you say, 'God knoweth by whom,' we know not for what reason or purpose you say it; but if you mean, or dare to say that it happened by us, or by our will or consent, it is a falsehood, and will be as often as you say it; and to this we are and will be ready, with the help of God, to defend ourselves, body for body, if you are willing or dare to prove it." Thus to the personal imputation that had been cast upon him, and seems to have been made public, did Henry think proper to stand upon his defence. His replication, it must be allowed, is sufficiently firm; and might then have been thought satisfactory, had the parties proceeded to the trial that it demanded. But it were to be wished, in respect to genuine proof, that it were as admissible, so far as we are now concerned. It is as evasive as it is bold. It does not go to shew that the manner of Richard's death was natural, and the circumstances of it free from all suspicion. Had it been so, he might as firmly and briefly have stated it, without condescending to enter into particulars with his adversary. This were not too much to have expected from him under so heavy a charge; but we look for it in vain. If by what he advanced he meant to clear himself, his method was very incomplete; his affected ignorance of the cause of the accusation would be as little regarded then as it may be now; and the only argument he propounded, trial by battle, the great existing test of truth, in which the guilty no less than the innocent, as a last resource, had often sought refuge, was a proof, the practical assertion of which he afterwards took especial care to avoid. In any case it establishes nothing with posterity.—*Webb.*

[62] *With Cain go wander through the shade of night.*

In reference to the probability of the statement made respecting the banishment of Richard's murderers, the following curious testimony is worth giving. It rests upon the authority of an ancient French Chronicle quoted by Louvet in his Histoire d'Aquitaine, 1659,—"In the year 1399, King Richard was made prisoner by his cousin Henry Earl of Derby, son of the Duke of Lancaster, who took possession of his estate, and put him cruelly to death. Whereupon they of Bordeaux, where he was born, and whence he took his name; they of Dax and of Bayonne, warmly attached to his service, were upon the point of turning to France. Louis de Sancerre, constable of France, urged them thereunto; but the seneschal of Bordeaux hearing their complaints, and having written of it to Henry, he sent thither in haste Thomas Percy, who had governed them aforetime, to prevent them; which he did. The Chronicle of Lurbe says that the Bourdelois so much lamented the death of King Richard, that proceeding with severity against those who were suspected of his death, they tore one of them to pieces for it with the most cruel torments that they could devise, and set up his arm on a pike in front of the castle of Lombriere. Candour obliges me to note that this might fairly be coupled with the story of the banishment of Sir Piers Exton; who, if he did not assault him in the way that is reported and has been refuted, might by the other method, on which most stress has been laid, be equally accessary to his death. It shews at least the opinion that was prevalent among Richard's own countrymen and warmest admirers, and that some persons who were suspected of being concerned in his murder actually took refuge in France.—*Webb.*

The First Part

of

King Henry the Fourth.

INTRODUCTION.

The historical portion of the First Part of Henry the Fourth is chiefly founded upon the narrative, referring to the same period, which is given in Holinshed's Chronicle, 1587; but a few very slender hints for the comic scenes of the play may be traced in an older drama, of little merit, entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company on May 14th, 1594, to Thomas Creede, as "a booke entituled the Famous Victories of Henrye the Fyft, conteyninge the honorable battell of Agincourt." This production was certainly in existence before 1588, the year of Tarlton's death, the part of the Clown, one of the characters in it, having been undertaken by that celebrated actor, as appears from a curious anecdote related in Tarlton's Jests, which commences as follows,—"At the Bull at Bishopsgate was a play of Henry the Fifth, wherein the judge was to take a box on the ear; and because he was absent that should take the blow, Tarlton himself, ever forward to please, took upon him to play the same judge, besides his own part of the clown; and Knell, then playing Henry the Fifth, hit Tarlton a sound box indeed, which made the people laugh." The same drama is supposed to be alluded to by Nash, in his Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Divell, 1592, wherein he exclaims,—"What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing him and the Dolphin to sweare fealtie." No printed edition of this play, however, is now known before one which appeared in the year 1598, the copyright then, as in 1594, belonging to Thomas Creede.

It was republished in 1617, under the title of, "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the Honourable Battell of Agincourt, as it was acted by the Kinges Maiesties Seruants," the last assertion being probably untrue, and inserted with the view of deceiving the public by pretending that it was acted by Shakespeare's company, and hence leading them to believe that it was the production of the great dramatist. The imprint of this edition varies considerably in different copies. Some are stated to be, "Imprinted by Barnard Alsop, and are to be sold by Tymothie Barlow at his shop in Paules Churchyard at the Signe of the Bull-head, 1617," while others are merely said to be, "Imprinted by Barnard Alsop dwelling in Gunter-place in Barbican, 1617;" and copies with either of these imprints are occasionally found undated. Upon this play Shakespeare constructed some of the incidents in the two parts of Henry the Fourth and Henry the Fifth, and, to a small extent, this circumstance has operated disadvantageously, the poet's recollection of the older drama having occasionally interfered with the free exercise of his own invention. Thus the Prince in the first instance appears as a recognised member of Falstaff's gang, as in the corresponding scene of the Famous Victories, but immediately afterwards he disclaims the proposal of a robbery, evidently implying that it was a novelty so far as he was concerned. The scene of the old play opens with Prince Henry's robberies; Sir John Oldcastle is one of his company; he is called Jocky Oldcastle, but has few speeches assigned to him, and cannot be considered, in any strict sense, the prototype of Falstaff; Ned and Gadshill are two other comrades, and their place of rendezvous is in East-cheap. Derick, the clown, the part selected by Tarlton, is perhaps the most prominent character in this drama, the whole of which, however, is of a very inferior cast. The following extract from the commencement will suffice to show the slight nature of Shakespeare's obligations to this play in the composition of his First Part of Henry the Fourth,—

Enter the young Prince, Ned, *and* Tom.

Henry the Fifth.—Come away, Ned and Tom.
Both. Here, my lord.
Henry 5. Come away, my lads. Tell me, sirs, how much gold have you got?
Ned. Faith, my lord, I have got five hundred pound.
Henry 5. But tell me, Tom, how much hast thou got?
Tom. Faith, my lord, some foure hundred pound.

Henry 5. Foure hundred pounds! bravely spoken, lads. But tell me, sirs, thinke you not that it was a vaillainous part of me to rob my fathers receyvers?

Ned. Why, no, my lord, it was but a tricke of youth.

Henry 5. Faith, Ned, thou sayest true. But tell me, sirs, where abouts are we?

Tom. My lord, we are now about a mile off London.

Henry 5. But sirs, I marvell that Sir John Oldcastle comes not away: sounds, see where he comes. [*Enters* Jockey.] How now, Jockey, what newes with thee?

Jockey. Faith, my lord, such newes as passeth, for the towne of Detfort is risen with hue and crie after your man, which parted from us the last night, and has set upon, and hath robd a poore carrier.

Henry 5. Sownes, the villaine that was wont to spie out our booties.

Jockey. I, my lord, even the very same.

Henry 5. Now, base-minded rascall to rob a poore carrier. Well, it skils not, ile save the base villaines life: I, I may: but, tell me, Jockey, whereabout be the receyvers.

Jockey. Faith, my lord, they are hard by, but the best is, we are a horse backe, and they be a foote, so we may escape them.

Henry 5. Well, if the villaines come, let mee alone with them. But tell me, Jockey, how much gots thou from the knaves, for I am sure I got something, for one of the villaines so belamde me about the shoulders, as I shall feele it this moneth.

Jockey. Faith, my lord, I have got a hundred pound.

Henry 5. A hundred pound! now, bravely spoken, Jockey: But come, sirs, lay all your money before me. Now, by heaven, here is a brave shew: but as I am true gentleman, I will have the halfe of this spent to night; but, sirs, take up your bags. Here comes the receyvers: let me alone. [*Enters two Receyvers.*

One. Alas, good fellow, what shall we doe? I dare never go home to the court, for I shall be hangde. But here is the yong prince; what shall we do?

Henry 5. How now, you villaines, what are you?

One Receyver. Speake you to him.

Other. No I pray, speake you to him.

Henry 5. Why, how now, you rascals, why speake you not?

One. Forsooth we be; pray speake you to him.

Henry 5. Sowns, villaines, speake, or ile cut off your heads.

Other. Forsooth, he can tell the tale better then I.

One. Forsooth, we be your fathers reccyvers.

Henry 5. Are you my fathers receyvers. Then I hope yee have brought me some money.

One. Money; alasse, sir, wee be robd.

Henry 5. Robd? how many were there of them?

One. Marry, sir, there were foure of them, and one of them had Sir John Oldcastles bay hobbey, and your blacke nag.

Henry 5. Gogs wounds, how like you this, Jockey? Blood, you villaines: my father robd of his money abroad, and we in our stables. But tell me, how many were there of them.

One Receyver. If it please you, there were foure of them, and there was one about the bignesse of you: but I am sure I so belamde him about the shoulders, that he will feele it this moneth.

Henry 5. Gogs wounds, you lambde them fairely, so that they have carryed away your money. But come, sirs, what shall we doe with the villaines?

Both Receyvers. I beseech your grace be good to us.

Ned. I pray you, my Lord, forgive them this once.

Henry 5. Well, stand up, and get you gone, and looke that you speake not a word of it, for if there be, sownes ile hang you and all your kin. [*Exeunt Receyvers.*] Now, sirs, how like you this? Was not this bravely done? For now the villaines dare not speake a word of it, I have so feared them with words. Now, whether shall we go.

All. Why, my lord, you know our old Hostesse at Feversham.

Henry 5. Our Hostesse at Feversham; bloud, what shall we doe there; we have a thousand pound about us. And we shall go to a petty Alehouse! No, no: you know the old Taverne in Eastcheape, there is good wine; besides there is a pretty wench that can talke well, for I delight as much in their tongues, as any part about them.

All. We are ready to wayte upon your grace.

Henry 5. Gogs wounds, wait, we will go altogether; we are all fellowes; I tell you, sirs, and the King my father were dead, wee would be all Kings, therefore, come away.

Ned. Gogs wounds, bravely spoken, Harry.

Enter John Cobler, Robin Pewterer, Lawrence Costermonger.

John Cobler. All is well here; all is well, Masters.

Robin. How say you neighbour John Cobler? I think it best that my neighbour Robin Pewterer went to Pudding-lane end, and we will watch here at Billinsgate ward. How say you, neighbour Robin, how like you this?

Robin. Marry, well, neighbours: I care not much if I go to Pudding-lane end. But, neighbours, and you heare any adoe about me, make haste; and if I heare any adoe about you, I will come to you. [*Exit* Robin.

Lawrence. Neighbor, what news heare you of the yong Prince?

John. Marry, neighbour, I heare say, he is a toward young Prince, for if he meet any by the high way, he will not let to talke with him; I dare not call him theefe, but, sure, he is one of these taking fellowes.

Lawrence. Indeed, neighbour, I heare say hee is as lively a young prince as ever was.

John. I, and I heare say, if he use it long, his father will cut him off from the crowne: but, neighbour, say nothing of that.

Lawrence. No, no, neighbour, I warrant you.

John. Neighbour, me thinkes you begin to sleepe; if you will, we will sit downe, for I thinke it is about midnight.

Lawrence. Marry, content, neighbour; let us sleepe.

Enter Dericke *roving.*

Dericke. Who, who there, who there? [*Exit* Dericke. *Enter* Robin.

Robin. O neighbours, what meane you to sleepe, and such adoe in the streetes?

Ambo. How, now, neighbour, whats the matter?

Enter Dericke *againe.*

Dericke. Who there, who there, who there?

Cobler. Why, what aylest thou? here is no horses.

Dericke. O alas! man, I am rob'd! Who there, who there?

Robin. Hold him, neighbour Cobler.

Cobler. Why, I see thou art a plaine clowne.

Dericke. Am I a clowne? sownes, masters! Do clownes goe in silke apparrel? I am sure all we gentlemen clownes in Kent scant goe so well: Sounes, you know clownes very well. Heare you, are you Master Constable? and you be, speake; for I will not take it at his hands.

John. Faith, I am not Master Constable, but I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here.

Dericke. Is not master Constable here? Well, it is no matter, Ile have the law at his hands.

John. Nay, I pray you do not take the law of us.

Dericke. You are one of his beastly officers.

John. I am one of his bad officers.

Dericke. Why, then I charge thee looke to him.

Cobler. Nay, but heare yee, sir, you seeme to be an honest fellow, and we are poore men, and now tis night, and we would be loath to have anything adoo; therefore, I pray thee put it up.

Dericke. First, thou sayest true, I am an honest fellow, and a proper handsome fellow too; and you seem to be poore men, therfore I care not greatly; nay, I am quickly pacified. But, and you chance to spie the theefe, I pray you lay hold on him.

Robin. Yes, that we will, I warrant you.

Dericke. 'Tis a wonderfull thing to see how glad the knave is, now I have forgiven him.

John. Neighbours, doe yee looke about you. How now, who's there?

Enter the theefe.

Theefe. Here is a good fellow. I pray you, which is the way to the olde taverne in Eastcheape?

Dericke. Whoope, hollo! now, Gadshill, knowest thou mee?

Theefe. I know thee for an asse.

Dericke. And I know thee for a taking fellow, upon Gads-hill in Kent. A bots light upon you!

Theefe. The worson villaine would be knockt.

Dericke. Masters, villaine, and ye be men, stand to him, and take his weapon from him; let him not passe you.

John. My friend, what make you abroad now? It is too late to walke now.

Theefe. It is not too late for true men to walke.

Lawrence. We know thee not to be a true man.

Theefe. Why, what doe you meane to doe with me? Sounes, I am one of the Kings liege people.

Dericke. Heare you, sir, are you one of the kings liege people?

Theefe. I, marry, am I, sir; what say you to it?

Dericke. Marry, sir, I say you are one of the King's filching people.

Cobler. Come, come, lets have him away.

Theefe. Why, what have *I* done.

Robin. Thou hast robd a poore fellow, and taken away his goods from him.

Theefe. I never saw him before.

Dericke. Maisters, who comes here? [*Enter the Vintners boy.*

Boy. How now, good man Cobler?

Cobler. How now, Robin, what makes thou abroade at this time of night?

Boy. Marrie, I have bene at the Counter, I can tell such newes as never you have hearde the like.

Cobler. What is that, Robin? what is the matter?

Boy. Why, this night, about two houres agoe, there came the young Prince, and three or foure more of his companions, and called for wine good store; and then they sent for a noyse of musitians, and were very merry for the space of an houre; then, whether their musicke liked them not, or whether they had drunke too much wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flew against the walls, and then they drewe their swords, and went into the street and fought, and some tooke one part, and some tooke another, but for the space of halfe an houre, there was such a bloody fray as passeth, and none could parte them untill such time as the Mayor and Sheriffe were sent for, and then at last, with much adoo, they tooke them, and so the young Prince was carryed to the Counter; and then about one houre after, there came a messenger from the Court in all haste, from the King, for my Lorde Mayor and the Sheriffe, but for what cause I know not.

Cobler. Here is newes, indeed, Robert.

Lawrence. Marry, neighbour, this newes is strange indeede, I thinke it best, neighbour, to rid our hands of this fellow first.

Theefe. What meane you to doo with me?

Cobler. Wee meane to carry you to the prison, and there to remaine till the sessions day.

Theefe. Then I pray you, let me go to the prison where my maister is.

Cobler. Nay, thou must goe to the countrey prison, to Newgate; therefore, come away.

Theefe. I prethee, be good to me, honest fellow.

Dericke. I, marry will I, ile be very charitable to thee, for I wil never leave thee, til I see thee on the gallows.

Enter Henry *the fourth, with the Earle of* Exeter, *and the Lord of* Oxford.

Oxford. And please your majestie, here is my Lord Mayor, and the Sheriffe of London, to speake with your majestie.

K. Henry 4. Admit them to our presence.

Enter the L. Mayor, and the Sheriffe.

King. Now, my good Lord Mayor of London, the cause of my sending for you at this time, is to tell you of a matter which I have learned of my councell; herein I understand that you have committed my sonne to prison without our leave and license. What, although he be a rude youth, and likely to give occasion, yet you might have considered that he is a Prince, and my sonne, and not to be halled to prison by every subject.

Mayor. May it please your majestie to give us leave to tell our tale?

K. Henry 4. Or else God forbid, otherwise you might thinke me an unequall judge, having more affection to my sonne, then to any rightfull judgement.

Mayor. Then I do not doubt but we shal rather deserve commendations at your majesties hands, then any anger.

K. Henry 4. Go to, say on.

Mayor. Then if it please your majestie, this night, betwixt two and three of the clock in the morning, my Lord the yong Prince with a very disordred company, came to the old Taverne in Eastcheape, and whether it was that their musick liked them not, or whether they were overcom with wine, I know not, but they drue their swords, and into the streete they went, and some took my L. the yong Princes part, and som tooke the other, but betwixt them there was such a bloudie fray for the space of halfe an houre, that neyther watchmen, nor any other could stay them, till my brother the Sheriffe of London and I were sent for, and at the last, with much ado we stayed them, but it was long first, which was a great disquieting to all your loving subjects thereabouts; and then, my good Lord, we knew

not whether your grace had sent them to trie us, whether we would do justice, or whether it were of their own voluntary will or not, we cannot tell; and therefore in such a case we knew not what to doe, but for our owne safegard we sent him to ward, wher he wanteth nothing that is fit for his grace and your majesties son. And thus most humbly besceching your majesty to thinke of our answere.

Henry 4. Stand aside, untill we have further deliberated on your answere. [*Exit Maior.*] Ah, Harry, Harry, now thrice accursed Harry, that hath gotten a sonne, which with griefe will end his fathers dayes. O my sonne, a Prince thou art, I a Prince in deed, and to deserve imprisonment; and well they have done, and like faithfull subjects: discharge them and let them goe.

L. Exeter. I beseech your grace be good to my Lorde the young Prince.

Henry 4. Nay, nay, tis no matter; let him alone.

L. Oxford. Perchance the Mayor and the Sheriffe have beene too precise in this matter.

Henry 4. No, they have done like faithfull subjects, I will goe my selfe to discharge them, and let them go. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter lord Chiefe Justice, Clarke of the Office, Jayler, John Cobler, Dericke, *and the Theefe.*

Judge. Jayler, bring the prisoner to the barre.

Dericke. Heare you, my Lorde, I pray you bring the barre to the prisoner.

Judge. Hold thy hand up at the barre.

Theefe. Here it is, my Lord.

Judge. Clearke of the office, reade his inditement.

Clearke. What is thy name?

Theefe. My name was knowne before I came heere, and shall be when I am gone, I warrant you.

Judge. I, I thinke so, but wee will know it better before thou goe.

Dericke. Sownes, and you doe but send to the next jaile, we are sure to know his name; for this is not the first prison he hath bene in, ile warrant you.

Clearke. What is thy name?

Theefe. What need you to aske, and have it in writing?

Clearke. Is not thy name Cutbert Cutter?

Theefe. What the divell neede you aske, and know it so well?

Clearke. Why then, Cutbert Cutter, I indite thee by the name of Cutbert Cutter, for robbing a poore carrier the 20. day of May last past, in the fourteen yeare of the raigne of our Soveraigne Lord King Henry the fourth, for setting upon a poore carrier upon Gads-hil in Kent, and having beaten and wounded the said carryer, and taken his goods from him.

Dericke. Oh, maisters, stay there; nay, lets never belie the man, for he hath not beaten and wounded me also, but he hath beaten and wounded my packe, and hath taken the great race of ginger, that bouncing Besse with the jolly buttocks should have had, that grieves me most.

Judge. Well, what sayest thou? art thou guilty, or not guyltie?

Theefe. Not guilty, my Lord.

Judge. By whom wilt thou be tride?

Theefe. By my Lord the young Prince, or by myselfe, whether you will.

Enter the young Prince, with Ned *and* Tom.

Henry 5. Come away, my lads! gogs wounds, ye villaine, what make you here? I must goe about my businesse myselfe, and you must stand loytering here.

Theefe. Why, my Lord, they have bound mee, and will not let me go.

Henry 5. Have they bound thee, villain; why, how now, my Lord?

Judge. I am glad to see your Grace in good health.

Henry 5. Why, my Lord, this is my man; 'tis marvell you knew him not long before this, I tell you he is a man of his hands.

Theefe. I, gogs wounds, that I am, try me who dare.

Judge. Your Grace shall finde small credite by acknowledging him to be your man.

Henry 5. Why, my Lord, what hath he done?

Judge. And it please your majesty, he hath robbed a poore carrier.

Dericke. Heare you, sir; it was one Dericke, goodman Hoblings man of Kent.

Henry 5. What, wast you, button-breech? Of my word, my Lord, he did it but in jest.

Judge. Heare you, sir, is it your mans quality to rob folkes in jest? In faith he shall be hangde in earnest.

Henry 5. Well, my Lord, what doe you meane to do with my man?

Judge. And please your Grace, the law must passe on him, according to justice; then he must be executed.

Dericke. Heare you, sir, I pray you, is it your mans quality to rob folkes in jest? In faith, he shall be hangd in jest.

Henry 5. Well, my Lord, once againe, what meane you to doe with him?

Judge. And please your Grace, according to law and justice he must be hangd.

Henry 5. Why, then, belike you meane to hang my man.

Judge. I am sorry that it fals out so.

Henry 5. Why, my Lord, I pray yee who am I?

Judge. And please your Grace, you are my L. the yong Prince, our King that shall be after the decease of our soveraigne Lord, K. Henry the fourth, whom God grant long to raigne.

Henry 5. You say true, my Lord: and you will hang my man.

Judge. And like your Grace, I must needs doe justice.

Henry 5. Tell me, my Lord, shall I have my man?

Judge. I cannot, my Lord.

Henry 5. But will you not let him goe?

Judge. I am sorry that his case is so ill.

Henry 5. Tush, case me no casings, shal I have my man?

Judge. I cannot, nor I may not, my Lord.

Henry 5. Nay, and I shall not say, and then I am answered.

Judge. No.

Henry 5. No, then I will have him. [*He giveth him a boxe on the eare.*

Ned. Gogs wounds, my Lord, shall I cut off his head?

Henry 5. No, I charge you draw not your swords, but get you hence, provide a noyse of musitians. Away, be gone. [*Exeunt the Theefe.*

Judge. Well, my Lord, I am content to take it at your hands.

Henry 5. Nay, and you be not, you shall have more.

Judge. Why, I pray you, my Lord, who am I?

Henry 5. You, who knowes not you? Why, man, you are Lord Cheife Justice of England.

Judge. Your Grace hath said truth; therfore in striking me in this place, you greatly abuse me, and not me only, but also your father, whose lively person here in this place I do represent. And therefore to teach you what prerogatives meane, I commit you to the Fleet, untill wee have spoken with your father.

Henry 5. Why, then, belike, you meane to send mee to the Fleete.

Judge. I, indeed, and therefore carry him away.

[*Exeunt* Henry 5. *with the Officers.*

Judge. Jayler, carry the prisoner to Newgate againe untill the next Sises.

Jayler. At your commandement, my Lord, it shall bee done.

Enter Dericke *and* John Cobler.

Dericke. Sownds, maisters, heres adoo, when princes must go to prison: why, John, didst ever see the like?

John. O, Dericke, trust me, I never saw the like.

Dericke. Why, John, thou maist see, what princes be in choller. A judge a boxe on the eare! Ile tell thee, John, O John, I would not have done it for twenty shillings.

John. No, nor I; there had been no way but one with us. We should have been hangde.

Dericke. Faith, John, Ile tell thee what, thou shalt bee my Lord chiefe Justice, and thou shalt sit in the chaire, and ile be the yong prince, and hit thee a box on the ear; and then thou shalt say, to teach you what prerogatives meane,—"I commit you to the Fleete."

John. Come on, ile be your judge; but thou shalt not hit me hard.

Dericke. No, no.

John. What hath he done?

Dericke. Marry, he hath robd Dericke.

John. Why, then, I cannot let him goe.

Dericke. I must needes have my man.

John. You shall not have him.

Dericke. Shall I not have my man? say no, and you dare: How say you? shall I not have my man?

John. No, marry, shall you not.

Dericke. Shall I not, John?

John. No, Dericke.

Dericke. Why, then take you that til more come! Sownes, shall I not have him?

John. Well, I am content to take this at your hand. But, I pray you, who am I.

Dericke. Who art thou? sownds, dost not know thyselfe?

John. No.

Dericke. Now, away, simple fellow! Why, man, thou art John the Cobler.

John. No, I am my Lord Chiefe Justice of England.

Dericke. Oh, John, Masse, thou sayst true; thou art indeed.

John. Why, then, to teach you what prerogatives mean, I commit you to the Fleete.

Dericke. Wel, I will go, but yfaith, you gray beard knave, Ile course you. [*Exit. And straight enters againe.*] Oh, John, com, come out of thy chair; why, what a clown weart thou, to let me hit thee a boxe on the eare, and now thou seest they will not take mee to the Fleet, I thinke that thou art one of these worenday clownes.

John. But I marvell what will become of thee?

Dericke. Faith, ile be no more a carrier.

John. What wilt thou then do?

Dericke. Ile dwell with thee, and be a cobler.

John. With me? alasse, I am not able to keepe thee! Why, thou wilt eate me out of dores.

Dericke. Oh, John, no, John, I am none of these great slouching fellows that devoure these great peeces of beefe and brewes; alasse, a trifle serves me, a woodcocke, a chicken, or a capons leg, or any such little thing serves me.

John. A capon, why, man, I cannot get a capon once a yeare, except it be at Christmas, at some other mans house, for we coblers be glad of a dish of rootes.

Dericke. Rootes? why, are you so good at rooting? Nay, cobler, weele have you ringde.

John. But, Dericke, though we be so poore,
Yet will we have in store,—a crab in the fire,
With nut-browne ale, that is full stale,
Which will a man quaile,—and lay in the myre.

Dericke. A bots on you! and be but for your ale, Ile dwell with you; come lets away as fast as we can. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the young Prince with Ned *and* Tom.

Henry 5. Come away, sirs, Gogs wounds, Ned, didst thou not see what a boxe on the eare I tooke my Lord Chiefe Justice?

Tom. By gogs blood, it did me good to see it; it made his teeth jarre in his head.

Enter Sir John Old-Castle.

Henry 5. How now, sir John Old-Castle? What newes with you?

John Old-Castle. I am glad to see your Grace at libertie, I was come, I, to visite you in prison.

Henry 5. To visite mee? Didst thou not know that I am a Princes sonne? why, 'tis enough for me to looke into a prison, thogh I come not in myselfe, but heres such adoo now a dayes, heres prisoning, heres hanging, whipping, and the divell and all; but I tell you, sirs, when I am King, wee will have no such things, but, my lads, if the olde King my father were dead, we would be all Kings.

John Old-Castle. He is a good olde man; God take him to his mercie the sooner.

Henry 5. But, Ned, so soone as I am King, the first thing I will doo, shal be to put my Lord Chiefe Justice out of office, and thou shalt be my L. Chiefe Justice of England.

Ned. Shall I be Lord Chiefe Justice? By gogs wounds, ile be the bravest Lord Chiefe Justice that ever was in England.

Henry 5. Then, Ned, ile turne all these prisons into fence-schooles, and I will endue thee with them, with landes to maintaine them withall, and then I will have a bout with my Lord Chiefe Justice; thou shalt hang none but pick-purses, and horse-stealers, and such base minded villaines, but that fellow that will stand by the high-way side couragiously, with his sword and buckler, and take a purse, that fellowe give him commendations; beside that, send him to mee, and I will give him an annuall pension out of my Exchequer, to maintaine him all the dayes of his life.

John. Nobly spoken, Harry; wee shall never have a merry world till the old King be dead.

Ned. But whether are yee going now?

Henry 5. To the court, for I heare say, my father lyes verie sicke.

Tom. But I doubt, he will not die.

Henry 5. Yet will I goe thither, for the breath shall be no sooner out of his mouth, but I will clap the crowne on my head.

Although the whole of this drama, with the exception of a few lines, is written in prose, the printers of the old editions have arranged nearly all of it as if it were blank-verse, which was, at the time they were published, the more popular form of composition. It is unnecessary to enlarge on the small degree of literary merit which can be assigned to the Famous Victories, even with making due allowance for the early period at which it was probably written, it being perhaps of a date not later than the year 1575, or thereabouts. Shakespeare, however, was indebted to it for the idea of introducing Prince Henry on the stage in the character of a wild and dissolute youth and of that of a distinguished soldier in the same drama. The robbery at Gadshill was evidently suggested by the scene in the old play, and the dialogue between Gadshill and the carriers originated perhaps in the second robbery in that piece, which is perpetrated on a poor carrier by one of the Prince's servants; unless, indeed, the introduction of the Carrier with the Sheriff, when the latter seeks Falstaff, shows that the former was one of the persons robbed. It is not impossible, however, that Shakespeare may have confused the two incidents, and that we owe the appearance of the Carrier with the Sheriff to a remembrance of the elder drama. The characters, as delineated by the more ancient writer, bear no resemblance to those familiar to us in the plays of Shakespeare. The Prince himself is introduced as a low profligate, while Oldcastle and the rest are merely ruffians, their licentiousness being without any of the relief afforded by the humour of their successors in Henry the Fourth. Nevertheless, the Famous Victories appears to have been popular. When it was played by Henslowe's Company in 1595, the receipts were unusually large,—"28 of November, 1595, at Harry the V., iij. *li.* vj. *s.*" The other notices of it, previously quoted, also show its popularity.

The play of the Famous Victories has perhaps reached us in an imperfect shape, and it is, therefore, difficult to ascertain the exact nature of Shakespeare's obligations to that piece. The character of Sir John Oldcastle, as there introduced, bears no resemblance to that of Falstaff; but it is not improbable that, if the old play had been preserved in its full proportions, some of the personal characteristics of the latter, such as his great size, might have been recognised. If this view be adopted, it is uncertain whether such allusions as the following refer to Shakespeare's play or to the elder drama. It certainly appears

from a passage in the Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinaire, or the Walkes in Powles, 1604, that Sir John Oldcastle was represented on the stage as a very fat man, which is certainly not the case in the play printed under that title in 1600: — "Now, signiors, how like you mine host? did I not tell you he was a madde round knave and a merrie one too? and if you chaunce to talke of *fatte* Sir John Oldcastle, he will tell you, he was his great grandfather, and not much unlike him in *paunch*, if you marke him well by all descriptions." The host, who is here described, returns to the gallants, and entertains them with telling them stories. After his first tale, he says;—"Nay, gallants, I'll fit you, and now I will serve in another, as good as vinegar and pepper to your roast beefe." Signor Kickshawe replies;—"Let's have it, let's taste on it, mine host, my noble *fat actor*." There is another passage to the same effect in a pamphlet entitled the Wandering Jew telling Fortunes to Englishmen, 4to. Lond. 1640, p. 38, which was certainly written before the year 1630. The character Glutton is speaking:—"A chaire, a chaire, sweet master Jew, a chaire. All that I say is this,—I'me a fat man. It has been a West-Indian voyage for me to come reeking hither. A kitchin-stuffe wench might pick up a living by following me for the fat which I loose in stradling. I doe not live by the sweat of my brows, but am almost dead with sweating. I eate much, but can talke little. Sir John Oldcastle was my great-grandfather's father's uncle,—I come of a huge kindred!" As far as we can now judge, from the materials before us, Shakespeare adopted nothing of Oldcastle but the name, and even that he was compelled to alter for prudential reasons. According to Rowe, in his Life of Shakespeare, 1709, the "part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of Oldcastle; some of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleas'd to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff. The present offence was indeed avoided; but I don't know whether the author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second choice, since it is certain that Sir John Falstaff, who was a Knight of the Garter, and a Lieutenant-General, was a name of distinguish'd merit in the wars in France in Henry the Fifth's and Henry the Sixth's times." Rowe here falls into an error, committed by many early writers, the names being frequently spelt in the same or nearly in the same manner, of confusing Falstaff, a fictitious name, with that of Fastolf, the historical Sir John Fastolf, who is one of the characters in the

First Part of Henry the Sixth, and of whom Fuller, in his Worthies, ed. 1662, thus writes,—"Sir John Fastolfe, knight, was a native of this county (Norfolk). To avouch him by many arguments valiant, is to maintain that the sun is bright; though, since the stage has been over-bold with his memory, making him a thrasonical puff, and emblem of mock-valour. True it is, Sir John Oldcastle did *first* bear the brunt of the one, being made the makesport in *all plays* for a coward. It is easily known out of what purse this black-penny came. The papists railing on him for a heretick; and therefore he must be also a coward: though indeed he was a man of arms, every inch of him, and as valiant as any of his age. Now as I am glad that Sir John Oldcastle is put out, so I am sorry that Sir John Fastolfe is put in, to relieve his memory in this base service; to be the anvil for every dull wit to strike upon. Nor is our comedian excusable by some alteration of his name, writing him Sir John Falstafe, and making him the property and pleasure of King Henry V. to abuse, seeing the vicinity of sounds intrench on the memory of that worthy knight—and few do heed the inconsiderable difference in spelling of their name." Similar observations occur in a very curious dedicatory epistle addressed to Sir Henry Bourchier by Dr. Richard James, who died in 1638. It is annexed to an unpublished manuscript entitled, the Legend and Defence of the noble Knight and Martyr, Sir John Oldcastel, several copies of which, in the handwriting of Dr. James, are still preserved, varying very slightly from each other. In the course of this epistle, Dr. James relates that,—"A young gentle ladie of your acquaintance, having read the works of Shakespeare, made me this question:—How Sir Jhon Falstaffe, or Fastolf, as it is written in the statute book of Maudlin Colledge, in Oxford, where everye daye that societie were bound to make memorie of his soule, could be dead in Harrie the Fift's time, and againe live in the time of Harrie the Sixt, to be banisht for cowardize. Whereto I made answeare that this was one of those humours and mistakes for which Plato banisht all poets out of his commonwealtth; that Sir Jhon Falstaffe was in those times a noble valiant souldier, as apeeres by a book in the Herald's Office dedicated unto him by a herald whoe had binne with him, if I well remember, for the space of twenty-five yeeres in the French wars; that he seemes also to have binne a man of learning, because in a librarie of Oxford, I finde a book of dedicating churches, sent from him for a present unto Bisshop Wainflete,

and inscribed with his owne hand:—that in Shakespeare's first shewe of Harrie the Fift, the person with whieh he undertook to play a buffone, was not Falstaffe, but Sir Jhon Oldeastle; and that offenee beinge worthily taken by personages deseended from his title, as peradventure by manie others allso whoe ought to have him in honourable memorie, the poet was putt to make an ignorant shifte of abusing Sir Jhon Fastolphe, a man not inferior of vertue, though not so famous in pietie as the other, whoe gave witnesse unto the truth of our Reformation, with a eonstant and resolute martyrdom, unto whieh he was pursued by the priests, bishops, moneks, and friers of those dayes." The writer no doubt intended to write "first shewe of Harrie the *Fourth*," it being elear, from the epilogue to the Seeond Part of Henry the Fourth, that Shakespeare had altered the name of Oldeastle to that of Falstaff before he wrote Henry the Fifth. The tradition mentioned by Rowe is thus eonfirmed by the earlier and positive testimony of Dr. James, "offenee being worthily taken by personages deseended from his title," perhaps by William Lord Cobham, who died in 1597, being then, observes Mr. Hunter, "Lord Chamberlain of the Household, an offiee whieh would give the weight of authority to any wish he might express for the forbearing to bring into eontempt upon the stage any person so nearly eonneeted with his house as Sir John Oldeastle, if the holding that offiee by him did not itself suggest the propriety of withdrawing it." The name of Oldeastle was eertainly altered by Shakespeare before February 25th, 1598, on whieh day the play was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company as ineluding "the eoneeipted mirth of Sir John Falstaffe." It would seem, however, that the former name eontinued to be used in some of the theatres for a eonsiderable period, perhaps as long as the author's manuseript was preserved, for otherwise it is diffieult to aeeount for the several allusions to the character in works of the seventeenth eentury. Thus, in Amends for Ladies, 1639, a play by Nathaniel Field, whieh eould not have been written before 1611, Falstaff's deseription of honour is mentioned by a eitizen of London as if it had been delivered by Sir John Oldeastle:—

> ————I doe heare
> Your Lordship this faire morning is to fight,
> And for your honor. Did you never see
> The play where the fat knight, hight Old-castle,
> Did tell you truely what this "honour" was.

Bagwell, in his poem entitled the Merchant Distressed, 1644, speaking of idle cowardly captains, observes that, although they "have no skill in martiall discipline, yet they'le brag, as if they durst to fight,—with Sir John Oldcastle, that high-flowne knight." The allusion is clearly to the character now called Falstaff. So again in the play of Hey for Honesty, 1651,—"the sinke is paved with the rich rubies and incomparable carbuncles of Sir John Oldcastle's nose," reference to which is also made in Gayton's Festivous Notes upon Don Quixote, 1654, p. 49. There is internal evidence in the First Part of Henry the Fourth that the fat and merry knight was originally called Oldcastle. In the first act, the Prince addresses him as, "my old lad of the castle;" and, in a line in the second act, the name Oldcastle is required by the metre,—"Away, good Ned; Falstaff sweats to death." Stage-poets, says Fuller, in his Church History, ed. 1655, p. 168,—"have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and yet a coward to boot, contrary to the credit of all chronicles, owning him a martial man of merit. The best is Sir John Falstaffe hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoone in his place, but it matters as little what petulant poets as what malicious Papists have written against him." To the same purpose is the following stanza in a long unpublished work, the Trinarchodia, written by George Daniel, a Yorkshire poet, about the year 1646,—

> The worthy Sir whom Falstaff's ill-us'd name
> Personates on the stage; lest scandall might
> Creepe backward, and blott Martir, were a shame;
> Though Shakespeare, storie; and Fox, legend write;
> That manuall, where dearth of storie brought
> Such saints, worthy this age to make it out.

The action of the First Part of Henry the Fourth commences with the news brought to the King of Hotspur's defeat of the Scots at Homildon on the 14th of September 1402, and it closes with the celebrated battle of Shrewsbury, which was fought in July, 1403, so that the duration of the historical events introduced into this drama extends very slightly over the brief period of ten months. These transactions are chiefly founded on the corresponding narrative in the Chronicles of Holinshed, the following extracts from which exhibit the main circumstances adopted by the great dramatist:—

Owen Glendouer, according to his accustomed manner, robbing and spoiling within the English borders, caused all the forces of the shire of Hereford to assemble togither against them, under the conduct of Edmund Mortimer earle of Marsh. But comming to trie the matter by battell, whether by treason or otherwise, so it fortuned, that the English power was discomfited, the earle taken prisoner, and above a thousand of his people slaine in the place. The shamefull villanie, used by the Welshwomen towards the dead carcasses, was such, as honest eares would be ashamed to heare, and continent toongs to speake thereof. The dead bodies might not be buried, without great summes of monie given for libertie to conveie them awaie. The king was not hastie to purchase the deliverance of the earle Marsh, because his title to the crowne was well inough knowen, and therefore suffered him to remaine in miserable prison, wishing both the said earle, and all other of his linage out of this life, with God and his saincts in heaven, so they had beene out of the waie, for then all had beene well inough as he thought. About mid of August, the king, to chastise the presumptuous attempts of the Welshmen, went with a great power of men into Wales, to pursue the captaine of the Welsh rebell, Owen Glendouer, but in effect he lost his labor; for Owen conveied himselfe out of the waie, into his knowen lurking places, and, as was thought, through art magike, he caused such foule weather of winds, tempest, raine, snow, and haile to be raised, for the annoiance of the kings armie, that the like had not beene heard of; in such sort, that the king was constreined to returne home, having caused his people yet to spoile and burne first a great part of the countrie. The Scots under the leding of Patrike Hepborne, of the Hales the yoonger, entring into England, were overthrowen at Nesbit, in the marches, as in the Scotish Chronicle ye may find more at large. This battell was fought the two and twentith of June, in this yeare of our Lord 1402. Archembald earle Dowglas, sore displeased in his mind for this overthrow, procured a commission to invade England, and that to his cost, as ye may likewise read in the Scotish histories. For at a place called Homildon, they were so fiercelie assailed by the Englishmen, under the leading of the lord Persie, surnamed Henrie Hotspur, and George Earle of Marsh, that with violence of the English shot they were quite vanquished and put to flight, on the Rood daie in harvest, with a great slaughter made by the Englishmen. We know that the Scotish writers note this battell to have chanced in the yeare 1403; but we following Tho. Walsingham in this place, and other English writers, for the accompt of times, have thought good to place it in this yeare 1402, as in the same writers we find it. There were slaine of men of estimation, sir John Swinton, sir Adam Gordon, sir John Leviston, sir Alexander Ramsie of Dalehousie, and three and twentie knights, besides ten thousand of the commons; and of prisoners among other were these, Mordaeke earle of Fife, son to the governour Archembald earle Dowglas, which in the fight lost one of his eies, Thomas erle of Murrey, Robert earle of Angus, and, as some writers have, the earles of Atholl and Menteith, with five hundred other of meaner degrees. After this, the lord Persie, having bestowed the prisoners in suer keeping, entered Tividale, wasting and destroieng the whole countrie, and then besieged the castell of Cocklawes, whereof was captaine one sir John Grenlow, who compounded with the Englishmen, that if the castell were not succoured within three moneths, then he would deliver it into their hands. The first two moneths passed, and no likelihood of rescue appeared; but yet the third moneth was expired, the Englishmen being sent for to go with the king into Wales, raised their siege and departed, leaving the noble men prisoners with the earle of Northumberland, and with his sonne the lord Persie, to keepe them to the kings use. Edmund Mortimer earle of Marsh, prisoner with Owen Glendouer, whether for irksomnesse of cruell captivitie, or feare of death, or for what other cause, it

is uncerteine, agreed to take part with Owen, against the king of England, and tooke to wife the daughter of the said Owen. Strange wonders happened (as men reported) at the nativitie of this man, for the same night he was borne, all his fathers horsses in the stable were found to stand in bloud up to the bellies. The morow after the feast of saint Michaell, a parlement began at Westminster, which continued the space of seaven weekes, in the same was a tenth and a halfe granted by the cleargie, and a fifteenth by the communaltie. Moreover, the commons in this parlement besought the king to have the person of George earle of March a Scotishman, recommended to his majestie, for that the same earle shewed himselfe faithfull to the king and his realme.

Henrie earle of Northumberland, with his brother Thomas earle of Worcester, and his sonne the lord Henrie Persie, surnamed Hotspur, which were to king Henrie in the beginning of his reigne, both faithfull freends, and earnest aiders, began now to envie his wealth and felicitie; and especiallie they were greeved, bicause the king demanded of the earle and his sonne such Scotish prisoners as were taken at Homeldon and Nesbit; for of all the captives which were taken in the conflicts foughten in those two places, there was delivered to the kings possession onelie Mordake earle of Fife, the duke of Albanies sonne, though the king did divers and sundrie times require deliverance of the residue, and that with great threatnings; wherewith the Persies being sore offended, for that they claimed them as their owne proper prisoners, and their peculiar preies, by the counsell of the lord Thomas Persie earle of Worcester, whose studie was ever (as some write) to procure malice, and set things in a broile, came to the king unto Windsore (upon a purpose to proove him) and there required of him, that either by ransome or otherwise, he would cause to be delivered out of prison Edmund Mortimer earle of March, their cousine germane, whome (as they reported) Owen Glendouer kept in filthie prison, shakled with irons, onelie for that he tooke his part, and was to him faithfull and true. The king began not a little to muse at this request, and not without cause: for in deed it touched him somewhat neere, sith this Edmund was sonne to Roger earle of March, sonne to the ladie Philip, daughter of Lionell duke of Clarence, the third sonne of king Edward the third; which Edmund at king Richards going into Ireland, was proclamed heire apparant to the crowne and realme, whose aunt called Elianor, the lord Henrie Persie had married; and therefore king Henrie could not well heare, that anie man should be earnest about the advancement of that linage. The king when he had studied on the matter, made answer, that the earle of March was not taken prisoner for his cause, nor in his service, but willinglie suffered himselfe to be taken, bicause he would not withstand the attempts of Owen Glendouer, and his complices, and therefore he would neither ransome him, nor releeve him. The Persies with this answer and fraudulent excuse were not a little fumed, insomuch that Henrie Hotspur said openlie; Behold, the heire of the relme is robbed of his right, and yet the robber with his owne will not redeeme him. So in this furie the Persies departed, minding nothing more than to depose king Henrie from the high type of his roialtie, and to place in his seat their cousine Edmund earle of March, whom they did not onlie deliver out of captivitie, but also (to the high displeasure of king Henrie) entered in league with the foresaid Owen Glendouer. Heerewith, they by their deputies in the house of the archdeacon of Bangor, divided the realme amongst them, causing a tripartite indenture to be made and sealed with their seales, by the covenants whereof, all England from Severne and Trent, south and eastward, was assigned to the earle of March: all Wales, and the lands beyond Severne westward, were appointed to Owen Glendouer: and all the remnant from Trent northward, to the lord Persie. This was doone (as some have said) through a foolish credit given to a vaine prophesie, as though king Henrie was the moldwarpe, curssed of

God's owne mouth, and they three were the dragon, the lion, and the woolfe, which should divide this realme betweene them. Such is the deviation (saith Hall) and not divination of those blind and fantasticall dreames of the Welsh prophesiers. King Henrie not knowing of this new confederacie, and nothing lesse minding than that which after happened, gathered a great armie to go againe into Wales, whereof the earle of Northumberland and his sonne were advertised by the earle of Worcester, and with all diligence raised all the power they could make, and sent to the Scots which before were taken prisoners at Homeldon, for aid of men, promising to the earle of Dowglas the towne of Berwike, and a part of Northumberland, and to other Scotish lords, great lordships and seigniories, if they obteined the upper hand. The Scots in hope of gaine, and desirous to be revenged of their old greefes, came to the earle with a great companie well appointed. The Persies, to make their part seeme good, devised certeine articles, by the advise of Richard Scroope, archbishop of Yorke, brother to the lord Scroope, whome king Henrie had caused to be beheaded at Bristow. These articles being shewed to diverse noblemen, and other states of the realme, mooved them to favour their purpose, in so much that manie of them did not onelie promise to the Persies aid and succour by words, but also by their writings and scales confirmed the same. Howbeit, when the matter came to triall, the most part of the confederates abandoned them, and at the daie of the conflict left them alone. Thus after that the conspirators had discovered themselves, the lord Henrie Persie desirous to proceed in the enterprise, upon trust to be assisted by Owen Glendouer, the earle of March, and other, assembled an armie of men of armes and archers foorth of Cheshire and Wales. Incontinentlie his uncle Thomas Persie earle of Worcester, that had the governement of the prince of Wales, who as then laie at London in secret manner, conveied himselfe out of the princes house, and comming to Stafford (where he met his nephue) they increased their power by all waies and meanes they could devise. The earle of Northumberland himselfe was not with them, but being sicke, had promised upon his amendement to repaire unto them (as some write) with all convenient speed. These noble men, to make their conspiracie to seeme excusable, besides the articles above mentioned, sent letters abroad, wherein was conteined that their gathering of an armie tended to none other end, but onlie for the safegard of their owne persons, and to put some better government in the commonwealth. For whereas taxes and tallages were dailie levied, under pretense to be imploied in defense of the realme, the same were vainlie wasted, and unprofitablie consumed; and where through the slanderous reports of their enimies, the king had taken a greevous displeasure with them, they durst not appeare personallie in the kings presence, untill the prelats and barons of the realme had obteined of the king licence for them to come and purge themselves before him, by lawfull triall of their peeres, whose judgement (as they pretended) they would in no wise refuse. Manie that saw and heard these letters, did commend their diligence, and highlie praised their assured fidelitie and trustinesse towards the commonwealth. But the king understanding their cloaked drift, devised (by what meanes he might) to quiet and appease the commons, and deface their contrived forgeries; and therefore he wrote an answer to their libels, that he marvelled much, sith the earle of Northumberland, and the lord Henrie Persie his sonne, had received the most part of the summes of monie granted to him by the cleargie and communaltie, for defense of the marches, as he could evidentlie proove what should moove them to complaine and raise such manifest slanders. And whereas he understood that the earles of Northumberland and Worcester, and the lord Persie, had by their letters signified to their freends abroad, that by reason of the slanderous reports of their enimies, they durst not appeare in his presence, without the mediation of the prelats and nobles of the realme, so as they required pledges, whereby they might safelie come

afore him, to declare and alledge what they had to saie in proofe of their innocencie, he protested by letters sent foorth under his seale, that they might safelie come and go, without all danger, or anie manner of indamagement to be offered to their persons. But this could not satisfie those men, but that resolved to go forwards with their enterprise, they marched towards Shrewesburie, upon hope to be aided (as men thought) by Owen Glendouer, and his Welshmen, publishing abroad throughout the countries on each side, that king Richard was alive, whome if they wished to see, they willed them to repaire in armour unto the castell of Chester where (without all doubt) he was at that present, and redie to come forward. This tale being raised, though it were most untrue, yet it bred variable motions in mens minds, causing them to waver, so as they knew not to which part they should sticke; and verelie, divers were well affected towards king Richard, speciallie such as had tasted of his princelie bountifulnes, of which there was no small number. And to speake a truth, no marvell it was, if manie envied the prosperous state of king Henrie, sith it was evident inough to the world, that he had with wrong usurped the crowne, and not onelie violentlie deposed king Richard, but also cruellie procured his death, for the which undoubtedlie, both he and his posteritie tasted such troubles, as put them still in danger of their states, till their direct succeeding line was quite rooted out by the contrarie faction, as in Henrie the sixt and Edward the fourth it may appeare.

But now to returne where we left. King Henrie, advertised of the proceedings of the Persies, foorthwith gathered about him such power as he might make, and being earnestlie called upon by the Scot, the earle of March, to make hast and give battell to his enimies, before their power by delaieng of time should still too much increase, he passed forward with such speed, that he was in sight of his enimies, lieng in campe neere to Shrewesburie, before they were in doubt of anie such thing, for the Persies thought that he would have staied at Burton-upon-Trent, till his councell had come thither to him to give their advise what he were best to doo. But herein the enimie was deceived of his expectation, sith the king had great regard of expedition and making speed for the safetie of his owne person, whereunto the earle of March incited him, considering that in delaie is danger, and losse in lingering. By reason of the king's sudden comming in this sort, they staied from assaulting the towne of Shrewesburie, which enterprise they were readie at that instant to have taken in hand, and foorthwith the lord Persie (as a capteine of high courage) began to exhort the capteines and souldiers to prepare themselves to battell, sith the matter was growen to that point, that by no meanes it could be avoided, so that (said he) this daie shall either bring us all to advancement and honor, or else if it shall chance us to be overcome, shall deliver us from the kings spitefull malice and cruell disdaine: for plaieng the men (as we ought to doo) better it is to die in battell for the common-wealths cause, than through cowardlike feare to prolong life, which after shall be taken from us, by sentence of the enimie. Hereupon, the whole armie, being in number about fourteene thousand chosen men, promised to stand with him as long as life lasted. There were with the Persies as chiefteines of this armie, the earle of Dowglas a Scotish man, the baron of Kinderton, sir Hugh Browne, and sir Richard Vernon knights, with diverse other stout and right valiant capteins. Now when the two armies were incamped, the one against the other, the earle of Worcester and the lord Persie with their complices sent the articles (whereof I spake before) by Thomas Caiton, and Thomas Salvain esquiers to king Henrie, under their hands and seales, which articles in effect charged him with manifest perjurie, in that (contrarie to his oth received upon the evangelists at Doncaster, when he first entred the realme after his exile) he had taken upon him the crowne and roiall dignitie, imprisoned king Richard, caused him to resigne his title, and finallie to be murthered. Diverse

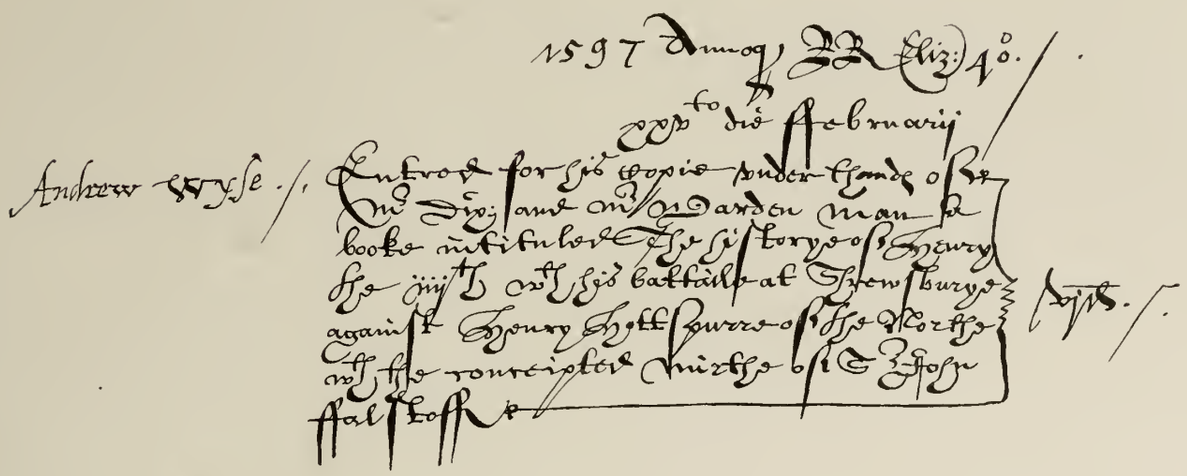
other matters they laid to his charge, as levieng of taxes and tallages, contrarie to his promise, infringing of lawes and customes of the realme, and suffering the earle of Mareh to remaine in prison, without travelling to have him delivered. All whieh things they as proeurors and protectors of the common-wealth, tooke upon them to proove against him, as they protested unto the whole world. King Henrie, after he had read their artieles, with the defianee whieh they annexed to the same, answered the esquiers, that he was readie with dint of sword and fieree battell to proove their quarrell false, and nothing else than a forged matter, not doubting but that God would aid and assist him in his righteous cause, against the disloiall and false forsworne traitors. The next daie in the morning earlie, being the even of Marie Magdalene, they set their battels in order on both sides, and now whilest the warriors looked when the token of battell should be given, the abbat of Shrewesburie, and one of the clearks of the privie seale, were sent from the king unto the Persies, to offer them pardon, if they would come to any reasonable agreement. By their persuasions, the lord Henrie Persie began to give eare unto the kings offers, and so sent with them his uncle the earle of Worcester, to deelare unto the king the causes of those troubles, and to require some effeetuall reformation in the same. It was reported for a truth, that now when the king had condescended unto all that was resonable at his hands to be required, and seemed to humble himselfe more than was meet for his estate, the earle of Woreester (upon his returne to his nephue) made relation cleane contrarie to that the king had said, in such sort that he set his nephues hart more in displeasure towards the king, than ever it was before, driving him by that meanes to fight whether he would or not; then suddenlie blew the trumpets, the kings part crieng S. George upon them, the adversaries cried, *Esperance Persie*, and so the two armies furiouslie joined. The arehers on both sides shot for the best game, laieng on such load with arrowes, that manie died, and were driven downe, that never rose againe. The Scots (as some write) whieh had the foreward on the Persies side, intending to be revenged of their old displeasures doone to them by the English nation, set so fiercelie on the kings foreward, led by the earle of Stafford, that they made the same draw backe, and had almost broken their adversaries arraie. The Welshmen also which before had laine lurking in the woods, mounteines, and marishes, hearing of this battell toward, came to the aid of the Persies, and refreshed the wearied people with new succours. The king pereeiving that his men were thus put to distresse, what with the violent impression of the Scots, and the tempestuous stormes of arrowes, that his adversaries discharged freely against him and his people, it was no need to will him to stirre; for suddenlie with his fresh battell, he approched and relieved his men; so that the battell began more fieree than before. Here the lord Henrie Persie, and the earle Dowglas, a right stout and hardie capteine, not regarding the shot of the kings battell, nor the close order of the ranks, pressing forward togither bent their whole forces towards the kings person, comming upon him with speares and swords so fiercelie, that the earle of March the Seot, perceiving their purpose, withdrew the king from that side of the field (as some write) for his great benefit and safegard (as it appeared) for they gave sueh a violent onset upon them that stood about the kings standard, that slaieng his standard-bearer sir Walter Blunt, and overthrowing the standard, they made slaughter of all those that stood about it, as the earle of Stafford, that daie made by the king constable of the realme, and diverse other. The prinee that daie holpe his father like a lustie yoong gentleman; for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow, so that diverse noble men that were about him, would have conveied him foorth of the field, yet hee would not suffer them so to doo, least his departure from amongst his men might happilie have striken some feare into their harts; and so without regard of his hurt, he

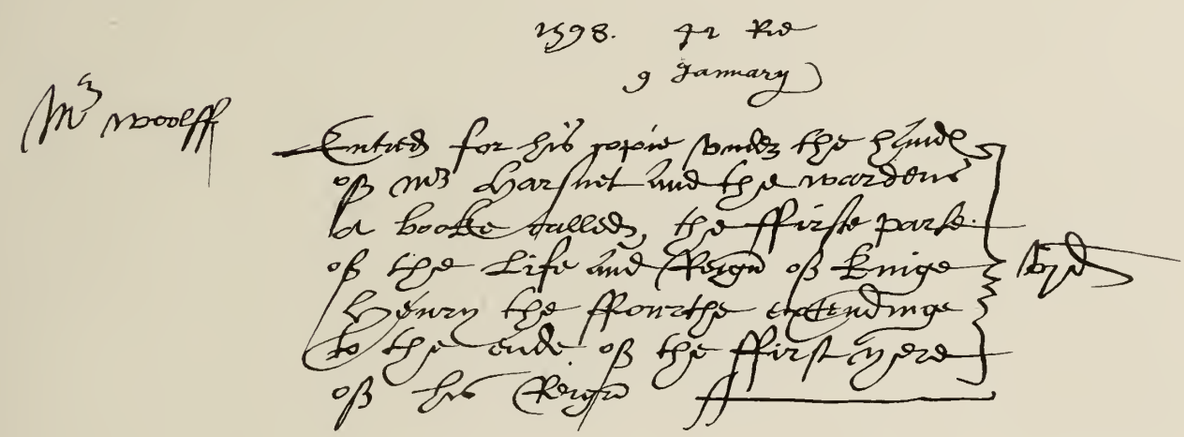
continued with his men, and never ceassed, either to fight where the battell was most hot, or to incourage his men where it seemed most need. This battell lasted three long houres, with indifferent fortune on both parts, till at length, the king crieng saint George victorie, brake the arraie of his enimies, and adventured so farre, that (as some write) the earle Dowglas strake him downe, and at that instant slue sir Walter Blunt, and three other, apparelled in the kings sute and clothing, saieng; I marvell to see so many kings thus suddenlie arise one in the neeke of an other. The king in deed was raised, and did that daie manie a noble feat of armes, for as it is written, he slue that daie with his owne hands six and thirtie persons of his enimies. The other on his part incouraged by his doings fought valiantlie, and slue the lord Persie, called sir Henrie Hotspurre. To conclude, the kings enimies were vanquished, and put to flight, in which flight, the earle of Dowglas, for hast, falling from the crag of an hie mounteine, brake one of his cullions, and was taken, and for his valiantnesse, of the king frankelie and freelie delivered. There was also taken the earle of Worcester, the procuror and setter foorth of all this mischeefe, sir Richard Vernon, and the baron of Kinderton, with diverse other. There were slaine upon the kings part, beside the earle of Stafford, to the number of ten knights, sir Hugh Shorlie, sir John Clifton, sir John Cokaine, sir Nicholas Causell, sir Walter Blunt, sir John Calverleie, sir John Massie of Podington, sir Hugh Mortimer, and sir Robert Causell, all the which received the same morning the order of knighthood; sir Thomas Wendesleie was wounded to death, and so passed out of this life shortlie after. There died in all upon the kings side sixteene hundred, and foure thousand were greevouslie wounded. On the contrarie side were slaine, besides the lord Persie, the most part of the knights and esquiers of the countie of Chester, to the number of two hundred, besides yeomen and footmen; in all there died of those that fought on the Persies side, about five thousand. This battell was fought on Marie Magdalene even, being saturdaie. Upon the mondaie folowing, the earle of Worcester, the baron of Kinderton, and sir Richard Vernon knights, were condemned and beheaded. The earles head was sent to London, there to be set on the bridge.—The earle of Northumberland was now marching forward with great power, which he had got thither, either to aid his sonne and brother (as was thought) or at the least towards the king, to procure a peace; but the earle of Westmerland, and sir Robert Waterton knight, had got an armie on foot, and meant to meet him. The earle of Northumberland, taking neither of them to be his freend, turned suddenlie backe, and withdrew himselfe into Warkewoorth castell. The king having set a staie in things about Shrewesburie, went straight to Yorke, from whence he wrote to the earle of Northumberland, willing him to dismisse his companies that he had with him, and to come unto him in peaceable wise. The earle upon receipt of the kings letters came unto him the morow after saint Laurence daie, having but a few of his servants to attend him, and so excused himselfe, that the king (bicause the earle had Berwike in his possession, and further, had his castels of Alnewike, Warkewoorth, and other, fortified with Scots) dissembled the matter, gave him faire words, and suffered him (as saith Hall) to depart home, although by other it should seeme, that he was committed for a time to safe custodie. The king returning foorth of Yorkeshire, determined to go into North Wales, to chastise the presumptuous dooings of the unrulie Welshmen, who (after his comming from Shrewesburie, and the marches there) had doone much harme to the English subjects. But now where the king wanted monie to furnish that enterprise, and to wage his souldiers, there were some that counselled him to be bold with the bishops, and supplie his want with their surplusage. But as it fortuned, the archbishop of Canterburie was there present, who in the name of all the rest boldlie made answer, that none of his province should be spoiled by anie of those naughtie disposed persons; but that first with hard

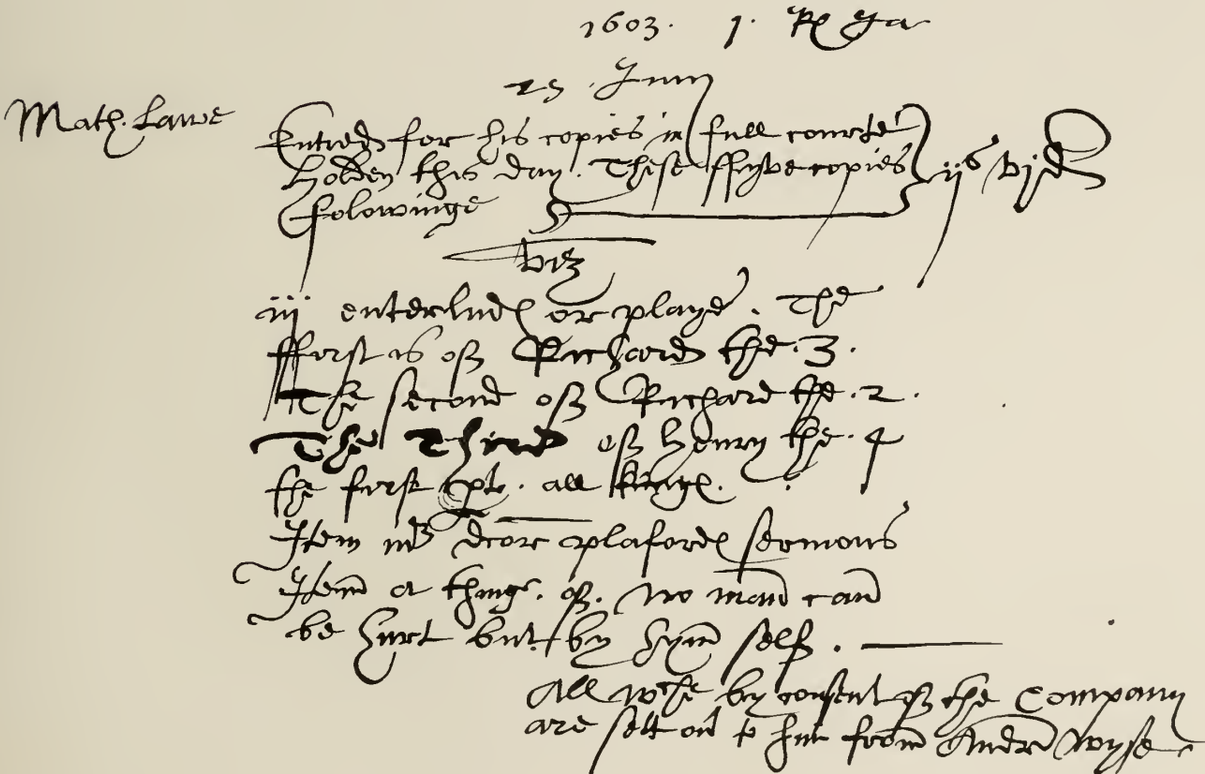
stripes they should understand the price of their rash enterprise. But the king nevertheless so used the matter with the bishops for their good wils, that the archbishop at length to pleasure him, calling the cleargie togither, got a grant of a tenth towards the kings necessarie charges.

The first part of Henry the Fourth was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company on February 25th, 1597-8,—"Andrew Wyse.—Entred for his Copie, under thandes of Mr. Dix and Mr. Warden Man, a booke intituled The historye of Henry the iiij.th with his battaile at Shrewsburye against Henry Hottspurre of the Northe, with the conceipted mirthe of Sir John Falstoff." This edition was printed anonymously by Peter Short in the same year, in a small quarto containing fourty leaves, under the title of,—"The History of Henrie the Fovrth; With the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstaffe. At London, Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598." This impression was reprinted in the following year, with a note stating that it was "newly corrected" by the author, but the edition is a mere copy of that of ed. 1598,—"The History of Henrie the Fovrth; With the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstaffe. Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare. At London, Printed by S. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1599." On June 15th, 1603, Andrew Wise sold the copyright of the play to Matthew Law, as appears from the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company,—"Math: Lawe.—Entred for his copies in full courte holden this day, iij. enterludes or playes, the third of Henry the 4 the first parte, &c., all whiche by consent of the company are sett over to him from Andr: Wyse." The next four editions of the comedy were issued by Law under the following titles,—1. "The History of Henrie the Fourth, With the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King, and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstaffe. Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare. London Printed by Valentine Simmes, for Mathew Law, and are to be solde at his shop in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Fox. 1604."—2. "The History of Henry the fourth, With the battell of Shrewseburie, betweene the King, and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry

Entry of the First Part of Henry the Fourth, &c., from the original Registry of the Company of Stationers, 1598 – 1603.







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22 Bedford Street, Covent Garden

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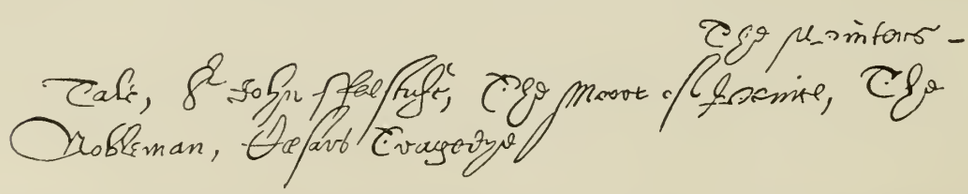
Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceites of Sir Iohn Falstaffe. Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare. London, Printed for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Churchyard, neere unto S. Augustines gate, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608."—3. "The History of Henrie the fourth, With the Battell at Shrewseburie, betweene the King, and Lord Henry Percy, sur-named Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceites of Sir John Falstaffe. Newly corrected by W. Shakespeare. London, Printed by W. W. for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, neere unto S. Augustines Gate, at the signe of the Foxe. 1613."—4. "The Historie of Henry the Fourth, With the Battell at Shrewseburie, betweene the King, and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe. Newly corrected. By William Shake-speare. London, Printed by T. P. and are to be sold by Mathew Law, dwelling in Pauls Church-yard, at the Signe of the Foxe, neere S. Austines gate, 1622." In the folio of 1623, it is entitled, "The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry Sirnamed Hot-spvrre," occupying twenty-six pages, from p. 46 to p. 73 inclusive. It was again reprinted in the quarto form in 1632, the same year in which the second folio appeared, and also in 1639, under the following titles,—1. "The Historie of Henry the Fourth: With the battell at Shrewesbury, be-tweene the King, and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe. Newly corrected, By William Shake-speare. London, Printed by John Norton, and are to bee sold by William Sheares, at his shop at the great South doore of Saint Pauls-Church; and in Chancery-Lane, neere Serieants-Inne. 1632."—2. "The Historie of Henry the Fourth: With the Battell at Shrewsbury, betweene the King, and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe. Newly corrected, by William Shake-speare. London, Printed by John Norton, and are to be sold by Hugh Perry, at his shop next to Ivie-bridge in the Strand. 1639." No other old quarto edition is known to exist, but either a stock of one of these later editions was bought by William Leake, who published late impressions of the Merchant of Venice and Othello, or there is a lost edition by that publisher, for the play of Henry the Fourth is in a list of "Books printed or sold by William Leake at the sign of the

Crown in Fleet street between the two Temple Gates," 1653. The early quarto editions of 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, and 1622, were reprinted in succession after the edition of 1598; and the folio edition was taken from that of 1613, with no alterations of sufficient importance to prove that any reference was made to the author's manuscript. It follows, therefore, that the only real authority for the text of the present drama is the quarto edition of 1598.

Meres, in his Palladis Tamia, 1598, mentions the play of Henry the Fourth as one of Shakespeare's tragedies, the incident of Hotspur's death perhaps leading him to include it in that class; but he does not describe it as a play in two parts. The first part, at least, if not both, is alluded to, and there is a curious evidence, in the same work of Meres, of the rapidity with which the former attained popularity; for, in a previous page, he quotes one of the Falstaff's sayings, without considering it necessary to mention whence it was derived,—"As Aulus Persius Flaccus is reported among al writers to be of an honest life and upright conversation, so Michael Drayton among schollers, souldeers, poets, and all sorts of people, is helde for a man of vertuous disposition, honest conversation, and wel governed cariage, which is almost meraculous among good wits in these declining and corrupt times, *when there is nothing but rogery in villanous man*, and when cheating and craftines is counted the cleanest wit and soundest wisdome." Ben Jonson, in Every Man out of His Humour, acted in 1599, refers to Falstaff as then a well-known character, and the First Part of Henry the Fourth passed through no fewer than six editions before its appearance in the folio of 1623. It was played at Whitehall, before the Court, in May, 1613, under the title Sir of John Falstaff, as appears from the following entry in the Harington manuscript,—"Item, paid to John Heminges uppon the Counsells warrant dated att Whitehall, xx. die Maii, 1613, for presentinge before the prinses highness the La: Elizabeth and the Prince Pallatyne Elector fowerteene severall playes," in this list of fourteen "Sir John



Falstafe" being included, with several other of Shakespeare's

plays. It was again played at Court, in 1624, under the same title,—"Upon New-years night, the prince only being there, the First Part of Sir John Falstaff, by the king's eompany; att Whitehall, 1624," Herbert's Diary. It continued to be popular until the breaking out of the eivil wars eaused the suppression of the theatres. In the verses of Leonard Digges on Shakespeare, published in 1640, he says, speaking of the theatre,—"let but Falstaff come,—Hal, Poins, the rest,—you scaree shall have a room,—all is so pester'd." Palmer thus eommenees some verses on Fletcher, 1647,—"I eould praise Heywood now, or tell how long—Falstaff from eraeking nuts hath kept the throng." According to Wright's Historia Histrioniea, 1699, "in my time, before the wars, Lowin used to aet Falstaffe." After the Restoration of Charles the Second, the First Part of Henry the Fourth resumed its position as a general favourite, the Second Part not being then in the stoek of the acting plays. In a manuscript "list of plays aeted by the King's company at the Red Bull," 1660, is the following entry,—"Thursday the 8 No: Henry the Fourthe, first play aeted at the new theatre." It had been previously aeted in the same year before the king, as appears from a Prologue dated August 16th, 1660, written by Jordan, entitled, A Prologue to the King,—

> We have been so perplex't with gun and drum,
> Look to your hats and cloaks, the redcoats come.
> D'Ambois is routed, Hotspur quits the Field,
> Falstaff's out-filch'd, all in confusion yield;
> Even auditor and actor, what before
> Did make the Red-Bull laugh, now makes it roar.

And in the last day of the same year its popularity had attraeted the notice of Pepys, who thus records his first impression of the eomedy,—"In Paul's Chureh-yard I bought the play of Henry the Fourth, and so went to the New Theatre and saw it aeted; but my expectation being too great, it did not please me, as otherwise I believe it would; and my having a book I believe did spoil it a little." In the following year he ehanged his opinion,—"4 June, 1661. From thenee to the theatre, and saw Harry the Fourth, a good play;" but this favourable notice is reversed on a subsequent oceasion. There ean be, however, no doubt that this drama maintained a singular popularity throughout all the latter part of the seventeenth eentury. "I have seen," observes Mrs. Behn, in some remarks prefixed to the

Dutch Lover, 1673, "a man, the most severe of Johnson's sect, sit with his hat remov'd less than a hair's breadth from one sullen posture for almost three hours at the Alchymist, who at that excellent play of Harry the Fourth, which yet I hope is far enough from farce, hath very hardly kept his doublet whole." So also Dryden's well-known line,—"but Falstaff seems unimitable yet," Essay on Poetry, 1682, p. 16. "As to the comical part, 'tis certainly our author's own invention; and the character of Sir John Falstaff is owned by Mr. Dryden to be the best of comical characters; and the author himself had so good an opinion of it, that he continued it in no less than four plays. This part used to be play'd by Mr. Lacy, and never fail'd of universal applause," Langbaine's account of the English Dramatick Poets, 1691. In the year 1700, the First Part of Henry the Fourth was altered by Betterton, and published in quarto under the following title,—"K. Henry IV. with the Humours of Sir John Falstaff. A Tragi-Comedy. As it is acted at the Theatre in Little-Lincolns-Inn-Fields by His Majesty's Servants. Revived, with Alterations. Written Originally by Mr. Shakespear. London, Printed for R. W. and sold by John Deeve at Bernards-Inn-Gate in Holborn, 1700." It is scarcely necessary to observe that this alteration is a mere literary curiosity, of no critical value or authority.

The character of Falstaff attained a reputation soon after its appearance on the stage, a popularity that has continued without intermission to the present time, and which it can hardly fail to command as long as English literature exists. Ben Jonson, as early as 1599, thus alludes to the fat knight at the conclusion of Every Man Out of his Humour,—"Marry, I will not do, as Plautus in his Amphrytio, for all this beg a plaudite for God's sake; but if you, out of the bounty of your good liking, will bestow it, why, you may, in time, make lean Macilente as fat as Sir John Falstaff." So, again, in Sir John Oldcastle, 1600,—"Where the devil are all my old thieves? Falstaff, that villain, is so fat, he cannot get on's horse." In the Whipping of the Satyre, 1601, the writer says of a certain person,—"Sir John Falstaffe was not in any way more grosse in body, than you are in brayne;" and Sharpe, in More Fooles Yet, 1610, thus commences an epigram,—"How Falstaffe like doth sweld Virosus looke,—As though his paunch did foster every sinne." The ancient stage-dress of the knight may be gathered from a memorandum by Inigo Jones, of the time of James the First,

respecting a character in one of the court masques, who is directed to be dressed,—"like a Sir John Falstaff, in a robe of russet, quite low, with a great belly, like a swollen man, long moustachios, the shoes short, and out of them great toes, like naked feet: buskins, to show a great swollen leg." It may be worth notice that about the commencement of the last century, there was a traditional story, current in Warwickshire, respecting a supposed prototype of Falstaff, thus recorded by Oldys,—"Old Mr. Bowman the player reported from Sir William Bishop, that some part of Sir John Falstaff's character was drawn from a townsman of Stratford, who either faithlessly broke a contract, or spitefully refused to part with some land for a valuable consideration, adjoining to Shakespeare's, in or near that town."

The following comedy was selected for private theatrical performances at a very early period. Sir Edward Dering of Surrenden, who died in the year 1644, caused the two parts of the drama to be formed into one acting play, the first part being that chiefly used, the only portions of the second which were inserted consisting of little more than the opening and the scenes relating to the death of Henry. The manuscript of this alteration, the earliest known written copy of any of Shakespeare's plays, is still preserved. It is a small folio volume, containing fifty-five leaves. It was evidently copied by a scribe from printed editions, the parts which were to be entirely omitted having been indicated probably by Sir Edward Dering, who has also made in the rest various alterations, erasures, and additions. In one place, he has written in the margin,—"vide printed booke," a reference which clearly shows that a published edition, not a play-house copy, was used; and, in another page, there is a long paragraph in his handwriting, which appears to have been accidentally omitted by the transcriber, but which is found in the early printed text. The exact date of the manuscript is a subject of conjecture. In Sir Edward Dering's house-hold book for 1619 is the following entry, "for twenty-seven play-bookes, nine shillings," no doubt small quarto plays, thus purchased at four-pence the volume; a note which shows that the baronet was interested in the drama. One or more of these books may have been used in the preparation of this alteration, which seems to have been copied from quarto not from folio editions. It is scarcely necessary to observe that a manuscript, formed under the circumstances here mentioned, is of no manner of critical authority.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, *Prince of Wales*,
Prince John *of Lancaster*, } *sons to the King.*
Earl of Westmoreland.
Sir Walter Blunt.
Thomas Percy, *Earl of Worcester.*
Henry Percy, *Earl of Northumberland.*
Henry Percy, *surnamed* Hotspur, *his son.*
Edmund Mortimer, *Earl of March.*
Scroop, *Archbishop of York.*
Archibald, *Earl of Douglas.*
Owen Glendower.
Sir Richard Vernon.
Sir John Falstaff.
Sir Michael, *a friend to the Archbishop of York.*
Quickly, *the host of the Boar's-Head Tavern.*
Pointz.
Gadshill.
Peto.
Bardolph.

Lady Percy, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.*
Lady Mortimer, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.*
Mistress Quickly, *hostess of the Boar's-Head Tavern.*

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE—England.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Henry, Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, *and others.*

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in strands afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil[1]
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,[2]
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the Sepulchre of Christ,—

Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,—
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy ;[3]
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go :
Therefore we meet not now.—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down[4]
But yesternight : when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news ;
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,[5]
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered ;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord ;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import :
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,[6]
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour :
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil[7]
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood,[8] did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake, Earl of Fife,[9] and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earls of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?
West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.
K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,—
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,[10]
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.
West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;[11]
Which makes him prune himself,[12] and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.
K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we

Will hold at Windsor,—so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. *The Painted Tavern in the Vintry.*[13]

Enter Prince HENRY *and* FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know.[14] What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffata,[15]—I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon[16] and the seven stars,[17] and not by Phœbus,—he, "that wandering knight so fair."[18] And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

P. Hen. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth,—not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come,—roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body[19] be called thieves of the day's beauty:[20] let us be Diana's foresters,[21] gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

P. Hen. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday

night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing "lay by,"[22] and spent with crying "bring in;" now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.[23]

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?[24]

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.[25] And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?[26]

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir-apparent,—but, I prithee, sweet wag,[27] shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? Oh, rare![28] By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?[29]

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat,[30] or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.[31]

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare,[32] or the melancholy of Moor-Ditch?[33]

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art, indeed, the most comparative,[34] rascallest,—sweet young prince,—but,

Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity[35] of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir,—but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely,—but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets,[36] and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration,[37] and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal, —God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee,—from praying to purse-taking.

Enter POINTZ *at a distance.*

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.[38]—Pointz!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.[39]—O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried "stand" to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poin. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack-and-sugar?[40] Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg.

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word,—the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs,—he will give the devil his due.

Poin. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poin. But, my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill![41] there are pilgrims going to Canter-

bury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses:[42] I have visards for you all, you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward;[43] if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poin. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.[44]

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poin. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation-sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, Allhallown summer![45] [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Poin. Now, my good sweet honey-lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill,[46] shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poin. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poin. Tut! our horses they shall not see,—I'll tie them in the wood; our visards we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce,[47] to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poin. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue[48] will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-night[49] in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poin. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,[50]
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;[51]
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Windsor. *Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND,[52] WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, Sir WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;[53]
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

North. My lord,[54]—

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone;[55] for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.[56]
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. [*Exit* WORCESTER.
You were about to speak. *To* NORTH.

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd

Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;[57]
He was perfumed like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box,[58] which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again ;—
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff:[59]—and still he smil'd and talk'd ;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I, then all smarting with my wounds being cold,[60]
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,[61]
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,—
He should, or he should not ;—for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark !—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;[62]
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,—
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;[63]
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd[64]
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower,[65]
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers,[66] then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,[67]
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war:[68]—to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds,[69] which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy[70]
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt* King HENRY, BLUNT, *and train.*

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them:—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother the king hath made your nephew mad.

[*To* WORCESTER.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,[71]
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is the next of blood?[72]

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king,—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?
North. He did; myself did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.[73]
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation,—shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king;—
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again;
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore, I say,—
Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.[74]
Hot. If he fall in, good night!—or sink or swim:—

Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple :—O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare !

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,[75]
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon ;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks ;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities :
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship ![76]

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,[77]
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for awhile.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all ;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them ;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will ; that's flat :—
He said he would not ransom Mortimer ;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla " Mortimer !"
Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak[78]
Nothing but " Mortimer," and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin ; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,[79]—
But that I think his father loves him not,

And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.[80]
Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I will talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
North. Why, what a wasp-tongue and impatient fool[81]
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do ye call the place?—
A plague upon't—it is in Glostershire;—
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,—
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.
North. At Berkley-castle.
Hot. You say true:—
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, "when his infant fortune came to age,"
And, "gentle Harry Percy," and, "kind cousin,"—
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—
Good uncle, tell your tale; for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to 't again;
We'll stay your leisure.
Hot. I have done, i' faith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord, [*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.
Hot. Of York, is 't not?
Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it: upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot.—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
And see, already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does: we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell.—No farther go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;[82]
Where you, and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O! let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the First Act.

[1] *No more the thirsty entrance of this soil.*

The term *entrance* is here put for *mouth*, and the construction seems to be,—"No more shall the thirsty mouth of this soil, imbibing the blood of the soil's own children, daub its lips by so doing." A similar metaphor occurs in Genesis, iv. 11,—"And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand." The same kind of imagery is found in King Henry VI.—"Thy brother's *blood* the *thirsty earth* hath *drunk*." Steevens thus neatly explains the lines in the text—"Shakespeare means the 'thirsty entrance' of the soil for the porous surface of the earth through which all moisture enters, and is thirstily drunk or soaked up." "Porous surface," is the exact literal prose of the more poetical phrase, "thirsty entrance." The personification of the earth or soil, making it eat or drink, is common. "Quenching the gasping furrowes' thirst with rayne," Spenser. "And make the earth devoure her own sweet brood," Sonnets. "The dry and thirsty earth dranke most greedily," Taylor's Workes, 1630. Various unnecessary alterations of the word *entrance* have been suggested. Thus, it is altered to *bosom* in the Dering Manuscript, to *entrails* in ed. 1685, and, by some more recent editors, to *Erinnys*. The second of these readings is thus supported by Boswell,—"It is not an uncommon licence in language to represent the cause of a thing as actually doing it. So, in Antonio and Mellida:—"Now lions half-clem'd *entrails* roar for food." Here it is not meant that the entrails roared, which would suggest a ludicrous image; but that the lion, whose entrails were half-clem'd with hunger, roared for food."

> And make the greedy ground a drinking cup,
> To sup the blood of murder'd bodies up.
> *Gascoigne's Translation of Euripides*, 1587.

> Is all the *blood* y-spilt on either part,
> Closing *the crannies of the thirsty earth*,
> Grown to a love-game, and a bridal feast?
> *The Troublesome Raigne of King John*, 1591.

[2] *Like the meteors of a troubled heaven.*

Namely, long streaks of red, which represent the lines of armies; the appearance of which, and their likeness to such lines, gave occasion to all the superstition of the common people concerning armies in the air, &c.—*Warburton.*

[3] *Shall we levy.*

To levy *to* was the common idiom of the time. "Scipio, before he *levied* his force *to* the walles of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of the citie in a cake to be devoured," Gosson's School of Abuse, 1587.

[4] *And many limits of the charge set down.*

To limit is to define; and therefore the limits of the charge may be calculations, the estimates, the regulated and appointed times for the conduct of the business in hand. So, in Measure for Measure:—"between the time of the contract and *limit* of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea." Again, in Macbeth:

——I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my *limited* service.—*Malone.*

[5] *The irregular and wild Glendower.*

This Owen Glendouer was sonne to an esquier of Wales, named Griffith Vichan; he dwelled in the parish of Conwaie, within the countie of Merioneth in North Wales, in a place called Glindourwie, which is as much to saie in English, as the vallie by the side of the water of Dee, by occasion whereof he was surnamed Glindour Dew. He was first set to studie the lawes of the realme, and became an utterbarrester, or an apprentise of the law, as they terme him, and served king Richard at Flint castell, when he was taken by Henrie duke of Lancaster, though other have written that he served this king Henrie the fourth, before he came to atteine the crowne, in roome of an esquier, and after, by reason of variance that rose betwixt him and the lord Reginald Greie of Ruthin, about the lands which he claimed to be his by right of inheritance; when he saw that he might not prevaile, finding no such favor in his sute as he looked for, he first made warre against the said lord Greie, wasting his lands and possessions with fire and sword, cruellie killing his servants and tenants. The king advertised of such rebellious exploits, enterprised by the said Owen, and his unrulie complices, determined to chastise them, as disturbers of his peace, and so with an armie entered into Wales; but the Welshmen with their capteine withdrew into the mounteines of Snowdon, so to escape the revenge which the king meant towards them. The king, therefore, did much hurt in the countries with fire and sword, sleing diverse that with weapon in hand came forth to resist him, and so with a great bootie of beasts and cattell he returned.—*Holinshed's Chronicle.*

To this purpose they created for their prince, Owen Glendor, an esquire of Wales, a factious person, and apt to set up division and strife; and although hee was of no great state in birth, yet was hee great and stately in stomacke; of an aspiring spirit; and in wit somewhat above the ordinarie of that untrained people; boulde, craftie, active; and as he listed to bend his minde, mischievous or industrious in equall degree; in desires immoderate, and rashlye adventurous. In his young yeares, hee was brought up to the studye of the common lawe of the realme, at London; and when hee came to mans estate, besides a naturall fiercenesse and hatred to the English name, hee was particularlye incensed by a private suite, for certaine landes in controversie, betweene the Lord Gray of Ruthen and him; wherein his tytle was overthrowne; and being a man by nature not of the myldest, by this provocation he was made savadge and rough; determining eyther to repayre

Fac-simile of the first Page of the ancient manuscript Copy of the Play of Henry the Fourth, which was made for Sir Edward Dering.

he istory ff ing enry he ourth. //

Act: 1.us Scæn: 1.a

Enter
Thon E. of Lancaster bare Sr ~~Walter Blunt~~,

King Henry.
Sr Walter ~~and~~ Blunt and
Attendance.

King — So shaken as we are, so wan with Care,
Finds we a time for frighted peace to pant
And breath short winded accents of ~~new broiles~~ sweete rest.
~~To be Commenc'l in strands a farre remote.~~
No more ye thirsty bosome of this land
Shall wash her selfe ~~with~~ in her owne Children's blood
No more shall trenching warre Channell her feilds,
Nor bruise her flowretts with ye armed hoofes
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,
which like ye meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one substance bredd,
Did lately meete in ye intestine shocke
And furious close of Diuill butchery,
Shall now in mutuall well-beseeming rankes,
March all one way: and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of warre, like an ill-sheathed knife
No more shall Cutt his master. Therefore freindes
Forthwith a power of English shall we leuy,
~~whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombes,~~
To chase those Pagans from those holy feildes,
× And force proude Mahomett from Palestine.
But this our purpose ~~is~~ now is twelue-monthhold,
And bootelesse 'tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore we meete not now. Then lett me heare
Of you my gentle ~~noble~~ sonne of Lancaster
what yesternight our Counsell did decree,
In forwardinge this deere expedience. /

Lanc: /

A. Ashee & Dangerfield, Fac-sim.
22 Bedford Street Covent Garden.

To face p. 214

or to revenge his losse, by setting the whole state on fire. Also his expence and liberality had bin too excessive for a great man to endure, which brought him to barenesse too base for a meane man to beare: and therefore he must of necessity doe and dare somewhat, and more danger there was in soft and quiet dealing, then in hazarding rashlie. Heerewith opportunity was then likewise presented; for troublesome times are most fit for great attempts, and some likelyhood there was, whilest the King and the Lordes were hard at variance, that harme might easily be wrought to them both. Upon these causes his desire was founded, and upon these troubles his hope. But that his aspiring and ambitious humour might beare some shew of honest meaning, he pretended to his countrymen the recovery of their free estate.—*Hayward's Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[6] *The gallant Hotspur there.*

Holinshed, in his History of Scotland, p. 240, says: "This *Harry Percy* was surnamed, for his *often pricking*, *Henry Hotspur*, as one that seldom rested, if there were anie service to be done abroad." This Henry, says Knighton, speaking of the early part of Richard the Second, "was called by the French and Scots *Harre Hatesporre*, because, in the silence of the night, and while others reposed in sleep, he would labour indefatigably against his enemy, as if heating his spurs, which we call Hatesporre." Another writer, Walsingham, says, that "the hopes of the whole nation were reposed in him;" and in all the Chronicles, including those of later date from which Shakespeare wrote, all terms of praise are bestowed upon the martial spirit and great power of this famous Percy, but there is no trace of the peculiar character delineated by the poet. Tyler agrees with Sir Harry Nicolas, in tracing in certain letters from Hotspur, recently published, "a strict accordance with the supposed haughty, captious, and uncompromising character of that excellent soldier." I doubt whether this remark would have been made, if Shakespeare had not taught us to believe that Hotspur deserved the epithets; the letters, in truth, contain firm but temperate remonstrances at the unprovided state in which he was left as commander of the King's army; and a protest, that the responsibility of failure rested not upon him, but upon those who withheld the necessary payments. Of haughtiness or captiousness I find no more than the occasion might well require.—*Courtnay.*

Henry, eldest son of Henry Percy first Earl of Northumberland, by Margaret his first wife, daughter to Ralph Lord Nevill; who, from an age in which valour, in the popular estimation, may be almost said to have been the "chiefest virtue," has transmitted a character for chivalrous achievement superior to most of the warriors of his time. He was as much the hope of England, in this respect, as the Black Prince before him, or Sir Philip Sydney in later days. Historians rarely mention him without admiration; his name is celebrated in ballads; and before his death he was referred to by pretended seers as the restorer of the fortunes of his country. Educated in the Marches, he acquired all the intrepidity and enterprise of a border chieftain, and the energy he displayed against the Scots occasioned them to give him very early the ironical appellation of *Hotspur*. The bard of the battle of Otterbourne tells us,

> He had been a march-man all his dayes,
> And kepte Barwyke upon Twede:

which will fully appear. He was knighted soon after the coronation of Richard II., and one of the first notices of him that occurs in the public Acts of Scotland is as follows. Liliat Cross in the Marches of Scotland was a place at which the English and Scotch used to decide their personal quarrels by single combat. John Chattowe, a Scotch squire, had challenged William de Badby, an Englishman, to

fight there on the feast of Saint Catherine, Nov. 25, 1381. Such formal duels took place before a judge of the combat; and, as the Duke of Lancaster, then king's lieutenant in that district, was absent in attendance upon parliament, Henry Percy, the eldest son of the Earl of Northumberland, with John eldest son of John de Nevill of Raby, and two knights, were directed to attend in his stead. In 7 Ric. II., Henry was nominated one of the commissioners for receiving a payment of money sent by the king of Scotland; and 8 Ric. II. joint warden of the Marches towards Scotland, with his father, the Bishop of Durham, John Nevill, and Roger de Clifford. In 9 Ric. II., he was made governor of Berwick upon Tweed and the Eastern Marches; and appointed with others to superintend the repair of Roxburgh castle. It may be conjectured that he was now a better fighter than disciplinarian. The farmers of the fishery at Berwick made formal complaint to the king that his soldiers poached in the Tweed; and the townsmen, that they took by force their victuals and their goods; but with these disorderly bands he scoured the borders so vigilantly, that it gave rise to the *nom de guerre* already mentioned, which Walsingham is careful to explain, for the benefit, no doubt, of foreign rather than English readers, by the phrase, *quod calidum calcar sonat.* In this year he was sent to the defence of Calais; but finding no employment equal to his ardour, he soon returned into England. In 2 Ric. II., he undertook, with a very inadequate force, to act against the French by sea, upon expectation of an invasion, and acquitted himself with honour; and when the Scots about the same time invaded the East Marches, and committed great devastation, he met them near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, slew the Earl of Douglas with his own hand, and wounded the Earl of Murrey; but pressing too far among the enemy, was taken prisoner with his brother Ralph, and carried into Scotland. However, he soon obtained his release. In 12 Ric. II., he was again appointed Warden of the East March. In 13 Ric. II., he was at Calais, made several excursions towards Boulogne, and raised the seige of Brest, demolishing some part of the works, and repairing others. In this year he was also made Warden of the West and East Marches, and Governor of Carlisle, with power of granting safe conduct to persons going to, or coming out of Scotland. A trifling business of a very different nature from any of the preceding, in which he was at this time an agent, is deserving observation, as it shews that the high born ladies of Scotland interested themselves in concerns worthy of the pastoral age. He solicited and obtained permission from the king on behalf of the Scotch Countess of March, and Maria Heryng, that two flocks of one thousand and six hundred sheep, their respective property, with two shepherds attached to each of them, might have safe conduct, and leave to pasture at Colbrandspath and within five miles in circumference, for three years. The king by writ of privy seal, dated at Westminster, July 12, 1389, takes them under his special protection. He was now retained to serve the king in peace and war, with a pension out of the exchequer, of a hundred pounds per annum, during his life. In 14 Ric. II., he was in the commission for keeping the peace with Scotland; and in 16 Ric. II., was again at Calais, whence he was recalled to his former post at Berwick and in the East March; besides which he was made governor of Bourdeaux. In 17 Ric. II., he was one of the commissioners to treat of peace with the Scots. In 19 Ric. II., he was employed in France, and had a renewal of his appointment at Berwick and in the East March; and this was repeated in 22 Ric. II., when he was constituted conservator of the truce with Scotland. By his warden's commission he had full power to punish all offenders against the peace, and all who held correspondence with the enemy; and to call out the able men of Northumberland and the Marches, within the liberties, between the ages of sixteen and sixty, and to see that they were properly armed and arrayed. What proportion of force he brought to the Duke of Lancaster does

not appear. Henry could not have selected a better captain to command under him. He continued him in his situation at Berwick. In 1 Hen. IV. he was made governor of Roxburgh castle, sheriff of Northumberland, with a grant of the castle and lordship of Bamborough, for his life, justice of Chester, North-Wales, and Flintshire, and constable of the castles of Chester, Flint, Conway, and Caernarvon. Dugdale, quoting the Patent Rolls, has assigned these latter appointments of justice and constable both to the father and the son; but no notice of them is to be found in the published calendar; there is, however, an entry of a grant of the county and lordship of Anglesey with the castle of Beaumaris for life. In 3 Hen. IV., he was with his father at the victorious battle of Halidon-hill. In the spring of this year he laid in, for the consumption of the town and castle of Berwick, 2,900 quarters of beans, peas, and oats, and 800 quarters of corn, and *mixtillion* (miscellane). These he had license to purchase in the counties of Cambridge, Lincoln, and Norfolk, and to ship for Berwick; and under proper distribution of his store, and attention to the conduct of his garrison, now at least the townsmen should have had no reason to complain. The next year saw him in opposition to Henry IV. Under colour of advancing into Scotland, he raised and trained a force in the Marches, and drew southward, probably over the very ground he had traced in 1399 with the captive king, through Cheshire to Lichfield, and thence to Shrewsbury. His uncle Sir Thomas Percy joined him, and the fatal issue of their attempt is familiar to every reader. Never for the time was field more severely contested than that of Shrewsbury. They were upon the point of assaulting the town, when Henry IV. came in sight, and, after a fruitless attempt at negociation, brought them to action. But all his efforts and military skill in throwing himself between Owen Glyndwr and his associates, and preventing them from effecting a junction, would apparently have little availed, had not a single arrow saved his crown, and deprived "the best knight in England" of the victory. Heny Percy the younger died, as he had lived, in arms; and his last words to his soldiers before the battle were these; "Stand to it valiantly; for this day will either advance us all, if we conquer; or free us from the king's power, if we be overcome; since it is more honourable to fall in battle for the public good, than after the fight to die by the sentence of an enemy." Henry IV. took a most unworthy revenge upon his corpse, after permitting it to be honourably interred; and he was deservedly reminded of this in Scroopes manifesto: "Henricum Percy non solum semel occidit, sed quantum in ipso est bis et ter interfecit. Quia postquam semel fuit occisus, et Domino de Furnyvale ad sepeliendum traditus et liberatus, qui ipsum ecclesiasticæ sepulturæ, prout moris erat christianorum, cum honore quo tunc potuit tradidit, et cum suffragiis mortuorum, missarum, et aliarum orationum, ipsius animam apud Deum commendavit; idem Dominus Henricus, ut cruenta bestia, ejus sanguinem denuo sitiens, et ejus corpus de tumulo exhumari et extrahi præcepit, et inter duas molas asinarias in quodam vico de Shrewsbury juxta collistrigium reponi et sedere fecit, ac cum armatis hominibus custodiri, postmodum decollari, et membratim dividi et quarterisari, et caput et ejus quarterias ad regni certas civitates transmitti jussit." I have seen no date whereby to fix his age; but it appears to me that the general impression respecting it, which the "Young Harry" of the dramatic poet has helped to fix in our minds, does not carry it far enough. His parents were married in 32 Edw. III. and he was the eldest child of that marriage. By his wife Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edmund Mortimer Earl of March, he left one son and one daughter. The former was concealed for some time in Scotland; but was afterwards sought out and educated under the compassionate attentions of Henry V., who restored him to his hereditary estates and honours.—*Webb.*

[7] *Stain'd with the variation of each soil.*

No circumstance could have been better chosen to mark the expedition of Sir Walter. It is used by Falstaff in a similar manner: "As it were to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me, but to stand stained with travel."—*Henley.*

[8] *Balk'd in their own blood.*

A *balk* is a ridge of greensward left by the plough in ploughing, or by design between different occupancies in a common field. The term is translated by *terræ porca* in an old vocabulary in MS. Bodl. 604, f. 39; but by *grumus*, a heap, in Withals' Dictionarie, ed. 1608, p. 89. See also Reliq. Antiq. ii. 81; Cotgrave, in v. *Assillonnement*, *Cheintre;* Towneley Myst. p. 99; Cov. Myst. p. 343; Piers Ploughman, p. 123; Florio, in v. *Deliráre;* Holinshed, Hist. Ireland, p. 174. From this last example it appears that the explanation given by Withals is correct, and Baret has, "a *balke* or banke of earth raysed or standing up betweene twoo furrowes," Alvearie, 1580. "A ridge or balke, which is the earth cast up betweene two furrowes," Nomenclator, 1585. "By earing up the balks, that part their bounds," Gascoigne's Workes, 1587. "A little *balke* or heape, grumulus," Withals' Dictionarie, ed. 1608, p. 89. "In common speech a balk is the same with *scamnum* in Latin, i. e., a piece of land which is either casually overslip'd, and not turned up in plowing, or industriously left untouched by the plow, for a boundary between lands, or some other use. Hence, *to balk*, is frequently used metaphorically, for, to pass over," Ray's Collection of English Words, 1691. Minsheu has,—"to balke, or make a balk in earing of land."

Others would change the reading to *bak'd* in the sense of incrusted, which is not without authority from Shakespeare himself. See Hamlet, ii. 2. There, however, the blood is *bak'd* by the fire of the houses, not the person bak'd in blood. The following quotation from Heywood is more apposite:—"Troilus lies *embak'd* in his cold blood." Again, in Heywood's Iron Age: "——*bak'd in blood* and dust." Again, ibid.: "——as *bak'd in blood.*"—*Nares.*

Balk is a ridge; and particularly, a ridge of land: here is therefore a metaphor, and perhaps the poet means, in his bold and careless manner of expression, "Ten thousand *bloody* carcasses *piled* up together in a long heap.——A *ridge* of dead bodies *piled* up in *blood.*" If this be the meaning of *balked*, for the greater exactness of construction, we might add to the pointing, viz., *Balk'd*, in their own blood, &c.—Piled up into a ridge, *and* in their own blood, &c. But without this punctuation, as at present, the context is more poetical, and presents a stronger image. A *balk*, in the sense here mentioned, is a common expression in Warwickshire, and the northern counties. It is used in the same signification in Chaucer's Plowman's Tale.—*Warton.*

Balk'd in their own blood, I believe, means, laid in *heaps* or *hillocks*, in their own blood. Blithe, in his England's Improvement, p. 118, observes; "the mole raiseth *balks* in meads and pastures." In Leland's Itinerary, v. 16, 118, vii. 10, a *balk* signifies a *bank* or *hill.* Pope, in the Iliad, has the same thought:

> On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans *bled*,
> And thick'ning round them rise the *hills* of dead.

In Chapman's Translation of the Shield of Achilles, 4to. 1598, the word *balk* also occurs:

> Among all these all silent stood their king,
> Upon a *balk*, his scepter in his hand.—*Steevens.*

[9] *Mordake earl of Fife.*

Now, my first question is, are *two* distinct persons here spoken of, or is Mordake described both as Earl of Fife, and son to Douglas? But Mordake was a Stuart, and eldest son to Duke Robert, Governor of the Realm; which Robert was the second son of the Scotish King Robert the Second, and by him appointed Duke of Albany, and Governor of the Realm. Then, who is this eldest son to beaten Douglas? Hotspur took Archibald Earl of Douglas himself prisoner at Holmedon; who afterwards appears in our play, and assists Percy at Shrewsbury. He is the Douglas himself; and is called so a few lines backward:—for Archibald, his father, and predecessor in the Earldom, was dead some time before the affair at Holmedon. Douglas, therefore, that is taken prisoner, and is Earl himself, would hardly be described by our poet as the eldest son of his dead father Douglas, who had been formerly beaten by the English. I almost suspect a line is lost; by which Mordake is described as eldest son of Duke Robert the Governor of Scotland; and that then we ought to read, "The beaten Douglas," &c; for, in the list of prisoners taken, Douglas is named *second* both by Hall and Holinshed,—"and of *prisoners* among others were these, *Mordake* Earl of Fife, son to the Governor Archembald Earl of Douglas, which in the fight lost one of his eyes, Thomas Earl of Murrey," &c. Thus the quotation stands in Holinshed; and, upon second thought, a comma being omitted after the word *governor*, might not our poet take the blunder of the press upon trust, and think Earl Douglas was this governor, and that Mordake was his son? But then another difficulty arises; that though Douglas is said to be beaten, we have no account likewise of his being one of the prisoners.—*Theobald.*

[10] *The prisoners.*

The denial of the prisoners, of which Shakespeare makes so much, is mentioned by Holinshed, on the authority of Hardyng, who says that Northumberland gave up his prisoner, namely, the Earl of Fife:—

But Sir Henry his son then would not bring
His prisoners in no wise to the King.

As a follower of the Percies, Hardyng is entitled to credit on this point, but the King's demand of the prisoners does not appear among the alleged causes of rebellion, nor is it dwelt upon by other writers of the time. The only official document prohibits the captors from permitting their prisoners to return to Scotland *on ransom*, but does not require the persons or value of the captives, and contains an especial *salvo* of the rights of the captors. See the writ directed to the two Percies and others, 22d Sept. 1402, Rymer, viii. 278. By the law of arms any man who had taken any captive whose redemption did not exceed 10,000 crowns had him clearly to himself, either to acquit or ransom at his pleasure. The indentures of service sometimes contained a special reserve as to prisoners of

great importance. See Rymer, ix. 233. The annexed engraving represents an impression of a contemporary seal of the Percy family.

[11] *Malevolent to you in all aspects.*

Shakespeare imputes a peculiar degree of hostility to the Earl of Worcester, the brother of Northumberland. Hardyng says that the three Percies jointly endeavoured to persuade Henry not to assume the crown, and makes no distinction between them. All the three brothers had been employed by Richard, and decorated with the Garter; and both the brothers had received earldoms from him. Shakespeare's authority is Holinshed, who says of Worcester, "whose study was ever (as some write) to procure malice and set things in a broil;" and calls him "the procurer and setter forth of all the misehief." It is difficult to get at the prime origin of a statement. This is copied from Walsingham, but he only says, —"inventor (*ut dicitur*) totius mali."—*Courtnay.*

[12] *Which makes him prune himself.*

The metaphor is taken from a cock, who in his pride *prunes himself;* that is, picks off the loose feathers to smooth the rest. To *prune* and *to plume*, spoken of a bird, is the same.—*Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson is certainly right in his choice of the reading. So, in the Cobler's Prophecy, 1594:—

Sith now thou dost but *prune* thy wings,
And make thy feathers gay.

Again, in Greene's Metamorphosis, 1613:—"Pride makes the fowl to *prune* his feathers so." But I am not certain that the verb to *prune* is justly interpreted. In the Booke of Haukynge, &c. (commonly called the Booke of St. Albans,) is the following account of it: "The hauke *proineth* when she feteheth oyle with her beake over the taile, and anointeth her feet and her fethers. She *plumeth* when she pulleth fethers of anie foule and casteth them from her."—*Steevens.*

[13] *The Painted Tavern in the Vintry.*

This stage direction is conjectural, but seems to suit the action of the scene better than that usually given, "a room in the Palace," where the Prince could hardly be supposed to meet his tavern companions, or to enter upon such a dialogue as the present. See also what is said as to the Prince's habits in Richard the Second, and his father's statement that he daily frequented the London taverns "with unrestrained loose companions," and such taverns "as stand in narrow lanes." A room in one of these taverns, not in this instance the Boar's Head, appears best adapted to the context. The Painted Tavern in the Vintry is here selected, because it is one of the localities mentioned by Stowe as the resort of the Princes, when they were amusing themselves with irregular companions. The lane was of old time, in 1385, called, "the Painted Tavern Lane, of the tavern being painted."

[14] *That truly which thou would'st truly know.*

Falstaff, a "minion of the moon," if he cares about knowing the time at all, of course wishes to know how near it is to night. That is the real source of his anxiety. He mistakes, therefore, altogether in asking the time of the day.

[15] *A fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata.*

An upstart gallant was attyr'd in taffeta all over figured with flames of fire, which a gentleman seeing, and knowing his base parentage, said to them in his company: Behold, yonder strawey cottage goes in danger of fiering.—*Wits, Fittes, and Fancies*, 1614.

The epithet *flame-coloured* was frequently applied to dress. In the Enventorey

of all the aparell of the Lord Admerelles men, taken the 13th of Marche, 1598, we find, "j *flame collerde* dublet pynked; "and in Nabbes's Microcosmus (see the Dram. Pers.) both Fire and Love wear "*flame-coloured*" habits.—*Douce.*

Enter foure Cupids from each side of the boscage, attired in *flame coloured taffita* close to their bodie like naked boyes, with bowes, arrowes, and wings of gold.—*The Masque of the Inner Temple and Grayes Inne*, 1612.

Flame colour is made of vermilion and orpiment, mixed deep or light at pleasure: or thus, Take red-lead and mix it with masticot, which heighten with white.—*Salmon's Arts of Drawing*, 1675.

Cun. No, madam, you conquer like the King of France. Your subjects for ever after are at rest.—*This.* You said as much to the *flame-colour'd* petticoat in New Spring Garden.—*Cun.* She has spies upon me; 'tis a good sign! There was a lady I must confess much of your hight, your shape and meen; at first I thought it was yourself, and therefore I accosted her; and when I was entred into discourse, she ply'd me so fast with the intrigues of the town, I cou'd not handsomly get off.—*Bellamira or the Mistress*, 1687.

[16] *Go by the moon.*

"By the moon, patroness of all purse-takers," Miseries of Inforced Marriage, 1607. Thus Gamaliel Ratsey and his company "became servants to the *moone*, for the sunne was too hot for them."—*Steevens.*

[17] *And seven stars.*

That is, the seven planets. "I have already touched this point; concerning the rest, the poet hath ranked and placed very properly the elements and the heavens, that is to say, the earth lowest, the water above it, the aire more high, the fire above that; then the heavens of the seven planets, environed with the fixed stars, embraced by the first moover, above which is the seate of the saints. This is the common opinion of astronomicall doctrine, as all the doctors both ancient and moderne do testifie. Some one, and amongst the rest, Copernicus, hath contradicted them. The poet followeth the most received opinion, and that which seemeth most likely to be true," Summary upon Du Bartas, 1621. "Sun, moon, and seven stars, do you know me, forsooth," Win Her and Take Her, 1691. "Sun, moon, and seven stars, how do you like me now," ibid. The Seven Stars was formerly a common tavern sign, and there is still an inn so called in High Street, Whitechapel. The annexed woodcut is copied from a tavern token of the seventeenth century.

[18] *He, that wandering knight so fair.*

Falstaff starts the idea of *Phœbus*, i. e., the sun; but deviates into an allusion to El Donzel del Febo, the "knight of the sun" in a Spanish romance translated (under the title of the Princely Deeds and Mirror of Knighthood,) during the age of Shakspeare. This illustrious personage was "most excellently *faire*," and a great *wanderer*, as those who travel after him throughout three thick volumes will discover. Perhaps the words "that wandering knight so fair," are part of some forgotten ballad on the subject of this marvellous hero's adventures. In Peele's Old Wives Tale, Com. 1595, Eumenides, "the wandering knight," is a character. —*Steevens.*

The "wandering knight so fair" was the Knight of the Sun, who, when Don Quixote disputed with the Curate which was the better knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis de Gaul, was maintained by master Nicolas, the barber-surgeon, to be that knight to whom "none ever came up." The adventures of the

Knight of the Sun were translated into English in 1585; and the renowned worthy is described in the romance not only as a prodigious "wanderer" but as "most excellently fair." Falstaff's allusion to the romance would be well understood by many of Shakspere's audience; nor would they object to the sun being represented as a wanderer, according to the long-received theory which the discoveries of Copernik had scarcely then shaken.—*Knight.*

Falstaff, with great propriety, according to vulgar astronomy, calls the sun *a wandering knight*, and by this expression evidently alludes to some hero of romance. Now though the Knight of the Sun was doubtless a great wanderer, he was not more so than others of his profession; and therefore it is possible that Falstaff may refer to another person particularly known by the name of *the wandering knight*, and the hero of a spiritual romance translated in Shakespeare's time from the French by William Goodyeare, under the last-named title.—*Douce.*

[19] *Squires of the night's body.*

Constant attendants on the night, the speaker quibbling on the word *knight*. A "squire of the body," signified originally, the attendant on a knight; the person who bore his head-piece, spear, and shield. It became afterwards the cant term for a *pimp;* and is so used in the second part of Decker's Honest Whore, 1630. Again, in the Witty Fair One, 1633, for a *procuress:* "Here comes the *squire* of her mistress's *body*." The squires were the most confidential officers of all others that slept in the court, they were of birth and alliance and were an appendage to a king, as being equal to a knight, they were his companions in hours of privacy and retirement, and were of great consequence; they were stiled keepers of the king's person, but the principal, most essential, and most honourable part of their duty was at night, as the esquires had the absolute command of the house above and below stairs; this domestic ceremony was called the order of All-Night.—*Steevens.*

See a manuscript in the Herald's Office, M. 7, entitled "The Services of Divers Officers of the Courte," one part of which was written in the time of King Henry VII. another in the 13th year of Henry VIII.—"As for the *squyers for the body*, they ought to aray the kyng and unaray, and no man else to sett hand on the kyng, and the yeman or grome of the robes to take to the Squyer for the Body all the kyngs stuffe, as well his shone as his other gere; and the Squyer for the Body to draw theym on; and the Squyer for the Body aught to take the charge of the cupborde for all nyght; and if please the kyng to have a palett abowt his traverse for all night, there must be two Squyers for the Body, or ells one knyght for the body; or els to lye in their owne chambers. And the usher must kepe the chamber dore untill the kyng be in bedd: and to be thereat on the morowe at the kyngs uprysyng: and the usher must see that the watche be sett, and to know of the kyng where they shall watche. Item, a Squyer for the Body or gentleman huisher owght to sett the kyngs sworde at his bedd hed. Item, a Squyer for the Body owght to charge a secret grome or page to have the kepyng of the said bedd, with a light until the tyme the kyng be disposed to go unto hit." At dinner, there was another office to be performed by the esquire; for the ordinances of King Henry VII. tell us, that one of the esquires of the body is to be ready and obedient at dinner and supper, to serve the king of his pottage at such time as he shall be commanded by the sewer and gentleman usher. Though we have now left the king in his privy chamber, and in the hands of the servants of that department, yet we must not entirely dismiss the esquire; for Sir H. Spelman says, that when the king went out, the office of esquire was to follow him and carry the cloak. Thus much for the office of the esquire of the body by day; but the principal, most essential, and most honourable part of his duty was at

night; for when the king retired to bed, the esquire had the concentrated power of the gentleman ushers, the vice chamberlain, and lord chamberlain, in himself; having the absolute command of the house both above and below stairs. In the reign of King Henry VIII., and till the close of the last century, the royal apartments, from the bedchamber to the guard-chamber inclusively, were occupied in the night by one or more of the servants belonging to each chamber respectively. The principal officer, then the *gentleman*, now the *lord* of the *bedchamber*, slept in a pallet bed in the same room with the king; and in the ante-room between the privy chamber and the bedchamber (in the reign of King Charles II. at least) slept the *groom* of the bedchamber. In the privy chamber next adjoining, slept two of the six gentlemen in the privy chamber in waiting; and in the presence chamber, the esquire of the body on a pallet bed, upon the haut pas, under the cloth of estate; while one of the *pages* of the presence chamber slept in the same room, without the verge of the canopy, not far from the door. All these temporary beds were put up at night, and displaced in the morning, by the officers of a particular branch of the wardrobe, called the wardrobe of beds. After supper, previous to the king's retiring to his bedchamber, the proper officers were to see all things furnished for the night, some for the king's bedchamber, and others for the king's cup-board, which was sometimes in the privy chamber, and sometimes in the presence chamber, at the royal pleasure, and furnished with refections for the king's refreshment, if called for. After this, the officers of the day retired, and committed all to the charge of the esquire of the body.—*Malone.* This domestic ceremony was called the order of *All Night.* The squires of the body are again noticed in the same manuscript,—"The Rome and service belonging to a Page of the kyngs Chamber to doo.—Item, the said pageis at nyght, at season convenyent, must make the payletts for knyghts and *squyers for the body*, in suche a chamber as they shalbe appoynted unto.—Item, the said pageis shall doo make redy the said knyghts and *Squyers for the body*, and bere theyr gere to the kyngs great chamber at the instaunce of the said knyghts and squyers to their servaunts: And the said pageis to receive of the said knyghts and squyers servaunts such nyght gere as they shall delyver theym for their said maistres. Thus don, the said pageis to make sure the fyers and lights in every chamber, and so to make their paylet at the chamber dore where the said knyghts and squyers do lye."

[20] *Be called thieves of the day's beauty.*

Here Theobald shrewdly observes, that "they could not steal the fair daylight." He therefore substitutes *booty;* and takes the meaning to be, "let us not be call'd *thieves*, the purloiners of that *booty*, which, to the proprietors, was the purchase of honest labour and industry by day." Steevens expounds the passage, "Let not us, who are body squires to the night, i. e., adorn the night, be called a disgrace to the day." To take away the beauty of the day, may probably mean, says he, to disgrace it. The editors have mistaken the sense here, by not attending to the signification of the preposition *of*, which in this, and numberless other places, and his contemporaries, is used for *by*. The "day's beauty" is a metonymy for the *sun:* an appellation often given to royal personages. The meaning is, let not us, who are votaries of the night, be called thieves by the day.—*Anon.*

[21] *Diana's foresters.*

> Exile and slander are justly mee awarded,
> My wife and heire lacke lands and lawful right;
> And me their lord made *dame Diana's knight.*

So lamenteth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, in the Mirror for Magistrates. We learn from Hall, that certain persons who appeared as *foresters* in a

pageant exhibited in the reign of King Henry VIII. were called *Diana's knights.* —*Malone.*

[22] *Got with swearing—lay by.*

That is, got with swearing, ly by, &c.; two sea terms, the first used when vessels come to the mouth of a shallow glutted harbour, and, the tide being gon out, they cannot get in, the sailors cry out with an oath, *ly by;* that is, stop; and when the tide comes in, they then cry, *bring in;* which terms Prince Hall merrily applies to the thieves bidding a true man stop or stand upon the high way; and to their crying out to the drawer, when o'er their cups, to bring in more liquor.—*Anon.*

That is, swearing at the passengers they robbed, *lay by your arms;* or rather, *lay by* was a phrase that then signified *stand still*, addressed to those who were preparing to rush forward; but Hanmer accommodates these old thieves with a new cant phrase, taken from Bagshot-heath or Finchley-common, of *lug out.*—*Warburton.*

To *lay by*, is a phrase adopted from navigation, and signifies, by slackening sail to become stationary. It occurs again in King Henry VIII.—

Even the billows of the sea
Hung their heads, and then *lay by.*—*Steevens.*

[23] *As the ridge of the gallows.*

The ridge of the gallows is observed in the specimen here engraved, the necessity of the use of a ladder, in one of this construction, being obvious. The gallows at Tyburn was formed exactly in this triangular fashion.

[24] *Is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?*

Falstaff, who is described as going from one tavern to another, does not here necessarily allude to Mrs. Quickly, but rather probably to the hostess of the inn they were then near, although, in the Famous Victories, a "pretty wench" in Eastcheap is alluded to,—"No, no: you know the old taverne in Eastcheape, there is good wine: besides there is a prety wench that can talke well; for I delight as much in their tongues, as any part about them."

[25] *My old lad of the castle.*

"Yet never childe so delighted in his ratling baby, as some old Lads of the Castell have sported themselves with their rappinge bable," Harvey's Foure Letters and Certaine Sonnets, 1592. *Old lad* is likewise a familiar compellation to be found in some of our most ancient dramatic pieces. So, in the Trial of Treasure, 1567; "What, Inclination, *old lad*, art thou there?" In the dedication to Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up, &c. by T. Nash, 1598, *old Dick of the castle* is mentioned. Again, in Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Asse, 1593: "And here's a lusty *ladd of the castell*, that will binde beares, and ride golden asses to death."—*Steevens.*

There is very little doubt but that there is, in the passage in the text, a quibble upon the name of Oldcastle, the original appellation of Falstaff. This conjecture is supported by a passage in the play of Sir John Oldcastle, where there is a similar play upon words:—

There's one, they call him Sir John Oldcastle.
He has not his name for nought; for *like a castle*

Doth he encompass them within his walls.
But till that castle be subverted quite,
We ne'er shall be at quiet in the realm.

The words, *of Hybla*, are omitted in the first folio, a circumstance which gives rise to the following observations by an anonymous critic,—I restore, point, and explain thus: "As is the honey, my old lad, of the castle;" that is, the sack, or sack and sugar, of the Castle tavern, in which these sparks so much delighted, especially Sir John Sack and Sugar, as Poins calls Falstaff in the play. The occasion of the prince's giving such an answer was, the old thief being tired with his harangue on thieves, their way of living and end, to turn the discourse, he abruptly asks, in a humorous manner, "Is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?" To which the prince as humorously replies, "As is the honey, my old lad, of the Castle;" the point of humour sure betwixt them, turning upon, my hostess of the tavern, and honey of the Castle. But this comparison, proper as it is, does not end the discourse; for the prince, conscious to himself, took Falstaff's question, "And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?" to be a broad innuendo of Falstaff's having lately caught him kissing her in a corner; therefore, to be even with him, he asks Falstaff, "And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?" Giving him to understand, that he, or some of their comrades, had caught my landlady, or some young doxy, like Doll Tear-sheet, flogging the old letcher's buff, by way of provocative; and in that sense Falstaff took the prince's question, as appears by his nettled answer; "How, now? How now, mad dog? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?" To which Hal replies, with another question, "Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern? i. e. in plain English, Just as much as I have to do with my hostess of the tavern." To which I will only add, by way of closing this article, something pretty near similar: See what the Prince and Poins say in the second part of Henry IV. upon catching Doll Tear-sheet upon Falstaff's knee.

[26] *Is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?*

To understand the propriety of the Prince's answer, it must be remarked that the sheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. So that when Falstaff asks, whether "his hostess is not a sweet wench," the Prince asks in return whether, "it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison by running in debt to this sweet wench."—*Johnson.*

The following passage from the old play of Ram-Alley, may serve to confirm Dr. Johnson's observation:—"Look, I have certain goblins in *buff jerkins*, Lye ambuscado. *Enter Serjeants.*" Again, in the Comedy of Errors,

A devil in an *everlasting garment* hath him,
A fellow all in *buff.*

Hence a stuff of that colour made in imitation of it, and very strong, was called *durance*:—"Where didst thou buy this *buff?* let me not live but I will give thee a good *suit of durance.*" This is the address of a debtor to the officer who had arrested him, in Westward Hoe: whence it seems that the stuff *durance* was a new improvement, as a substitute for the buff leather. It appears that the leathern dresses worn by some of the lower orders of people, were first called *of durance*, or everlasting, from their great durability.—*Nares.*

Again, in the Devil's Charter, 1607: "Varlet of *velvet*, my *moccado* villaine, old heart of *durance*, my stript *canvass* shoulders, and my *perpetuana* pander." Again, in the Three Ladies of London, 1584: "As the taylor that out of seven yards, stole one and a half of *durance.*"—*Steevens.*

Sir William Cornwallys, in his Essayes, says: "I would have a jest never

served above once; when it is cold, the vigour and strength of it is gone. I refuse to wear *buffe*, for the lasting; and shall I be content to apparrell my braine in *durance?* By no means." Again, Sir John Davies, in his Epigrams:

> Kate being pleas'd, wisht that her pleasure could
> Endure as long as a *buffe-jerkin* would.—*Boswell.*

		£	*s.*	*d.*
Durance, or Duretty.	with thred, the yard . .	00	06	08
	with silk, the yard . . .	00	10	00

The Book of Rates, ed. 1675, p. 35.

The stuff called durance continued long in use. In a tailor's bill dated 1721 is the following entry,—"for ten yards of fine durance, 13*s.* 4*d.*" In another, dated 1723, we have,—"for sixteen yards of fine durance, £1 .. 1 .. 4."

[27] *I pr'y-thee, sweet wag.*

This passage, and the next two speeches, were evidently suggested by the following speeches in the Famous Victories,—"*Henry.*—Here's such ado now-a-days, here's prisoning, here's hanging, whipping, and the devil and all: but I tell you, sirs, when I am king we will have no such thing; but, my lads, if the old king my father were dead, we would be all kings.—*Oldcastle.*—He is a good old man. God take him to his mercy the sooner.—*Henry.*—But, Ned, so soon as I am king, the first thing I will do shall be to put my lord chief justice out of office, and thou shalt be my lord chief justice of England.—*Ned.* Shall I be lord chief justice? By Gog's wounds, I'll be the bravest lord chief justice that ever was in England."

[28] *Oh, rare!*

> As Caius walks the streets, if he but heare
> A black man grunt his note, he cries, *oh rare!*
> He cries, *oh rare!* to heare the Irishmen
> Cry pippe, fine pippe, with a shrill accent, when
> He comes at Mercer's chappell; and *oh rare!*
> At Ludgate at the prisoners plaine-song there:
> *Oh rare!* sings he to heare a cobler sing,
> Or a wassaile on twelfe night, or the ring
> At cold S. Pancras church; or any thing:
> He'le cry, *oh rare!*, and scratch the elbow too
> To see two butchers curres fight; the cuckoo
> Will cry, *oh rare!*, to see the champion bull,
> Or the victorious mastife with crown'd skull:
> And garlanded with flowers, passing along
> From Paris-garden; he renewes his song,
> To see my L. Maiors henchman; or to see,
> At an old alderman's blest obsequie,
> The hospitall boyes in their blew æquipage;
> Or at a carted bawde, or whore in a cage;
> He'le cry, *oh rare!* at a gongfarmers cart,
> *Oh rare!* to here a ballad . . . . . .
> Briefly so long he hath usde to cry, *oh rare!*
> That now that phrase is grown thin and thred-bare,
> But sure his wit will be more rare and thin,
> If he continue as he doth begin.
>
> *Skialetheia, or a Shadowe of Truth*, 1598.

[29] *For obtaining of suits.*

Suit, spoken of one that attends at court, means a *petition;* used with respect to the hangman, means the clothes of the offender. The same quibble occurs in Hoffman's Tragedy, 1631: "A poor maiden, mistress, has a *suit* to you; and 'tis a good *suit*,—very good apparel."—*Malone.*

[30] *As melancholy as a gib-cat.*

A *gib* cat is a *male* cat, from Gilbert, the northern name for a he cat. Tom cat is now the usual term. Chaucer has "*gibbe* our cat" in the Romaunt of the Rose, as a Translation of '*Thibert* le chas.' From Thibert, *Tib* was also a common name for a cat. Bishop Percy, in his MS. list of Northamptonshire localisms, 1744, gives, "*gib-cat*, a ram-cat, or he-cat;" remarking that, "as melancholy as a *gib-cat* is a common proverbial phrase in Northamptonshire, to this day." "As melancholy as a *gib'd cat*," is a proverb enumerated among others in Ray's Collection. In A Match at Midnight, 1633, is the following passage: "and swell like a couple of *gib'd cats*, met both by chance in the dark in an old garret." So, in Bulwer's Artificial Changeling, 1653: "Some in mania or melancholy madness have attempted the same, not without success, although they have remained somewhat *melancholy like gib'd cats*." Sherwood, in his English Dictionary at the end of Cotgrave's French one, says: "*Gibbe* is an *old he* cat," and Howell has, "a gibb, or old male cat," Lex. Tet. 1660. Coles has, "*Gib*, a contraction of *Gilbert;*" and immediately after, "a *Gib-cat*, *catus*, *felis mas.*" Wilkins, in his *Index to the Philosophical Language*, has "*gib* (male) cat." *Gib* was applied to any cat, whether male or female. So, in Gamer Gurton's Nedle: —"*Gib* (a fowle feind might on *her* light) lickt the milke pan so clene." Again, in the same play,—"hath no man stolen her ducks or hennes, or gelded Gyb her cat?"—*Steevens.*

So, in Edward the First, by G. Peele:—"But goe, and come with gossip's cheare,—E'er *Gib* our cat can lick *her* eare." Again, in the Scornful Lady:—"——Bring out the cat-hounds. I'll make you take a tree, whore; then, with my tiller, Bring down your *gibship*."—*Boswell.* Or Drayton's Epistle from Elinor Cobham to Duke Humphrey:—"And call me beldam, *gib*, witch, nightmare, trot."

No sure, she will not ha' you; why do you think that a waiting woman of three bastards, a strumpet nine times carted, or a hag whose eyes shoot poison, that has been an old witch, and is now turning into a gib-cat.—*Marston's Parasitaster*, 1606.

As sure as can be, some *gib'd cat* that died issueless, has adopted thee for her heire, and bequeathed the legacy of her melancholy to thee. It is impossible thou should'st be so mad else.—*Hey for Honesty*, 1651.

"Gybbe, owre gray catt," is mentioned in a poem in the Porkington Manuscript of the fifteenth century. "Before I will endure such another half-day with him, I'll be drawn with a good gib-cat through the great pond, as his uncle Hodge was," Jonson's Bartholomew Fair. "As melancholy as a gibb'd catt," Howell's English Proverbs, 1660, p. 10.

But ill enough I'm sure—I wonder what I'm the better for a husband in you! Here you sit moping, and moping all day upon a book, and at night, you're as sleepy as a gib'd cat.—*Wilson's Cheats*, 1664.

Jealous! Come up here! You can be merry enough abroad, when you are amongst your flirts, but at home you're as sad and lumpish as a gibb'd cat: I can tell you the reason,—thou art sad because thou canst not bury me.—*Wilson's Projectours*, 1665.

I had as live drink with a *gib'd cat:* they are alwaies mewing and wauling about her inconstancy, cruelty, or one silly thing or other.—*Bellamira or the Mistress*, 1687.

Another quality belonging to him is thus ironically mentioned in the anonymous play of the Politick Whore, 1680; "as *modest* as a *gib-cat* at midnight."—*Douce.*

The *melancholy* of a cat is spoken of generally in Lilly's Midas: "*Pet.* How now, Motto, all amort? *Mot.* I am as *melancholy as a cat.*" So, in Sydney's Arcadia,—"The hare, her sleights; the cat, his melancholy." Again, in the Man in the Moone, 1609,—"Who is that?" said Fido; "One *as melancholie as a cat*," answered Moekso, "and glared upon me as if he would have looked through me: sure hee lacketh something, he gazeth so about him: holde not downe thine head for shame, like a beast; but erect thy countenanee, like a man."

I, *melancholly as a cat*,
Am kept awake to weep,
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.—*Ballad.*

[31] *Or the droue of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.*

"Lincolnshire bagpipes" is a proverbial saying. Fuller has not attempted to explain it; and Ray only conjectures that the Lincolnshire people may be fonder of this instrument than others.—*Douce.* In the Pleasaunt and Stately Morall of Three Lordes and Three Ladies of London, 1590, there is mention of "The sweete ballade of the *Lincolnshire Bagpipes*."—*Steevens.*

Lincolnshire bagpipes are thus mentioned in A Nest of Ninnies, by Robert Armin, 1608: "At a Christmas time, when great logs furnish the hall fire: when brawne is in season, and indeed all reveling is regarded: this gallant knight kept open house for all commers, where beefe, beere, and bread was no niggard. Amongst all the pleasures provided, a noyse of Minstrells and a *Lincolnshire bagpipe* was prepared: the minstrells for the great chamber, the bagpipe for the hall; the minstrels to serve up the knights meate, and the bagpipe for the common dauncing." This passage also occurs in an earlier edition of the Nest of Ninnies, entitled, Foole upon Foole, or Six Sortes of Sottes, 1605. There is no achronism in the mention of a bagpipe in the passage in the text. The above engraving of a bagpiper and a countrywoman is taken from a curious medieval ivory easket in the museum of Lord Londesborough. A woodcut of a bagpiper of a later period, taken from an old English ballad, is given below.

Sir Cre. Not so joyful neither,

sir, when you shall know poor Gillian's dead, my little gray Mare, thou knew'st her, mun, Zoz, 't has made me as melancholy as the dronc of a Lancashire bagpipc, but let that pass, and now we talk of my mare, Zoz, I long to see this sister of thine.—*Sir Patient Fancy*, 1678.

[32] *What sayest thou to a hare?*

A *hare* may be considered as melancholy, because shc is upon her form always solitary; and, according to the physick of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy.—*Johnson.*

The following passage in Vittoria Corombona, 1612, may prove the best explanation: "——like your *melancholy hare*, feed after midnight." Again, in Drayton's Polyolbion, song the second:—"The *melancholy hare* is form'd in brakes and briers." The Egyptians in their Hieroglyphics expressed a melancholy man by a *hare* sitting in her form. See Pierii Hieroglyph. lib. xii.—*Steevens.*

This was not quite forgotten in Swift's time. In his Polite Conversation, Lady Answerall, being asked to eat hare, replies, "No, Madam, they say 'tis melancholy meat."—*Nares.*

[33] *Or the melancholy of Moor-ditch.*

The ground that has of late years been called Moorfields, together with the adjoining manor of Finsbury, or Fensbury, extending as far as Hoxton, was in the fourteenth century one continued marsh, passable only by rude causeways here and there raised upon it. Moorfields, in the time of Edward the Second, let but for four marks per annum, a sum then equal in valuc to six pounds sterling. In 1414, a postern gate, called Moorgate, was opened in London Wall, by Sir Thomas Fauconcr, mayor, affording freer access to the city for such as crossed the Moor; and water-courses from it wcre begun. In 1511, regular dikes, and bridges of communication over them, were made for more effectually draining this fenny tract, during the mayoralty of Robert Atchely; which draining was gradually proceeded on for about a century, till, in Shakespeare's day, it would appear that the waters were collected in one great ditch. In 1614, it was to a certain degree levelled, and laid out into walks. In 1732, or between that and 1740, its level was perfected, and the walks planted with elms. After this, the spot was for years neglected, and Moorfields became an assemblage of petty shops, particularly booksellers, and of ironmongers' stalls; till, in the year 1790, the handsome square of Finsbury compleated arosc upon its site.—*Nott.*

To this ditch Decker alludes:—"Though to purge it will be a sorer labour than the cleansing of Augeas' stable, or the scouring of *Moor-ditch*," Gul's Hornbook.

'Twill be at Moorgate, beldam; where I shall sce thee in *the ditch*, dancing in a cucking-stool.—*W. Rowley's New Wonder.*

As touching the river, looke how *Moor-ditch* shews when the water is three quarters dreyn'd out, and by reason the stomacke of it is overladen, is ready to fall to casting. So does that; it stinks almost worse, is almost as poysonous, altogether so muddy, altogether so black.—*Decker's Newes from Hell*, 1606.

Ile bring the Tems through the middle of it (the City), empty *Moore-ditch* at my owne charge, and build up Paules-steeple without a collection.—*Nobody and Somebody, with the Historie of Elydure*, n. d.

> So talke they of your citty's great infectour,
> Old More-Ditch, and condemne the works directour,
> That More-Ditch is not lesse ditch, or more water,
> To cleanse the filth of those that catle slaughter.
>
> *Wroth's Abortive of an Idle Houre*, 1620.

He pretends the cure of madmen, and sure he gets most by them, for no man in his perfect wits would meddle with him. Lastly, he is such a jugler with urinals, so dangerously unskilful, that if ever the city will have recourse to him, for diseases that need purgation, let them employ him in scouring Moor-ditch.—*Overbury Characters.*

Walking thus downe the street, my body being tyred with travell, and my minde attyred with moody, muddy, *Moore-ditch melancholly*, my contemplation did devoutly pray, that I might meete one or other to prey upon, being willing to take any slender acquaintance of any man whatsoever, viewing, and circumviewing every mans face I met, as if I meant to drawe his picture, but all my acquaintance was *Non est inventus;* pardon me, reader, that Latine is none of mine owne, I sweare by Priscian's Paricranion, an oath which I have ignorantly broken many times.—*Taylor's Penilesse Pilgrimage*, 1618.

It is ordayned also that the smell of Sir Ajax breath against rainy weather, and the sent of *More-ditch* in Summer, shall be very distastefull to Time's nose.—*A Description of Time*, 1638.

[34] *The most comparative.*

Hanmer, and Warburton after him, read *incomparative*, I suppose for *incomparable*, or *peerless;* but *comparative* here means *quick at comparisons*, or *fruitful in similes*, and is properly introduced.—*Johnson.*

This epithet is used again in this play, and apparently in the same sense, and in Love's Labour's Lost, Rosalind tells Biron that he is a man "Full of *comparisons* and wounding flouts."—*Steevens.*

[35] *A commodity of good names.*

So, in the Discoverie of the Knights of the Poste, 1597, sign. C: "In troth they live so so, and it were well if they knew where *a commoditie of names were to be sould*, and yet I thinke all the money in their purses could not buy it."—*Reed.*

[36] *For wisdom cries out in the streets.*

This is a scriptural expression: "*Wisdom crieth without;* she uttereth her voice in the *streets.*—I have stretched out my hand, *and no man regarded*," Proverbs, i. 20, and 24. See also Proverbs, cap. 8. These words are left out in the folio, probably on account of the statute of James. In the Dering manuscript this speech is written as follows,—"Thow didst well, but if thow hadst preferd hime to a pulpett thow hadst done better." This variation is of course of no authority, but it is not one of the later alterations; and if we joined the two passages good sense would result, e. g., "Thou didst well; but if thou hadst preferr'd him to a pulpit, thou hadst done better, for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it." The conclusion of the preceding speech seems to give some warrant to this reading.

[37] *O, thou hast damnable iteration.*

For *iteration*, Hanmer and Warburton read—*attraction*, of which the meaning is certainly more apparent; but an editor is not always to change what he does not understand. In the last speech a text is very indecently and abusively applied, to which Falstaff answers, "thou hast damnable *iteration*," or a wicked trick of *repeating* and applying holy texts. This, I think, is the meaning.—*Johnson.*

Iteration, is right, for it also signified simply *citation* or *recitation.* So, in Marlow's Doctor Faustus, 1631:

Here take this book, and peruse it well,
The *iterating* of these lines brings gold.

From the context, *iterating* here appears to mean *pronouncing, reciting.* Again, in Camden's Remaines, 1614: "King Edward I. disliking the *iteration* of Fitz," &c.—*Malone.*

Iteration, repetition, not mere citation, as some have thought. Falstaff does not complain only of Hal's quoting a scriptural text, but that he has been *re*torting and *dis*torting the meaning of his words throughout the scene. For example, Falstaff talks of the *sun and moon*—the Prince retorts with the *sea and moon;* Falstaff uses *hanging* in one sense—the Prince in another; so of *judging;* and so in the passage which at last provokes Falstaff's complaint.—*Knight.*

[38] *'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.*

It has been suggested, with slight probability, that there is here a sneer at a work by Egremont Ratcliffe entitled,—"Politick Discourses, treating of the differences and inequalities of vocations as well publick as private; with the scopes and ends whereunto they are directed," 4to. 1578. From the beginning to the end of this work, the word *vocation* occurs in almost every paragraph. Thus chapter i:—"That the *vocation* of men hath been a thing unknown unto philosophers, and other that have treated of Politique Government; of the commoditie that cometh by the knowledge thereof; and the etymology and definition of this worde *vocation.*" Again chap. xxv:—"*Whether a man being disorderly and unduely entered into any* vocation, *may lawfully brooke and abide in the same;* and whether the administration in the meane while done by him that is unduely entered, ought to holde, or be of force."

[39] *If Gadshill have set a match.*

The folio reads—have set a *watch*—which is, perhaps, right. The same expression occurs in A New Trick to cheat the Devil, by Davenport, 1639:—"My *watch is set*—charge given—and all at peace." In a subsequent scene, when Gadshill enters, Poins says, "*O 'tis our* setter;" i. e., he whose business it was to *set a watch*, to observe what passengers should go by. That a *watch* was *set* on those whom they intended to rob, appears from what Poins says afterwards: "Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already *way-laid*—." The error in the first quarto, which was followed by the others, might have arisen from a *w* being used by the compositor instead of an *m*, a mistake that sometimes happens at the press. In the hand-writing of our author's time, the two letters are scarcely distinguishable. In support, however, of the reading of the quartos, the following passage in Bartholomew Fair, by Ben Jonson, 1614, may be alleged: "Peace, sir; they'll be angry if they hear you eaves-dropping, now they are *setting* their *match.*" Here the phrase seems to mean, making an appointment.—*Malone.*

As no *watch* is afterwards set, I suppose *match* to be the true reading. So, as Dr. Farmer observed, in Ratsey's (Gamaliel) Ghost, about 1605: "I have, says he, been many times beholding to tapsters and chamberlaines for directions and setting of matches."—*Steevens.*

Steevens says, "As no *watch* is afterwards *set*, I suppose *match* is the true reading." To "set a match" appears, from a passage in Ben Jonson, to be to "make an appointment." But Gadshill, it seems to us, was in communication with the chamberlain of the Rochester inn; and this chamberlain, who was to have a share in the "purchase," was the watch or spy that Gadshill had *set.* When Gadshill meets Falstaff and Poins he is received with, "O, 't is our *setter.*" —*Knight.*

[40] *What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar?*

The habit of taking sugar with wine was very common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There are numerous allusions to this custom in the records of the town of Stratford-on-Avon,—"Payd for a pottel of clarett, and pottel of sacke and half a pound of suger to my lords officers at the Lyght (Leet), iiis. iid.," Account of Richard Courte from Mich. 1582, to Mich. 1583. Again, in the account for the year 1585;—"Paide for one gallant of clarett wine sent to my Lords officers when they kept the Lete, ijs.—One pottle of sacke, xvid.—Sugar halfe a lb. ixd.—Paide for wine sent to my Lo. his officers at the Lete after Michaelmas, one pottle of sacke, xvid.—One pottle of claret wyne, xiid.—Sugar halfe a lb. ixd." In the account for 1586:—"Paid for ij. quarts of clarett wyne and a quart of sack at the Lete in April, ijs. vid.—Paid for half a pound of sugar, viiid.—Paid to Mr. Bailiffe for wine and sugar that he gave to my Lo. his (my Lord's) Steward, ijs. ijd." In the account for 1587:—"Item for wyne and sugar bestowed upon my Lord of Warr. hys Steward at the two Letes, iiijs. id." Again, in 1588:—"It. for wyne and sugar the 21 of April bestowed on the Steward of the Lete, xvid.—It. for wyne and sugar bestowed upon hym at the Lete in October, 1588, xxiid." In a Letter describing Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth castle, 1575, the writer says, "sipt I no more *sack and sugar* than I do malmzey, I should not blush so much a dayz as I doo." And in another place, describing a minstrel, who, being somewhat irascible, had been offended at the company, he adds: "at last, by sum entreaty, and many fair woords, with *sack and sugar*, we sweeten him again."

In an old MS. book of the chamberlain's account belonging to the city of Worcester, I find the following article, which points out the origin of our word *sack* (Fr. *sec.*) viz. "—Anno Eliz. xxxiiij. (1592) Item, For a gallon of clarett wyne, and *seck*, and a pound of *sugar*, geven to sir John Russell iiij.s."—*Farmer.*

Hentzner, in 1598, speaking of the manners of the English, says, *in potum copiosi immittunt saccarum*, they put a great deal of sugar in their drink; and Moryson in his *Itinerary*, 1617, p. 155, mentioning the Scots, observes, "They drinke pure wines, not with *sugar as the English;*" again, p. 152, "—but gentlemen garrawse onely in wine, with which many mixe *sugar*, which I never observed in any other place or kingdome, to be used for that purpose: and because the taste of the English is thus delighted with sweetnesse, the wines in tavernes (for I speake not of merchants or gentlemen's cellars) are commonly mixed at the filling thereof to make them pleasant."—*Reed.*

"I use not to be drunk with sack and sugar," Northward Hoe, 1607. "All coller was washed downe with *wine and sugar;* the gossip cups went about, and so long drunke *cumater* to *cumater*, till there was not a *cumater* could hold her eyes ope," Law of Drinking, 1617, p. 116.

> When signeur *Sacke and Suger* drinke dround reeles,
> He vowes to heaw the spurs from fellows heeles
> When calling for a quart of Charnico,
> Into a loving league they present grow.
> *The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-Vaine*, 1611.

Some affect to drinke sack with sugar, and some without, and upon no other ground, as I think, but that, as it is best pleasing to their pallats. I will speak what I deeme thereof, and I think I shall well satisfie such as are judicious. Sack, taken by itselfe, is very hot, and very penetrative; being taken with sugar, the heat is both somewhat allayed, and the penetrative quality thereof also retardated.

Wherefore let this be the conclusion: sack taken by itselfe, without any mixture of sugar, is best for them that have cold stomacks, and subject to the obstructions of it, and of the mesaraick veines. But for them that are free from such obstructions, and feare lest that the drinking of sack, by reason of the penetrative faculty of it, might distemper the liver, it is best to drink it with sugar, and so I leave every man that understandeth his owne state of body, to be his own director herein. But what I have spoken of mixing sugar with sack, must be understood of sherie-sack, for to mix sugar with other wines, that in a common appellation are called sack, and are sweeter in taste, makes it unpleasant to the pallat, and fulsome to the stomack.—*Venner's Via Recta ad Longam Vitam*, 1637.

Sack-and-sugar is the name of one of the imps mentioned in Hopkins' Discovery of Witches, 1647. This imp appeared in the likeness of a black rabbit, which appears in the frontispiece of that curious tract with the name "Sacke and Sugar" inscribed over it.

Nothing will open his heart but good sack and sugar, or sweet metheglin, or else a brace of steaming capons, with all the accoutrements.—*The Factious Citizen or the Melancholy Visioner*, 1685.

Foh, wine and women good apart, together as nauseous as sack and sugar; but hark you, sir, before you go, a little of your advice, an old maim'd general, when unfit for action is fittest for counsel; I have other designs upon women than eating and drinking with them.—*The Country Wife*, 1675.

[41] *Early at Gadshill.*

Gadshill is on the road between Gravesend and Rochester, near the villages of Higham and Chalk. It is on the old road from London to Rochester and Canterbury, which road bends to the left after leaving Dartford, and is perhaps the same one that Chaucer's pilgrims took. Shakespeare evidently infers that it was the traditional road-way of the Canterbury pilgrims. Gadshill was distinguished at a very early period by the perpetration of robberies. A ballad entitled "the Robery at Gads-hill" was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1558; and the locality is also named in the Famous Victories, whence it was adopted by Shakespeare. A very curious account of Gadshill robberies in 1589 is contained in a paper by Sir Roger Manwood, in the Lansdowne manuscripts, in which he states,—"In October, at beginninge of last Mychaelmas Terme iii, or iiij. robberyes done at Gadeshill by certen ffoote theves, uppon hughe and crye, one of the theves named Zachfeild flying and squatted in a bushe was brought to me, and uppon examynacion fyndinge a purse and things about him suspiciouse, and his cause of being there and his flyinge and other circumstances very suspiciouse, I commytted him to the jayle, and he ys of that robberye indyted. In the course of that Mychaelmas Terme, I being at London, many robberyes weare done in the hye-wayes at Gadeshill on the west parte of Rochester, and at Chatham-downe on the East parte of Rochester, by horse theves, with suche fatt and lustye horses as weare not lyke hackney horsses nor farr jorneyng horsses, and one of them sometyme wearing a vizarde greye bearde, by reason that to the persons robbed the theves did use to mynister an othe that there should bee no hue and crye made after, and also did gyve a watche-woorde for the parties robbed, the better to escape other of their theves companye devyded uppon the hyghe waye, he was by common report in the contry called Justice Greye-Bearde; and no man durst travell that waye without great companye. After thend of that Mychaelmas terme, iij. or iiij. gentlemen from London, rydinge home towards Canterburye, at the West end of Gadeshill, we are overtaken by v. or vj. horsemen all in clokes upp about their faces, and fellowe like all, and none lyke servants or waytinge on thother, and swiftly ridinge by them gat to the East end of Gadeshill, and there

turned about all their horsses on the faces of the trewe men, wherby they became in feare; but by chause one of the trewe men did knowe this Curtall to bee one of the v. or vj. swift ryders, and after some speache betweene them of the manyfold robberyes there done and that by company of this Curtall that gentleman hoped to have the more saffetye from robbing, this Curtall, with the other v. or vj. swifte ryders, rode awaye to Rochester before, and the trewe men coming afterwards neere Rochester they did mete this Curtall retorning on horseback, rydinge towards Gadeshill againe. And after they had passed Rochester, in Chatham-streete, at a smyths fordge they did see the reste of the swyft ryders tarying about shoing of some of their horsses, and then the trewe men doubted to be set uppon at Chatham downe, but their company being the greater they passed without troble to Sittingborne that nighte, when they harde of robberyes daylye done at Chatham-downe and Gadeshill, and that this Curtall with v. or vj. other as lustye companyons, and well horssed, muche haunted the innes and typlinge howses at Raynham, Sittingborne, and Rochester, with liberall expences. Afterwards at a howse wheare payment of monye was made, and by chance uppon the monye pooringe out, one testerne fell from the heape, and whiles the partie was busye in telling the heape, this Curtall, being in companye, toke awaye that testerne, and being in talke with one of his acquaintance, who sayde he marvelled to see Curtall in so good estate for apparell and horsse and other mayntenance, Curtall sayde that he spent c. *li.* by yeare: thother asking him howe he came by so muche lyvinge, Curtall answered that he dyd serve no man, but lyved of himselfe, but, nowe and then, when yt pleased him, he had entertaynment at the howse of his good Captaine Sir Edward Hobby, and in the course of that winter nere Chatham downe, within a myle or ij. of Sir Edward Hobbyes howse weare manye robberyes done, uppon one Gason, one Chapman, one Manser, and many others, but no discoverye of the malefactors." This MS. is dated, July, 1590.

Afterwards His Highness rode back again to Gravesend (from Rochester), the night being as dark as pitch, and the wind high and boisterous, where he slept that night. On the road, however, an Englishman came upon us unawares, with a drawn sword in his hand, and ran after us as fast as he could; perhaps he expected to find other persons, for it is very probable that he had an ambush, as that particular part of the road is not the most safe.—*Travels of Frederick, Duke of Wirtemberg, in England*, in 1592.

Troth, as the way lies over *Gads-hill*, very dangerous; you would pity a woman's case, if you saw her.—*Westward Hoe*, 1607.

This place is mentioned more than once in Rowlands' Knave of Clubbs, 1611, and the following epigram, therein contained, may be worth quoting,—

> At Gads-hill late, where men are theevish-crost,
> An honest friend his purse with ten pounds lost,
> And as the villaines were new gone away,
> Three horsemen came, to whome the man did say:—
> Oh gentlemen! most happy all you be,
> To scape two theeves, even now have robbed me;
> 'Twas great good fortune that 'till now you staid.
> Nay, friend, quod they, thou art deceived, they said,
> The theeves were happy as the matter stands,
> For, by our stay, they have escaped our hands.

In 1634, was published,—A Recantation of an Ill Led Life, or a Discoverie of the High Way Law, with vehement Disswasions to all (in that kind) offenders as also many cautelous Admonitions and full Instructions how to know, shunne, and apprehend a Thiefe. Most necessary for all honest Travellers to peruse,

observe, and practise. Written by John Clavell, Gent. London, Printed by A. M. for Richard Meighen, next to the Middle Temple in Fleete street. 1634. In this curious poetical tract, the author professes to discover all the villanies of his craft, that of a highwayman. His first depredations were on Gad's-hill:—

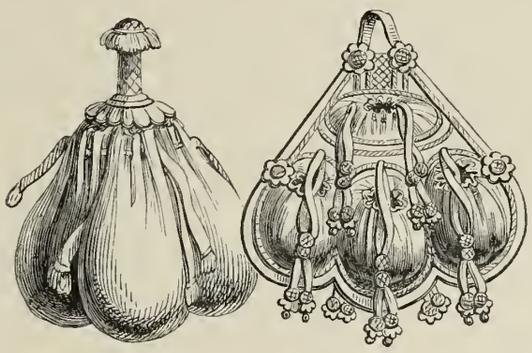
> For though I oft have seene *Gadd's-hill*, and those
> Red tops of mountaines, where good people lose,
> Their ill kept purses, I did never climbe
> Pernassus Hill, or could adventure time.

Taylor, the Water-poet, classes Gad's-hill with Shooter's-hill, another hill in Kent, also celebrated for robberies,—"to mount his fame past Gads or Shooters-hill."

In a MS. of the seventeenth century, is "a letter from one of them that robb'd the Danish ambassadour on Gads-hill, 1656, sent to him the day after," as follows, —"Sir, the lame necessity that enforc't the Tartars to breake the walls of China compell'd us to wayte on you att Gads-Hill. I hope you will not thinke the name of theife and gentleman incompatible, nor that it is ignoble to robbe a viceroy there, where the best of our kings deign'd to robb a carryer; and now I speake of thinges noble, I thinke it is soe to keepe my word, onely I must begge your pardon in two thinges, first, that I sent you the enclosed noe sooner; next, that I subscribe not my name otherwise then, Sir, Your very humble Servant,— Tamberlaine." De Foe, in his Tour thro' the whole Island of Great Britain, 1724, speaks of Gad's Hill as "a noted place for robbing of seamen after they have receiv'd their pay at Chatham;" and he gives a curious, but apparently somewhat apochryphal, story of a famous robbery committed there in the reign of Charles II.

[42] *Traders riding to London with fat purses.*

The annexed engraving represents two ancient purses. It is worthy of remark



that, in the early account of the robbery at Gadshill, 1590, just quoted, the robbers were mounted, and wore visors.

[43] *Hear me, Yedward.*

Yedward is a familiar corruption of Edward, still retained in Cheshire and Lancashire. Towards the end of the first act of Shadwell's Lancashire Witches, Clod, who speaks in the Lancashire dialect, uses *Yedard* for Edward;—"*Doubt.* Whose house is that?—*Clod.* Why, what a pox, where han yeow lived? why, yeow are strongers indeed! Why, 'tis Sir *Yedard* Hartfort's," &c.—*Dyce.* Again, in the third act,—"by the mass, I saw you in Sir Yedard's cellar last neeght with your haggs."

Chad not thought you had been zicke a voole, Mr. Yedward, as if I were not sufficient to bring a million myzell.—*Wiltshire Tom*, 1673.

[44] *If thou darest not stand for ten shillings.*

Such was the value of the coin called a royal, the word upon which Falstaff plays, when he says to the Prince, "nor thou cam'st not of the blood *royal*." There is a double quibble, *stand for* meaning both, to be worth and to contend for. A modern alteration, *cry stand*, injures the sense of the original.

[45] *Farewell, All-hallown summer!*

That is, a late summer. *All-hallows* is All-saints, which festival is the first of November. The French have a proverbial phrase of the same import for a late summer. '*Esté de St. Martin*,' Martlemas summer. There is still a church in London, which is absurdly styled *St. All-hallows*, as if a word which was formed to express the community of saints, could be appropriated to any particular one of the number. In the Play of the Four P's, 1569, this mistake is pleasantly exposed:—

> *Pard.* Friends, here you shall see, even anone,
> Of *All-hallows* the blessed jaw-bone,
> Kiss it hardly, with good devotion: &c.—*Steevens.*

[46] *Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill.*

In former editions, Falstaff, *Harvey*, *Rossil*, and Gadshill. Thus have we two persons named, as characters in this play, that were never among the dramatis personæ. But let us see who they were that committed this robbery. In the second Act we come to a scene of the highway. Falstaff, wanting his horse, calls out on Hal, Poins, Bardolph, and Peto. Presently Gadshill joins them, with intelligence of travellers being at hand; upon which the Prince says,—"You four shall front 'em in a narrow lane, Ned Poins and I will walk lower." So that the four to be concerned are Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill. Accordingly, the robbery is committed; and the Prince and Poins afterwards rob them four. In the Boar's-Head tavern, the Prince rallies Peto and Bardolph for their running away, who confess the charge. Is it not plain now that Bardolph and Peto were two of the four robbers; and who then can doubt, but Harvey and Rossil were the names of the actors?—*Theobald.*

In all the old copies, *Harvey* and *Rossill* are put for Bardolph and Peto: perhaps these were the names of the actors of the parts, though we do not meet with them in any list of the company. It is possible that Harvey and Rossill were names by which Peto and Bardolph were called in the play as it originally stood, before Oldcastle was changed to Falstaff. At all events, the robbery was committed by Bardolph and Peto, and their names ought to be inserted in the text.—*Collier.*

[47] *For the nonce.*

For the *nonce* signified for the *purpose*, for the *occasion*, for the *once*. It is nothing more than a slight variation of the A.-S. 'for then anes'—'for then anis'—'for then ones, or once.' Similar inattention to this form of the prepositive article has produced the phrases 'at the nale,' 'at the nend;' which have been transformed from 'at than ale,' 'at than end.'—*Singer.*

The expression "for the once" is sometimes found: "In Dengy Hundred, neare to Maldon, about the beginning of his Maiesties reigne, there fell out an extraordinary iudgement vpon five or sixe that plotted a solemne drinking at one of their houses, laid in Beare *for the once*, drunke healths in a strange manner,

and died therof within a few weekes, some sooner, and some later," Woe to Drunkards (a Sermon by S. Ward), 1622, p. 27.—*Dyce.*

[48] *This same fat rogue.*

"His post-like legges were answerable to the rest of the great frame which they supported, and to conclude, Sir Bevis, Ascapart, Gogmagog, or our English Sir John Falstaff, were but shrimpes to this bezzeling bombard's longitude, latitude, altitude, and crassitude, for hee passes and surpasses the whole Germane multitude," Taylor's Three Weekes, three daies, and three houres Observations and Travel from London to Hamburgh, 1617. "Drink off thy sack,—'twas onely that, made Bacchus and Jack Fallstaff fat," Playford's Catch that Catch Can, 1667. Dryden, writing in 1684, excuses an author's first attempt by observing that "no man can be Falstaff fat at first." Falstaff, says the same writer, "is the best of comic characters;" and all of us remember the celebrated line of the Duke of Buckingham,—"but Falstaff seems inimitable yet." It has been conjectured that Heminges occasionally performed this character.

[49] *To-night.*

The old editions read, *to-morrow night*, but I think we should read—*to-night*. The disguises were to be provided for the purpose of the robbery, which was to be committed at *four in the morning;* and they would come too late if the Prince was not to receive them till the night after the day of the exploit.—*Steevens.*

[50] *Yet herein will I imitate the sun.*

It is curious that a similar imagery should have been adopted, in speaking of the prince, by a contemporary chronicler. Elmham, after noticing his youthful follies, thus proceeds,—"If these things here introduced among others, should be thought worthy of perusal and of a place in history, it depends upon the judgment of discreet readers to give them place or not. If not, such cloudy passages may well be buried in obscurity and silence. But the author's reason for alluding to them, is in order to afford matter of rejoicing to those who shall read what is to come, by presenting the sudden change of night into day, of a cloud into clear sky, of an eclipse into perfect splendour, of darkness into light. Lo, the time is at hand, when, upon the vanishing of a cloud, the solar rays will dart forth,"—&c. Walsingham speaks in a similar strain,—"On which day (April 9th, his coronation,) was a heavy fall of snow, so severe as to astonish every body; some men's minds connecting the storm with the new king's reign, as if it stamped a mark of coldness and severity upon his life and government. But others judged more mildly of the king, and interpreted this unseasonable weather to be a happy omen; as if he would cause the snow and frost of vices to fall away in his reign, and the serene fruit of virtues to spring up. That it might be truly said by his subjects, "Lo, the Winter is past, the rain is over and gone." Who indeed as soon as he was invested with the ensigns of royalty was suddenly changed into a new man; behaving with propriety, modesty, and gravity, and shewing a desire to practise every kind of virtue. Whose manners and conduct were exemplary to all ranks both of Clergy and Laity."

[51] *By so much shall I falsify men's hopes.*

To *falsify hope* is to *exceed hope*, to give much where men hoped for little. This

speech is very artfully introduced to keep the Prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them for his future reformation; and, what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself, and palliating those follies which it can neither justify nor forsake.—*Johnson.*

Hopes is used simply for *expectations*, as *success* is for the *event*, whether good or bad. This is still common in the midland counties. "Such manner of uncouth speech," says Puttenham, "did the Tanner of Tamworth use to King Edward IV., which tanner having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was afraide he should be punished for it, and said thus, with a certain rude repentance: 'I *hope* I shall be hanged to-morrow,' for 'I *fear* me I shall be hanged;' whereat the king laughed a-good; not only to see the tanner's vaine *feare*, but also to hear his misshapen terme; and gave him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of Plumton Parke."—*Farmer.*

The following passage in the Second Part of King Henry IV. fully supports Dr. Farmer's interpretation. The Prince is there, as in the passage before us, the speaker:

> My father is gone wild into his grave—
> And with his spirit sadly I survive,
> To *mock* the *expectations* of the world;
> To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
> Rotten opinion, who hath written down
> After my seeming.—*Malone.*

[52] *Northumberland.*

Henry, eldest son of Henry Percy, by Mary daughter of Henry Earl of Lancaster, married, in 32 Edw. III., Margaret daughter of Ralph Lord Nevil, by whom he had three sons, Henry surnamed Hotspur, Thomas, and Ralph. His second marriage with Maude, sister and heiress of Anthony Lord Lucy, and widow of the Earl of Angus, was without issue. The following notices respecting this veteran negociator and warrior will convey some idea of the manner in which his public life was spent. In 33 and 37 Edw. III. he bore arms in France. In 42 Edw. III. his father died, when he was twenty-six years of age; and he did homage, and had livery of his lands. In that year he was with the king in Calais, when the peace was made with France, and was sent to the relief of the marches of Poitou with three hundred men at arms, and a thousand archers. In 43 Edw. III., in the war in France, his retinue consisted of fifty nine men at arms, twelve nights forty seven squires, and a hundred archers on horseback. In 46 Edw. III., he accompanied the king towards France to the relief of Thouars; when they were driven back by contrary winds, after nine weeks tossing at sea. In 47 Edw. III., he purchased, for 760 pounds, the custody of the castle of Mitford in Northumberland, with all the lands, during the minority of the Earl of Athol; and attended the king into Flanders. In 50 Edw. III., he was Marshal of England, and went officially to inspect the towns and castles of Calais, and the marches thereof. In 51 Edw. III., he was General of the forces sent to France; his retinue a hundred men at arms, and as many archers, with a ready supply of two hundred men at arms and two hundred archers all mounted. He appeared now as a protector of Wycliff to whom he shewed much respect at the conference with the bishops before the Duke of Lancaster in St. Paul's Cathedral; and with difficulty avoided the fury of the populace, who rose on the part of the Bishop of London, and would have put him and the duke to death, had they not escaped in a boat over the Thames to Kennington. At the coronation of Richard II., he acted as Marshal of England,

and was advanced to the dignity and title of Earl of Northumberland. Shortly after he resigned his Marshal's rod, and went into Scotland against the Earl of Dunbar at the head of ten thousand men, and wasted his lands. In 2 Rich. II., he entered that country again, with the Earl of Nottingham, and took Berwick. In 4 Rich. II., the Scots invaded Cumberland and Westmorland; but he was stopped in his preparations to advance against them by the king's letters. In 5 Rich. II., a dispute arose between him and John of Gaunt, which had nearly proved fatal to him. As commissioner for guarding the marches, with special care of the castles and garrisons, he had appointed Sir Matthew Redman his lieutenant at Berwick. Redman, acting strictly up to his trust, refused to admit the Duke of Lancaster into the place, on his return from Scotland. In the same manner he was shut out at Bamborough castle; though his provisions were stored in both places; and his family had taken refuge in the latter fortress. The Duke complained of this treatment in the presence of the king, at a meeting of the nobles at Berkhamstead, and taxed Northumberland with ingratitude, unfaithfulness, and disobedience; upon which the earl became furious, and used such reproachful language, that the king, who had in vain commanded him to be silent, ordered him to be arrested: but, the Earls of Warwick and Suffolk undertaking for his appearance at the next parliament, he was set at liberty. Lancaster and Northumberland both attended the next parliament with large bodies of armed men, to the terrour of the citizens; and complaint was made of it to the king, who decided the quarrel, and reconciled them for the time. In 7 Rich. II., he chastised the Scots, who had made an incursion upon Northumberland, and had seized Berwick through the treachery of the lieutenant governor. This furnished a fit occasion for the Duke of Lancaster, who was intent upon humbling him, to accuse him in parliament, and obtain sentence of death and confiscation against him; but the king set aside the judgment, and Northumberland repaired the accident by recovering Berwick. In the same year, he was of the commission for receiving the residue of ransom due for David King of Scotland; Sheriff of Northumberland with the custody of the castle of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and retained to serve the king in the Scotch war for forty days. About this time he acquired a great accession of landed property by his second marriage. In 9 Rich. II., he was again Sheriff of the same county; in 10 and 11 Rich. II., Embassador in Scotland; in 13 Rich. II., Commissioner to treat of peace with France and Flanders; but in 14 Rich. II., recalled to guard the borders. In 19 Rich. II., he was present at the interview between the Kings of England and France at Guisnes, and was one of the English Lords who attended Charles VI. to his pavilion. In 21 Rich. II., in consequence of some expressions used by his eldest son Hotspur, derogatory to Richard II., he was summoned from the north, but refused to make his appearance; for which, Froissart informs us, he was banished. As he was preparing to retire into Scotland, the king passed over into Ireland. Henry of Lancaster, with whom he probably held communication, landed; and Northumberland with Hotspur joined him at Doncaster.

The zeal that he had shewn in the cause of Henry IV. procured his advancement to the office of Constable of England for life, with the gift of the Isle of Man, to hold by bearing the Lancaster sword at the coronation. He was besides made Constable of the castles of Chester, Flint, Conway, and Caernarvon. In 2 Henry IV., he was commissioned to treat of a marriage between Blanch eldest daughter of the king, with Lewis, Duke of Bavaria. In 3 Henry IV., he defeated the Scots in the decisive battle at Halidon-hill, where he took Earl Douglas, their general, prisoner; and here his services and his intimate connexion with Henry IV. ceased. In 4 Henry IV., his disaffection to the king began to shew itself. Some have affirmed that it was on account of money long due to him for the wardenship

of the Marches, which Henry IV. was unwilling to pay; others, that it originated in a dispute about the prisoners taken at Halidon. The Percys took up arms, and Sir Thomas and young Henry lost their lives at Shrewsbury, before Northumberland could bring up the force he had collected for their aid. But the earl afterwards appeared before the king on promise of safety, and disavowed the actions of his son; nor was Henry willing to push the matter any farther; but granted him pardon on commitment to safe custody; and in 6 Henry IV., either from recollection of what he owed to him, or from awe of him, restored all his possessions. In 7 Henry IV., he joined the insurgents in Yorkshire, and when they were quelled, he was pursued into Scotland. With a resolution unbroken by these reverses, he next retired into Wales, and concerted with Owen Glendour the means of deposing Henry IV. Then proclaiming liberty to all who would rise and follow him, he reappeared in Yorkshire 8 Henry IV. at the head of a considerable number of men. Sir Thomas Rokeby, the sheriff of that county met him on Branham Moor near Tadcaster, and a skirmish ensued, in which he was slain. Such was the end of Henry Percy, first Earl of Northumberland, who betrayed the king that had advanced him to honour, and rebelled against the king whom he had placed upon the throne. His head and quarters were distributed to London and different places where he had been respected and obeyed. His age and high station, and the remembrance of past services rendered him an object of regret to the Lancastrians, and the partisans of Richard might be ready to believe that they had lost a friend; but his real intention, it is said, was to have conferred the crown upon the Earl of March the rightful heir.—*Webb.*

[53] *Than my condition.*

That is, I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the resentment of an injured king, than still continue in the inactivity and mildness of my natural disposition. And this sentiment he has well expressed, save that by his usual licence, he puts the word *condition* for *disposition.*—*Warburton.*

The commentator has well explained the sense, which was not very difficult, but is mistaken in supposing the use of *condition* licentious. Shakespeare uses it very frequently for *temper of mind*, and in this sense the vulgar still say a *good* or *ill-conditioned man.*—*Johnson.*

So, in King Henry V.: "Our tongue is rough, coz, and my *condition* is not smooth." Ben Jonson uses it in the same sense, in the New-Inn,—

> You cannot think me of that coarse *condition*,
> To envy you any thing.—*Steevens.*

[54] *My lord.*

Seymour, under the erroneous impression that it was necessary to add a syllable to complete the hemistich at the conclusion of Worcester's speech, proposes to read,—"Good, my lord." Another proposal is,—"My good lord," in an annotated copy. Unauthorised additions of this kind should be carefully avoided.

[55] *Worcester, get thee gone.*

Sir Thomas Percy, second son of Henry Percy, by Mary daughter of Henry Earl of Lancaster, and younger brother to Henry first Earl of Northumberland; a statesman and soldier of distinguished ability and reputation, who had spent a very active life in the service of his country. He was at this time upwards of fifty years of age. He had been with the Black Prince in Aquitaine; was his high steward in 1369, and served under him with Chandos, Knolles, Trivet, and others of that school of chivalry. He was at the skirmish in which Chandos was

slain, on the morning of Dec. 31, 1370; assisted at various military operations in that country, and was at the barbarous sacking of Limoges, the last transaction in which the prince was engaged. When Sir Baldwin Freville, seneschal of Poitou, went into England, he succeeded him; and a contemporary thus speaks of him in this situation:

Monsr. Thomas Percy li vaillant
Yfuist ove honour moult grant.

But, during his absence on an expedition, he had the misfortune to lose the town of Poiters, where he officially resided, to Bertrand du Guesclin; and he was himself soon after taken prisoner by Evan of Wales, in an affair near the castle of Soubise. His captivity, however, was not of long duration, the castle of Limosin being given up for his ransom in the next year, 47 Edw. III. The prince of Wales and his father, in consideration of his services, granted him, 50 Edw. III., an annuity of an hundred marks out of the exchequer at Caernarvon, and the same sum out of the king's exchequer during his life.

He officiated at the coronation, of Richard the Second; and next appears, 2 R. II., as admiral of the northern seas, where he made several prizes. As he was passing over into France, to the aid of the duke of Britanny, he narrowly escaped suffering shipwreck in the dreadful tempest in which Sir John Arundel and upwards of a thousand others were drowned. Scarcely had the storm ceased, when a Spanish vessel assailed him; he captured it by boarding, after an obstinate resistance, and returned with it into port; then proceeding upon his voyage, carried over his men and horses safely to Brest. He was joint governor of that place with Sir Hugh Calverley. About this time he was named one of the commissioners to settle the infractions of a treaty made with the Scots in the former reign. In 3 R. II., he attended the Earl of Buckingham in his expedition into France, and, in the next year, was employed with the same nobleman and the Earl of Warwick in suppressing the insurrection: he was in the retinue of the king when he met the rebels at Mile-end. Returning to France, he was at the siege of Nantes, and, 5 R. II., was made captain of the castle of Brest, and afterwards of the town, 6 R. II.

He is spoken of, 7 R. II., as being of the king's council; commissioned to act in treaties with Flanders and France, and to guard the East Marches. In 8 and 10 R. II., he was again made admiral; in which capacity he escorted the Duke of Lancaster into Castile, was at the storming of Ribadavia, and other conflicts in Spain: particularly at the barriers of Noya in Galicia he signalised himself by fighting hand to hand with Barrois des Barres, one of the ablest captains of France. Having been afflicted with the distemper that proved fatal to so many of the soldiers, he came home with the army. He was, in 13 R. II., appointed vice-chamberlain of the royal household, and justice of South Wales; and successively obtained grants of two castles in the Principality.

We find him, in 16 R. II., at the head of the embassy which brought about the peace with France, where he was much caressed and honoured by the French king: he was then steward of the household. He was retained to serve in the first campaign in Ireland, 18 R. II. The disputes between Richard and the Duke of Gloucester so disgusted him, that he prudently solicited permission to retire to his own estate, and obtained it with some reluctance on the part of the king. At length, in 21 R. II., he was rewarded with the dignity of Earl of Worcester. He was also made captain of the town and castle and marches of Calais. His appointment to be admiral of Ireland is dated Jan. 16, 22 R. II. It was preparatory to this second Irish expedition, in which he was to take with him thirty-five men at arms, knights, and esquires, and one hundred archers; to every twenty archers one carpenter and one mason.

His disaffection to his old master might arise from the banishment of the Earl of Northumberland and his son, at which he was much exasperated. When Henry ascended the throne, it was one of his first objects to conciliate and attach so valuable a servant. Accordingly he bestowed many high appointments upon him; made him ambassador to France, governor of Aquitaine, admiral of the fleet, lieutenant in North and South Wales; and retained him as governor to his eldest son. Polidore Vergil is quite at a loss to account for his defection from Bolingbroke, which, he says, no author of any credit has explained; and he ridiculously attributes it to envy. Carte affirms, that he detested Henry as the author of the murder of Richard, and as an usurper of the throne, to the prejudice of the right heir, Edmund Mortimer Earl of March. Whatever might be the real cause of the dispute between Henry IV. and the Percies, each party laid the blame upon the other. When the affair came to an open rupture, Sir Thomas joined his nephew Hotspur, was taken at the battle of Shrewsbury, and beheaded there, July, 1403. He died without issue. He was knight of the Garter, and his barony was that of Haverfordwest; he possessed the castle of Emelin in South Wales, and the castle and commot of Huckirk in the county of Caernarvon; and had purchased the manor of Wresil in Yorkshire, where he built a castle. Had he survived the Earl and Countess of Northumberland, and Henry Percy, dying without heirs, he would have inherited a large proportion of the great estates of the Countess, his sister-in-law, the heiress of the Lucy family.

Most contemporary writers have borne testimony to the talents and accomplishments of this nobleman. Walsingham alone, a strong partisan of Henry, lays to his charge the bloodshed of the fatal day of Shrewsbury. He informs us that the king was willing to have treated with his adversaries before the engagement; and that in a conference with Sir Thomas had even humbled himself to submit to unfavourable terms; but that the latter wilfully misrepresented his expressions when he returned to Hotspur, and hastened the fight. It does not however actually appear that when he drew the sword he at once threw away the scabbard; for that he was not averse to treat is plain from his accepting the dangerous office of a personal parley. But Henry survived to make a statement in favour of his own conduct, and Percy perished. His head and one of his quarters were set up on London Bridge; and the order addressed to the Mayor and Sheriffs is worded; perhaps in the usual official style, but certainly with apparent severity. The head is, "ibidem quamdiu poterit moraturam."

That he excelled in the qualities of the chivalrous character cannot be doubted; his gravity and dignity as a statesman may be inferred from his being chosen procurator for the clergy upon a very solemn occasion during the parliament of 1397. Froissart, who became personally acquainted with him in 1395, commends his gracious and agreeable manners.—*Webb.*

[56] *The moody frontier of a servant brow.*

That is, the moody border, outline, "of a servant brow." Or it may be considered as a term borrowed from fortification, in which frontier means an outwork. It will then mean the moody or threatening *outwork;* in which sense the word occurs in the same play.—*Nares.*

Frontier is a metaphorical expression highly proper, implying—arm'd to oppose: opposition to the will of a master being as plainly indicated by such a *brow* as the King is describing, as war by a town or towns frontier, furnish'd against invasion. —*Capell.*

[57] *Like a stubble-land at harvest-home.*

A chin new shaven is compared to *a stubble-land at harvest-home*, not on

account of the festivity of that season, as I apprehend, but because at that time, when the corn has been but just carried in, the stubble appears more even and upright than at any other.—*Tyrwhitt.*

[58] *A pouncet-box.*

A small box for musk or other perfumes then in fashion: the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name; from *poinsoner*, to *prick*, *pierce*, or *engrave.—Warburton.*

Dr. Warburton's explanation is just. At the christening of Queen Elizabeth, the Marchioness of Dorset gave, according to Holinshed, "three gilt bowls *pounced*, with a cover." So also, in Gawin Douglas's translation of the ninth Æneid:

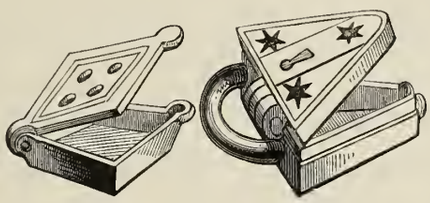
—— wroght rich curiously
With figuris grave, and *punsit* ymagery.—*Steevens.*

In the Bernal Collection, No. 3482, was an early English silver scent case in divisions formed in the shape of a skull. It opened by unscrewing at top, and was engraved with the following verses:

Tho' I spoke in vaine,
This ends my paine.

If you alive when I am dead,
'Tis true what ere to you I said.

The following note was sent me by Mr. Fairholt,—"Small pouncet-boxes for scents, with holes pierced in the lid for its emission, were in use by the Romans, and the first cut represents one of these found near York, and in the collection of Mr. Hargrave of that city. The public Museum there has other examples, and they have also been found at Richborough in Kent, one of the earliest Roman Castra in England. The second example is medieval, constructed for suspension, and taking the form of a padlock, the holes in the lid are fashioned like stars. It is of the era of this drama, and is copied from the original in the possession of W. Chaffers, F.S.A. Both are engraved of the full size of the originals."



Pouncet-box, a box perforated with small holes, for carrying perfumes, quasi, *pounced-box*. It might be thought, from what follows, that a snuff-box was intended, but it means no more than snuffing it up, or smelling strongly to it; with the addition of a quibble on the phrase, "to take anything *in snuff*," which was equivalent to taking huff at it, in modern familiar language.—*Nares.*

In former times, perfumes were much more used by men than they are at the present day. "Pomanders and knots of powders for drying rheums are not as strong as perfumes, but you may have them continually in your hand, whereas perfumes you can but take but at times," Bacon. In another place, he speaks of "a moss the perfumers have out of apple-trees, that hath an excellent scent." The lord was "perfumed like a milliner." He no doubt was adorned with several small ornamental perfume-cases, independently of the

pouncet-box, attached to his dress. One of such cases, used for containing perfumes, is here engraved.

[59] *Took it in snuff.*

Aromatic powders were used as snuff long before the introduction of tobacco. *Snuff* is equivocally used for *anger*, and *a powder taken up the nose*. So, in the Fleire, a comedy, by E. Sharpham, 1610: "Nay be not angry; I do not touch thy nose, to the end it should take any thing *in snuff*." Again, in Decker's Satiromastix:

——— 'tis enough,
Having so much fool, to *take him in snuff*.

And here they are talking about tobacco. Again, in Hinde's Eliosto Libidinoso, 1606: "The good wife glad that he *took the matter so in snuff*," &c.—*Steevens*.

The broad-fac'd jests that other men put on you,
You take for favours well bestow'd upon you.
In sport they give you many a pleasant cuffe,
Yet no mans lines but mine you take in *snuffe*.
Taylor's Laugh and be Fat, p. 69.

Took *snuff* and posted up to heaven again,
As to a high court of appeal, to bee
Reveng'd on men for this indignitie.—*Fletcher's Poems*, p. 184.

And whereas if in *snuff* and distaste you may fling away from such *re infecta*, a little patience and good words may do your business, and send you away with what you come for.—*A Cap of Gray Hairs for a Green Head*, 1688, p. 113.

[60] *With my wounds being cold.*

Unnecessary alterations in the text have here been proposed. The fight was done before this trim lord came to him; and though he might be then breathless and dry, yet before he returned his answer about the prisoners, we find this fop stood prating deliberately, *ever and anon* smelling to his pouncet-box, and *still* smiling and talking; was offended at dead bodies being brought across his nose, and descanted wisely on guns, and drums, and wounds, and parmacity, and saltpetre: so that, in this interval, the blood might congeal enough to make Hotspur feel the smarting of his wounds.—*Theobald*.

The old reading may be supported by the following passage in Barnes's History of Edward III. p. 786: "The esquire fought still, until the wounds began with loss of blood to *cool* and smart."—*Tollet*.

As when the blood is *cold*, we feel the wound.
Drayton's Mortimeriados, 4to. Lond. 1596.

[61] *To be so pester'd with a popinjay.*

A *popinjay* or *popingay* is a *parrot*. Papegay, *Fr*. Papagallo, *Ital*. The Spaniards have a proverbial phrase, 'Hablar como *papagayo*,' to designate a chattering ignorant person.—*Singer*.

Or like the mixture nature dothe display,
Upon the quaint wings of the *popinjay*.—*Browne, Past*.

But if a *popinjay* speake, she doth it by imitation of man's voyce, artificially and not naturally.—*Puttenham*, p. 256.

Young *popinjays* learn quickly to speak.—*Asch. Scholem*. p. 36.

Steevens quotes a passage, in which a distinction is made between a *parrot* and a *popinjay;* but whatever the author quoted might imagine, the derivation, and some of the above passages, seem to fix it; unless we suppose the *popinjay* some particular species of parrot. —*Nares.*

" There ben popengayes which ben grene and shynynge lyke pecockes which ben but lytell more than a jaye, of whom as men saye, they that have on eche fote, fyve clawes ben gentyls, and the vyllaynes have but thre, he hathe a taile longer than a fote, and a becke courbed and a greate tonge and forked, who that myght have one he myght well lerne hym to speke in the space of ij. yere," The Myrrour and Dyscrypcyon of the Worlde, fol. L. Andrewe, n. d. The annexed engraving of a popinjay is copied from one in this rare work.

[62] *Was parmaceti for an inward bruise.*

So the old editions. Some modern editors have altered it to *spermaceti.* Sir Richard Hawkins, in his Voyage into the South Sea, 1593, speaking of whales, says, " — his spawne is for divers purposes. This we corruptly call *parmacettie*, of the Latin word *Sperma Ceti.*"—*Reed.* " Sperma-Cetæ is the seed of the whale, excellent for *inward bruises*, and to be bought at the pothecaries," Markham.

His wounds are seldome above skin deepe; for an inward bruise, Lambe stones and sweetbreads are his only *Sperma-Ceti*, which he eats at night next his heart fasting: strange schoolemasters they are, that every day set a man as far backward as he went forward, and throwing him into a strange posture, teach him to thresh satisfaction out of injurie.—*Overbury's New and Choise Characters*, 1615.

Parmaceti. *Schrod.* T. it resolveth, moistens, and is anodyne. V. therefore it's commonly used in the resolution of coagulated bloud, caused by fals or otherwise. It appeaseth the pain of the collick, and in the bellies of infants: also it helps the cough, and tartar of the lungs; the D. is *scr.* 1. to *drach.* 2. some use it *outwardly*, upon the cicatrices of the small pocks, to fill them with flesh, *note* also some give it to women after delivery, to strengthen the laxate parts: C. the *best* is the white, fat, wen, and not unsavory, &c.—*Lovell's History of Animals*, 1661.

[63] *His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer.*

Shakespeare has fallen into some contradictions with regard to this Lord Mortimer. Before he makes his personal appearance in the play, he is repeatedly spoken of as Hotspur's *brother-in-law.* In the second Act, Lady Percy expressly calls him *her brother Mortimer.* And yet when he enters in the third Act, he calls Lady Percy *his aunt*, which in fact she was, and not his sister. This inconsistency may be accounted for as follows. It appears both from Dugdale's and Sandford's account of the Mortimer family, that there were two of them taken prisoners at different times by Glendower; each of them bearing the name of Edmund; one being Edmund Earl of March, nephew to Lady Percy, and the proper Mortimer of this play; the other, Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the former, and brother to Lady Percy. Shakespeare confounds the two persons.—*Steevens.*

Another cause also may be assigned for this confusion. Henry Percy,

according to the accounts of some of our old historians, married Eleanor, the sister of Roger Earl of March, who was the father of the Edmund Earl of March, that appears in the present play. But this Edmund had a sister likewise named Eleanor. Shakespeare might, therefore, have at different times confounded these two supposed Eleanors. I say supposed, for in fact, the sister of Robert Earl of March, whom young Percy married, was called Elizabeth, as we learn from Hardyng, who was a contemporary.—*Malone.*

[64] *Hath wilfully betray'd.*

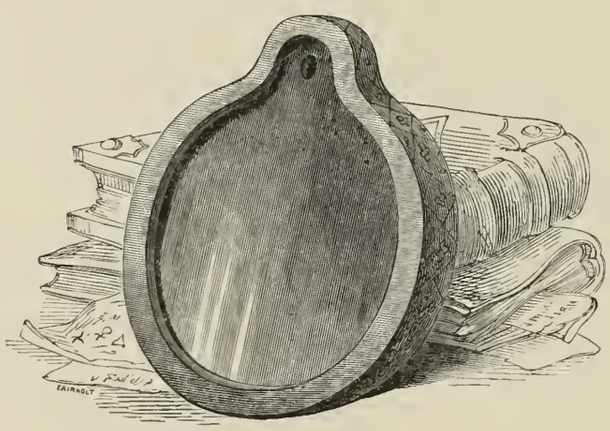
This insinuation on the part of the King, that Mortimer suffered himself to be captured, is ascribed to him in a manifesto of dubious authenticity, and is mentioned by Hardyng;

> He said him nay, for he was taken prisoner
> By his consent and treason to his foe.

I do not agree with Tyler, that the King's letter, lamenting the capture of his cousin, proves that he entertained no such suspicion. Walsingham speaks (p. 365) of Mortimer's capture *proditione mediante.* That letter was written some months before Mortimer married the daughter of the Welsh chieftain, and wrote thus to his tenants:—"Owen Glendower has raised a quarrel of which the object is, *if King Richard be alive*, to restore him to his crown, and if not, that my honoured nephew (Earl of March), who is the right heir to the said crown, shall be King of England, and that the said Owen will assert his right in Wales." When such events followed a capture, it was not unreasonable to suspect that the surrender was voluntary.—*Courtnay.*

[65] *Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower.*

It has been supposed, with small, if any probability, that Shakespeare, in delineating the character of Glendower, referred to the notorious Dr. Dee, but a few observations on that personage, from the pen of Mr. Wright, will not perhaps be considered out of place.—"One of the most interesting of the miscellaneous objects in the collection of Lord Londesborough is the magical mirror which belonged to the celebrated Dr. Dee, and which is represented in the accompanying wood-cut. Singularly enough, in the great intellectual revolutions of the sixteenth century, the old popular superstitions of all kinds, instead of sinking before the increasing development of the human intelligence, seemed to have suddenly gained a new force, and we find men of the highest reputation in science believing in witchcraft, and magic, and all the different wonders of the occult sciences. This strange blending of pure science and gross superstition is remarkably illustrated in the history of Dr. Dee. Born in London, in 1527, John Dee raised himself at an early age to a great reputation for his learning, in the mathematical sciences especially, in the most celebrated universities of his



own country and of the continent. He is said to have imbibed a taste for the occult sciences while a student at Louvain, but there was evidently in his temper much of an enthusiastic and visionary turn, which must have given him a taste for such mysterious pursuits, without the necessity of any external impulse. One of the oldest and most generally credited of magical operations, was that of bringing spirits or visions into a glass or mirror, a practice which has continued to exist in the East even to the present day, and which prevailed to a very considerable extent in all parts of Western Europe during the sixteenth century. The process was not a direct one, for the magician did not himself see the vision in the glass, but he had to depend upon an intermediate agent, a sort of familiar, who in England was known by the name of a *skryer*, and whose business it was to look into the glass, and describe what he saw. It is thus quite evident that the wise man, who believed that he could command the spirits of the unknown world, lay at the mercy of a very inferior agent, of whom he was easily the dupe. Such was no doubt the case with Dr. Dee, who seems to have tried several skryers with little success, until he became acquainted, soon after the year 1580, with Edward Kelly, a clever unprincipled man, who led Dee into a number of romantic adventures, which it is not necessary to relate here. During his connexion with Kelly, Dr. Dee kept an exact diary of all his visions, a portion of which was printed in a folio volume by Meric Casaubon, in 1659. In this journal more than one magical glass is evidently mentioned; and we are not always sure, by the rather loose description of them, whether they were round or spherical. One of them the doctor had the weakness to believe had been brought to him by an angel from heaven. He died in the year 1608. We cannot state with any certainty whether the mirror figured above be one of those mentioned in the Journal. It is a polished oval slab of black stone, of what kind we have not been able to ascertain, but evidently of a description which was not then common in Western Europe; and Dr. Dee may have considered it as extremely precious, and as only to be obtained by some extraordinary means.

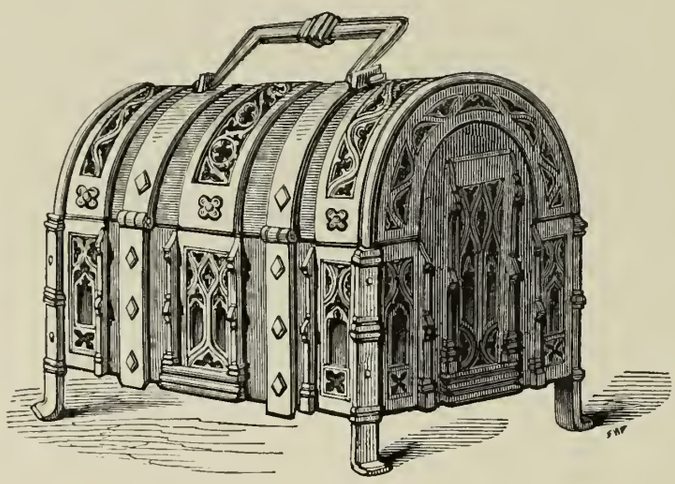
"The regular fitting-out of the magician at this period was a complicated process. He required his implements of various kinds, and, in addition to these, various robes, especially made for the occasion, with girdles and head-pieces, and magical rings and bracelets. A very curious example of the last-mentioned article of the magician's accoutrements is represented in our cut, of the full size of the original; it was purchased by Lord Londesborough in 1851, and had formerly been in the possession of Charles Mainwaring, Esq., of Coleby, near Lincoln. It is in silver, the letters of the inscription round the bracelet being engraved and filled with niello. This inscription commences as follows:—

+ IONA + IHOAT + LONA + HELOI + YSSARAY ||
+ MEPHENOLPHETON + AGLA + ACHEDION + YANA ר ||

Some explanation of this mysterious inscription might, no doubt, be obtained by a diligent comparison of the numerous works on magic, compiled in the age of Dr. Dee, and in the seventeenth century. The bracelet has had four pendants to it, of which three still remain, with the silver setting of the fourth. One of the pendants which remain is a brownish pebble, secured by three flat bands of silver. Another is an oval cage of strong silver wire, containing a nut of some kind, or some other vegetable substance. The third has on one side a circular convex pebble, set in silver, and on the back three smaller pebbles."

[66] *Shall our coffers then be emptied.*

The annexed engraving represents an interesting example of an ornamented coffer of the early part of the fifteenth century.



[67] *And indent with fears.*

To "indent," is to sign an indenture or compact. This verb is used by Harrington in his translation of Ariosto, b. xvi. st. 35:—

> And with the Irish bands he first *indents*,
> To spoil their lodgings and to burn their tents.

Again, in the Cruel Brother, by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1630:—"Dost thou *indent*—With my acceptance, make choice of services?"

> *Indent* with beauty how far to extend,
> Set down desire a limit, where to end.
>
> *Drayton's Heroic Epistles*, p. 259.

I am inclined to regard Mortimer (though the King affects to speak of him in the plural number) as the *Fear*, or timid object, which had *lost* or *forfeited itself*. Henry afterwards says:—

> ——he *durst* as well have met the devil alone,
> As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

"Indent with fears," may therefore mean, sign an indenture or compact with dastards. *Fears* may be substituted for *fearful people*, as *wrongs* has been used for *wrongers* in King Richard II. "Near Cæsar's angel," that is, says the Soothsayer to Antony, "thy own becomes a *fear*," a spirit of cowardice; and Sir Richard Vernon, in the play before us, uses an expression that nearly resembles *indenting with fears*:

I hold as little *counsel with* weak *fear*,
As you, my lord——.

The King, by *buying treason*, and *indenting* with *fears*, may therefore covertly repeat both his pretended charges against Mortimer; first, that he had treasonably betrayed his party to Glendower; and, secondly, that he would have been afraid to encounter with so brave an adversary. Treason and cowardice are undoubtedly the two offences which the king intends to brand with his indignation. "Foes" is quite inadmissible.—*Steevens.*

Hanmer proposes to read foes, but it is necessary also to read *for* instead of *with*, unless the King considers Mortimer as a party in the agreement.—*Mason.*

The king here speaks of "*treason*" and of "*fears*," of "buying" the former, and of "indenting with" the latter. That *fears* is equivalent to *objects of fear*, I have not the smallest doubt: compare Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian;

'Twas time to look about: if I must perish,
Yet shall my *fears* (the objects of my fear) go foremost.—*Dyce.*

[68] *But by the chance of war.*

The meaning is, he came not into the enemy's power, but by the chance of war. The King charged Mortimer, that he wilfully betrayed his army, and, as he was then with the enemy, calls him revolted Mortimer. Hotspur replies, that he never fell off, that is, never fell into Glendower's hands, but by the chance of war. —*Johnson.*

[69] *Those mouthed wounds.*

This passage is of obscure construction. The later editors point it, as they understood that for the wounds a tongue was needful, and only one tongue. This is harsh. I rather think it is a broken sentence. "To prove the loyalty of Mortimer," says Hotspur, "one speaking witness is sufficient; for his wounds proclaim his loyalty, those mouthed wounds," &c.—*Johnson.*

Hotspur calls Mortimer's wounds *mouthed* from their gaping like a mouth, and says, that to prove his loyalty, but one tongue was necessary for all these mouths; this may be harsh, but the same idea occurs in Coriolanus, where one of the populace says:—"For if he shews us his wounds, we are to put our tongues into these wounds, and speak for them." And again in Julius Cæsar, Anthony says:

But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Anthony; there were an Anthony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move, &c.—*Mason.*

[70] *Never did base and rotten policy.*

All the quartos which I have seen read *bare* in this place. The first folio, and most of the subsequent editions, have *base*. I believe *bare* is right: "Never did policy, lying open to detection, so colour its workings."—*Johnson.*

The first quarto, 1598, reads *bare;* which means "so thinly covered by art as to be easily seen through." So, in Venus and Adonis:—"What *bare* excuses mak'st thou to be gone!"—*Malone.*

Since there is such good authority as Johnson informs us, for reading *base*, in this passage, instead of *bare*, the former word should certainly be adopted. *Bare* policy, that is, policy lying open to detection, is in truth no policy at all. The epithet *base*, also best agrees with *rotten.*—*Mason.*

[71] *And on my face he turn'd an eye of death.*

That is, an eye menacing death. Hotspur seems to describe the King as

trembling with rage rather than fear.—*Johnson.* So, in Marlowe's Tamburlaine, 1590:—

> And wrapt in silence of his angry soul,
> Upon his brows were pourtraid ugly death,
> And in his eyes the furies of his heart.—*Steevens.*

Johnson and Steevens seem to think that Hotspur meant to describe the King as trembling not with fear, but rage; but surely they are mistaken. The King had no reason to be enraged at Mortimer, who had been taken prisoner in fighting against his enemy; but he had much reason to fear the man who had a better title to the crown than himself, which had been proclaimed by Richard II.; and accordingly, when Hotspur is informed of that circumstance, he says:

> Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
> That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.

And Worcester, in the very next line, says: "He cannot blame him for *trembling* at the name of Mortimer, since Richard had proclaimed him next of blood."—*Mason.*

Mason's remark is, I think, in general just; but the King, as appears from this scene, had some reason to be *enraged* also at Mortimer, because he thought that Mortimer had not been taken prisoner by the efforts of his enemies, but had himself revolted.—*Malone.*

[72] *Was he not proclaim'd the next of blood?*

Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, who was born in 1371, was declared heir apparent to the crown in the 9th year of King Richard II., 1385. See Grafton, p. 347. But he was killed in Ireland in 1398. The person who was proclaimed by Richard heir apparent to the crown, previous to his last voyage to Ireland, was Edmund Mortimer, (the son of Roger,) who was then but seven years old; but he was not Percy's wife's brother, but her nephew.—*Malone.* "Edmond, sonne to erle Roger, at kyng Richardes goyng into Ireland was proclaimed heire apparant to the crowne and realme," Hall's Chroniele.

Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, was the undoubted heir to the crown after the death of Richard. Sandford, in his Genealogical History, says, that the last mentioned Edmund, Earl of March, the Mortimer of this play, was married to Anne Stafford, daughter of Edmund, Earl of Stafford. Thomas Walsingham asserts that he married a daughter of Owen Glendower; and the subsequent historians copied him; but this is a very doubtful point, for the Welsh writers make no mention of it. Sandford says this Earl of March was confined by the jealous Henry in the castle of Trim in Ireland, and that he died there, after an imprisonment of twenty years, on the 19th of January, 1424. But this is a mistake. There is no proof that he was confined a state-prisoner by King Henry the Fourth, and he was employed in many military services by his son Henry the Fifth. He died at his own castle at Trim in Ireland, at the time mentioned by Sandford, but not in a state of imprisonment. Owen Glendower's daughter was married to his antagonist Lord Grey of Ruthven. Holinshed led Shakespeare into the error of supposing her the wife of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. This nobleman, who is the Mortimer of the present play, was born in November, 1392, and consequently at the time when this play commences, was little more than ten years old. The prince of Wales was not fifteen.—*Malone.*

Shakespeare also owes to Holinshed his mistake, in supposing that the Edmund Mortimer, who was prisoner and afterwards son-in-law to Glendower, was Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, whom King Richard had proclaimed heir to the crown, and who was, according to hereditary right, now entitled to it. The Earl of March was at this time a child: it was his uncle, Sir Edmund Mortimer, second

son of the first Earl of March, whose adventures Shakespeare relates and misapplies. Hotspur calls Mortimer his brother, because he married his sister Elizabeth, called by the poet, Kate.—*Courtnay.*

[73] *That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.*

In this conflict the Earle of Marche was taken prisoner and fettered with chaines, and cast into a deepe and vile dungeon. The king was solicited by many noble men, to use some meanes for his deliverance; but hee would not heare on that eare; hee could rather have wished him and his two sisters in heaven, for then the onely blemish to his title had beene out of the way; and no man can tell whether this mischaunce did not preserve him from a greater mischiefe.—*Hayward's Life of Henrie the Fourth*, 1599.

[74] *On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.*

He seems to allude to the practice of making a bridge by means of a sword or a spear sometimes adopted by the heroes of ancient chivalry. See Lancelot of the Lake, and other similar romances.—*Douce.* Such an incident is represented on

an ivory casket of the fourteenth century, in which Lancelot is shown crossing the water on the terrible sword.

[75] *By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap.*

Euripides has put the very same sentiment into the mouth of Eteocles: "I will not, madam, disguise my thoughts; I would scale heaven, I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom." —*Warburton.*

A passage somewhat resembling this, occurs in Archbishop Parker's Address to the Reader, prefixed to his Tract entitled A Brief Examination for the Tyme, &c.—"But trueth is to hye set, for you to *pluck her out of heaven*, to manifestlye knowen to be by your papers obscured, and surely stablished, to *drowne* her in the myrie lakes of your sophisticall writinges."—*Steevens.*

This speech was frequently alluded to, and sometimes parodied or treated with ridicule, by comic writers of the seventeenth century. In the Knight of the Burning Pestle, a grocer's wife brings her apprentice Ralph to play a part; and encouraging him to exert, says,—"Hold up thy head, Ralph; shew the gentlemen what thou can'st do: *speak a huffing part: I warrant you, the gentlemen will accept of it;*" and then Ralph repeats this whole speech of Hotspur,—

> By heaven (me thinks) it were an easie leape
> To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,
> Or dive into the bottome of the sea,
> Where never fathome line toucht any ground,
> And pluck up drowned honour from the lake of hell.

Again, in the Portraicture of his Sacred Majestie Charles I., 1649,—

> And dar'st not own thy name? what hast thou done?
> Shot at the man i' th' moon, and hit the sun?
> What, dost thou mean to stand behind the noon,
> And pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon?

Again, in Cartwright's Poems, 1651,—

> Then go thy ways, brave Will, for one:
> By Jove 'tis thou must leap, or none,
> To pull bright honour from the moon.

In the Factious Citizen or the Melancholy Visioner, 1685, p. 72, a madman is introduced, who sings the following lines,—

> I'll pull down honor from the pale-fac'd moon,
> And break the wheels of the all-circling sun.

[76] *But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship*

The image appears to me to be borrowed from coins, in which only half the countenance appears. Now countenance implies protection, personal friendship and assistance, as well as the face. Shakespeare uses half-faced for half-countenanced: a fellowship to which the parties gave but half their genuine friendship and concurrence.—*Seymour.* The term *half-faced* was used in the metaphorical sense of, imperfect, paltry. So, in Nashe's Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse, 1593: "with all other ends of your *half-faced* English." Again, in Histriomastix, 1610: "Whilst I behold yon *half-fac'd* minion—." But then, it will be said, "what becomes of *fellowship?* Where is the fellowship in a *single* face in profile? The allusion must be to the coins of Philip and Mary, where two faces were in part exhibited." This squaring of our author's comparisons, and making them correspond precisely on every side, is in my apprehension the source of endless mistakes. *Fellowship* relates to Hotspur's "corrival" and himself, and I think to nothing more.—*Malone.*

[77] *He apprehends a world of figures here.*

Figure is here used equivocally. As it is applied to Hotspur's speech, it is a rhetorical mode; as opposed to form, it means appearance or shape.—*Johnson.*

Figures mean shapes created by Hotspur's imagination; but not the form of what he should attend, viz. of what his uncle had to propose.—*Edwards.*

Worcester was about to communicate to Hotspur an important secret, but before he has disclosed it, Hotspur flies off in a kind of rhapsody without waiting to hear what Worcester had to propose, on which the latter observes, "that his imagination was filled with some great conceptions, but that he did not regard the particular business to which he ought to attend."—*Seymour.*

[78] *I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak.*

Shakespeare was indebted to his memory, rather than to his imagination, for this lively suggestion, indicative, as it seems, of Hotspur's humorous though chivalric character. The idea had been acted upon about a century before the great poet's time, and he probably found it in the current stories which had descended to his era. Louis XI., after he had obtained his own way in all tangible matters, was much troubled in spirit at the names his Parisian lieges chose to call him in the retirement of their houses. He published an edict threatening pains and penalties, and his spies were very active. The nuisance seemed suppressed; but fighting against scandal, when either founded on true or baseless foundations, is very like beating the air. Soon afterwards, Paris resounded with the forbidden abuse, and the Most Christian King could not pass down a street without hearing shouted in his ears epithets that were neither civil nor savoury. The King summoned his spies and police, and called them severely to account. They assured him that no human voice had uttered the epithets, but the Parisians had taught all their speaking birds these words of offence forbidden to their own lips. Louis, on this, ordered all the abusive animals to be summoned

before him, that he might judge for himself. Next morning, the great hall of the Palais de Justice was covered with an infinite number of cages containing magpies, parrots, and especially starlings, the last being the principal culprits. Immediately on the king taking his seat, and the light being admitted, never did any potentate hear so much abuse of himself. "Louis, old tyrant, old fright, old gossip," resounded on all sides; the poor birds, excited by the presence of so many of their own species, thinking it their duty to out-shout each other. Even the fear of consequences could not restrain the laughter of the officials, or remove the ridicule attached to the king, when a royal order issued for the execution of the innocent birds. The foundation of this fragment of historical comedy is to be seen in the Addenda to Monstrelet's Chronicles.

[79] *That same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales.*

A royster or turbulent fellow, that fought in taverns, or raised disorders in the streets, was called a Swash-buckler. In this sense *sword-and-buckler* is here used. —*Johnson.*

Stowe will keep us to the precise meaning of the epithet here given to the prince.—"This field, commonly called West-Smithfield, was for many years called Ruffians Hall, by reason it was the usual place of frayes and common fighting, during the time that swords and bucklers were in use. When every *serving-man*, from the base to the best, carried a *buckler* at his back, which hung by the hilt or pomel of his *sword*."—*Henley.*

I have now before me (to confirm the justice of this remark) a poem entitled "Sword and Buckler, or Serving Man's Defence." By William Bas, 1602. "What weapons bear they?—Some sword and dagger, some *sword* and *buckler*.—What weapon is that *buckler?*—A clownish dastardly weapon, and not fit for a gentleman," Florio's First Fruites, 1578.—*Malone.*

"Untill about the twelfe or thirteenth yeere of Queene Elizabeth the auncient English fight of sword and buckler was onely had in use: the bucklers then being but a foote broad, with a pike of foure or five inches long. Then they began to make them full halfe ell broad with sharpe pikes ten or twelve inches long wherewith they meant either to breake the swords of their enemies, if it hit upon the pike, or els suddenly to run within them and stabbe, and thrust their buckler with the pike, into the face, arme or body of their adversary; but this continued not long. Every haberdasher then sold bucklers." The above historian had, no doubt, good authority for what he says respecting the length of the *pike;* but it is certain that in the eighth year of Elizabeth a proclamation was issued by which no person was permitted to wear any sword or rapier that should exceed the length of one yard and half a quarter in the blade, nor any dagger above the length of twelve inches in the blade nor any buckler with a point or pike exceeding the length of two inches, Stowe's Chronicle, 1634. The annexed early illustration, of two men exercising themselves with sword and buckler, is copied by Mr. Fairholt from an illuminated MS. of the fifteenth century.

I learn from one of the Sloanian MSS. 2530, which seems to be the fragment of a register formerly belonging to some of our schools where the Noble Science

of Defence was taught from the year 1568 to 1583, that in this art there were three degrees, viz., a Master's, a Provost's, and a Scholar's. For each of these a prize was played, as exercises are kept in universities for similar purposes. The weapons they used were the axe, the pike, rapier and target, rapier and cloke, two swords, the two-hand sword, the bastard sword, the dagger and staff, the *sword and buckler*, the rapier and dagger, &c. The places where they exercised were commonly theatres, halls, or other enclosures sufficient to contain a number of spectators: as Ely-Place in Holborn, the Bell Savage on Ludgate-Hill, the Curtain in Hollywell, the Gray Friars within Newgate, Hampton Court, the Bull in Bishopsgate-Street, the Clink, Duke's Place, Salisbury-Court, Bridewell, the Artillery Garden, &c.—*Steevens.*

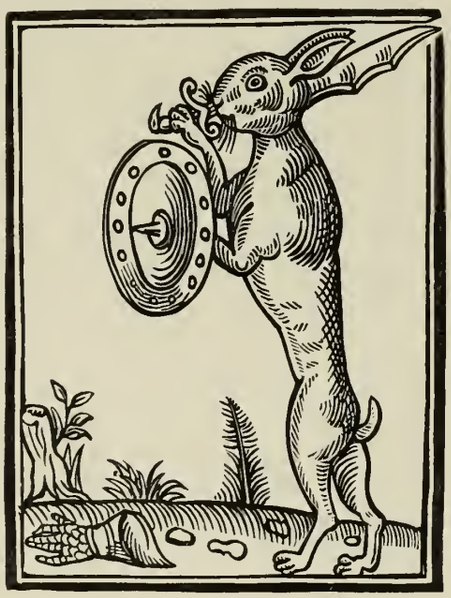
The following curious dialogue shows that sword and buckler play became unfashionable after the sixteenth century.

Fals. Oh, desperate!

Tang. A *Latitat*, sword and dagger.

Fals. A writ of execution, rapier and dagger.

Fals. Thou art come to our present weapon, but what call you *sword and buckler* then?



Tang. Oh! that's out of use now, sword and buckler was cal'd a good conscience, but that weapons left long agoe; that was too manly a fight, too sound a weapon for these our daies; sl'id, wee are scarce able to lift up a buckler now, our armes are so bound to the poxe: one good bang uppon a buckler would make moste of our gentlemen flye a peeces; tis not for these lintie times, our lawyers are good rapyer and dagger men, theile quickly dispatch your—money.

Fals. Indeede, since sword and buckler time, I have observ'd, there ha's beene nothing so much fighting: where bee all our gallant swaggerers? there are no good frayes alate.

Tang. Oh, sir, the properties altred; you shall see lesse fighting everie day then other, for everie one gets him a mistris, and she gives him woundes enowe, and you knowe, the surgeons cannot bee here and there too, if there were red woundes too, what wold become of the Reinish woundes?

Fals. Thou saist true, yfaith, they would bee but il favouredly lookt to then.

Tang. Verie well, sir.

Fals. I expect you, sir.

Tang. I lye in this court for you, sir; my rapyer is my atturney, and my dagger his clarke.

Fals. Your atturney wants a little oyling, methinkes, he lookes very rustily.—*Middleton's Phœnix*, 1607.

The words of Hotspur imply a contempt for the exercise of sword-and-buckler, which is attempted to be ridiculed in a cut of Shakespeare's time (here engraved) by those weapons being placed in the hands of a hare, symbolical of a coward.

[80] *I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.*

Dr. Grey supposes this to be said in allusion to an account of King John's death in the Fructus Temporum, 1515, fol. 62, but it has merely reference to the low company (drinkers of ale) with whom the prince spent so much of his time in the meanest taverns.—*Steevens.*

[81] *What a wasp-tongue.*

The first quarto, 1598, reads *wasp-stung*, which Steevens thought the true reading. The quarto of 1599 reads *wasp-tongue*, which Malone strenuously contends for; and I think with Nares that he is right. "He who is stung by wasps has a real cause for impatience; but *waspish*, which is often used by Shakespeare, is petulant from temper; and *wasp-tongue* therefore very naturally means *petulant-tongue*, which was exactly the accusation meant to be urged." The folio altered it unnecessarily to *wasp-tongued.*—*Singer.*

Had Hotspur himself been the speaker, he might naturally have said, in justification of his impatience, that he was wasp-stung, as he afterwards says he is "stung with pismires;" and even if Northumberland had supposed his son to be so uncomfortably assailed, there would be no reason to wonder at his restlessness; but Hotspur is reproached for being irritated without any sufficient cause, and from the mere caprice and petulance of his temper, and thus he is called "wasp-tongue," as Brutus says to Cassius:—

> I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
> When you are waspish.

Wasp-tongued, says Heron, is a metaphor nothing like so hard as many used by Shakespeare, and implies, with a tongue, poisonous and keen as the sting of a wasp; for a peevish scold is frequently called a wasp, and Jonson gives that name to a peevish character in his Bartholomew Fair.—*Seymour.*

The first quarto copies of several of these plays are in many respects much preferable to the folio, and in general I have paid the utmost attention to them. In the present instance, however, I think the transcriber's ear deceived him, and that the true reading is that of the second quarto, 1599, wasp-*tongue*, which I have adopted, not on the authority of that copy, for it has none, but because I believe it to have been the word used by the author. The folio was apparently printed from a later quarto; and the editor from ignorance of our author's phraseology changed wasp-*tongue* to wasp-*tongued*. There are other instances of the same unwarrantable alterations even in that valuable copy of our author's plays. The change was made from ignorance of Shakespeare's phraseology; for in King Richard III. we have—his *venom*-tooth, not *venom'd* tooth; your *widow*-dolour, not *widow'd*-dolour; and in another play,—parted with *sugar*-breath, not *sugar'd* breath; and many more instances of the same kind may be found. Thus, in this play,—smooth-*tongue*, not smooth-*tongued*. Again: "—stolen from my host at St. Albans, or the red-*nose* innkeeper of Daintry," not red-*nosed*. Again, in King Richard III.:—"Some light-*foot* friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:" not light-*footed*. So also, in the Black Book, 4to. 1504: "—The *spindle-shanke* spyder, which showed like great leachers with little legs, went stealing over his head," &c. In the last Act of the Second Part of King Henry IV. "blew-*bottle*-rogue," the reading of the quarto is changed by the editor of the folio to "blew-*bottled* rogue," as he here substituted wasp-*tongued* for wasp-*tongue*. Shakespeare certainly knew, as Steevens has observed, that the sting of a wasp lay in his tail; nor is there in my apprehension any thing couched under the epithet *wasp-tongue*, inconsistent with that knowledge. It means only, having a tongue as peevish and mischievous (if such terms may be applied to that instrument of the

mind) as a wasp. Thus, in As You Like It, *waspish* is used without any particular reference to any action of a wasp, but merely as synonymous to *peevish* or *fretful;* and, in the Tempest, Iris speaks of Cupid as *waspish-headed.* See also the dialogue between Catharine and Petruchio, where the former speaks metaphorically of a wasp's sting being in the tongue. Independent, however, of all authority, or reference to other passages, it is supported by the context here. A person stung by a wasp would not be very likely to claim all *the talk* to himself, as Hotspur is described to do, but rather in the agony of pain to implore the assistance of those about him; whereas "the wasp-*tongue* fool" may well be supposed to "break into a woman's mood," and to listen "to no tongue but his own." Mason thinks that the words afterwards used by Hotspur are decisively in favour of wasp-*stung*,—"Nettled and *stung* with pismires:" but Hotspur uses that expression to mark the poignancy of his own *feelings;* Northumberland uses the term *wasp-tongue* to denote the irritability of his son's *temper*, and the petulance of his language.—*Malone.*

The reading of the first quarto seems to me unquestionably the true one. The later editions give *wasp-tongue* instead of "wasp-stung;" a phrase, which in this place, seems to me to be utterly without meaning, but which is construed by Malone to mean "having a tongue as peevish and mischievous as a wasp." But this makes the Earl call his son "a wasp-tongue and an impatient fool," which is not a Shakesperian or an admissible mode of joining epithets. The advocates of *wasp-tongue* evidently suppose it, as well as "impatient," to be an adjective belonging to "fool;" but in that case it would have been 'wasp-tongue*d*.' It is needless to point out the particular parts of Hotspur's conduct in this scene which justify his father in likening him to one stung by a wasp. The confusion of these epithets is the easiest imaginable. It is difficult to discriminate in speech between 'wasp-stung' and 'wasp-tongue,' and not difficult to mistake them for each other in manuscript.—*Grant White.*

[82] *I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer.*

The editors of the folio, 1623, copied implicitly the 4to. impression nearest to their own day, that of 1613, adopting many of its defects, and, as far as we can judge, resorting to no MS. authority, nor to the previous quartos of 1598, 1599, 1604, and 1608. Several decided errors, made in the reprint of 1599, were repeated and multiplied in the subsequent quarto impressions, and from thence found their way into the folio. Near the end of Act i. we meet with a curious proof of what we have advanced: we there find a line, thus distinctly printed in the 4to, 1598:—"I'le steale to Glendower and Lo: Mortimer:" that is, "I'll steal to Glendower and *Lord* Mortimer," Lo: being a common abbreviation of "Lord;" but the compositor of the 4to, 1599, strangely misunderstanding it, printed it as follows;—"Ile steale to Glendower and loe Mortimer;" as if Lo: of the 4to, 1598, were to be taken as the interjection, lo! then usually printed *loe*, and so the blunder was followed in the subsequent quartos, including that of 1613, from whence it was transferred, literatim, to the folio, 1623. The error is repeated in the folio, 1632; but Norton, the printer of the 4to, 1639, who did not adopt the text of either of the folios, saw that there must be a blunder in the line, and although he did not know exactly how to set it right, he at least made sense of it, by giving it,—"I'll steal to Glendower and *to* Mortimer." We only adduce this instance as one proof, out of many which might be brought forward, to establish the superiority of the text of the 4to. of 1598, to any of the subsequent re-impressions.—*Collier.*

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—Rochester. *The Yard of the Crown Inn.*[1]

Enter a Carrier *with a lantern in his hand.*

First Car. Heigh-ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed.—What, ostler!

Ost. [*within.*] Anon, anon.

First Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.[2]

Enter another Carrier.

Sec. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots,[3] this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

First Car. Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

Sec. Car. I think this be the most villanous house in all London-road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.[4]

First Car. Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

Sec. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan,[5] and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.[6]

First Car. What, ostler! come away and be hanged; come away.

Sec. Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger,[7] to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

First Car. 'Odsbody, the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

First Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

First Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thine.

Sec. Car. Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah Carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

Sec. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt* Carriers.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight:—there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind

of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I prithee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport-sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit-sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers,[8] none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers,[9] such as can hold in,[10] such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her,—for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed,[11] —we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Road by Gadshill.*

Enter Prince HENRY, POINTZ, BARDOLPH,[12] *and* PETO.

Poin. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close. [*They retire.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Pointz! Pointz, and be hanged! Pointz!

P. Hen. [*coming forward.*] Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Pointz, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him. [*Retires.*

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further a-foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Pointz!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles a-foot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. [*coming forward.*] Peace, ye fat guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far a-foot again for all

the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?[13]

P. Hen. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison:—when a jest is so forward, and a-foot too!—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poin. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

[*Coming forward with* BARDOLPH *and* PETO.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Pointz and I will walk lower: if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds, will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poin. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. [*aside to Pointz.*] Ned, where are our disguises?

Poin. Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt* P. HENRY *and* POINTZ.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

First Trav. Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk a-foot awhile, and ease our legs.

Fal., Gads., &c. Stand!

Travellers. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats:—ah, whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth:—down with them; fleece them.

Travellers. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs;[14] [*they bind their arms*] I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt* FAL., GADS., *&c., driving the* Travellers *out.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY *and* POINTZ, *in buckram suits.*

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men.[15] Now, could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poin. Stand close; I hear them coming. [*They retire.*

Re-enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Pointz be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Pointz than in a wild-duck.

[*As they are sharing, the* Prince *and* POINTZ *set upon them.*

P. Hen. Your money!

Poin. Villains!

[GADSHILL, BARDOLPH *and* PETO *run away; and* FALSTAFF, *after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind.*

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear

So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.
Poin. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, *reading a letter.*

Hot. "—But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house." —He could be contented,—why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous:"—why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan.[16] Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not, besides, the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in the very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for

moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate![17] I must leave you within these two hours

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?[18]
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-ey'd musing and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, "Courage! to the field!"—and thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the 'currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.
Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?
Serv. It is, my lord.
Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!*—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit* Servant.
Lady. But hear you, my lord.
Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?
Lady. What is it carries you away?
Hot. Why, my horse, my love,—my horse.
Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry,—that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprize: but if you go,—
Hot. So far a-foot, I shall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask:
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler:[19]—Love?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:[20]
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?
Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not, then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.
Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise: but yet no further wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;

But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,—
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.
Lady. How! so far?
Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate;
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?
Lady. It must of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*[21]

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Enter POINTZ.

Poin. Where hast been, Hal?
P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as,—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy (by the Lord, so they call me), and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering,[22] they cry "hem!"[23] and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar,[24] clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker,[25] one that never spake other English in his life than, "Eight shillings and sixpence," and "You are

welcome," with this shrill addition, "Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,"[26] or so:—but, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling "Francis," that his tale to me may be nothing but "anon." Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent. [*Exit* POINTZ.

Poin. [*within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poin. [*within.*] Francis!

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.[27]—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to,—

Poin. [*within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter.[28] But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart,—

Poin. [*within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be,—

Poin. [*within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I would it had been two!

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poin. [*within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow,

Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking,[29] caddis-garter,[30] smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink;[31] for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbican, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poin. [*within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him;* FRANCIS *stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter QUICKLY.[32]

Quick. What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit* FRANCIS.] My Lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit* QUICKLY.] Pointz!

Re-enter POINTZ.

Poin. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poin. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil-age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.—What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. [*within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that

kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he; and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after,—"a trifle, a trifle." I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. "Rivo," says the drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO; *followed by* FRANCIS, *who bears a cup of wine.*

Poin. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack,[33] boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan,[34] that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack[35] too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it,—a villanous coward. —Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth then am I a shotten-herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that:—and Pointz there?

Poin. Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee

coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders,—you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.* *Exit* FRANCIS.

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! there be four of us here, have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through;[36] my sword hacked like a hand-saw,—*ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them: or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid,—two rogues in buckram suits.

I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward ;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poin. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poin. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Prithee, let him alone ; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,[37]—

Poin. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground : but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me ;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them,—gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou nott-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,[38]—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason : what sayest thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reason, Jack,—your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado,[39] or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were

as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse'-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin,[40] you dried neat's-tongue, bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish,—O for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poin. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poin. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors [*to Hostess within*]:—watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man,[41] and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. Now, sirs: by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct; you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe, it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before,—I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,[42] and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.—Here comes lean Jack, here comes Bare-bone.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring:[43] a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder.—There's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,[44]—what, a plague, call you him?—

Poin. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen,—the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but a-foot he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct.—Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that

spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.[45]

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.[46]

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. Thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point;—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher,[47] and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but

in woes also :—and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand :—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false :—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man,—a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bumbard of sack,[48] that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox[49] with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old (the more the pity), his white hairs do witness it; but that he is (saving your reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good Lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Pointz: but, for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company:—banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt* Hostess, FRANCIS, *and* BARDOLPH.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue!—Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, *hastily.*

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord,—

P. Hen. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick:[50] what's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras:—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all except the* Prince *and* POINTZ.

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.

Enter Sheriff *and* Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,—
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so, let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o' clock.

[*Exeunt* Sheriff *and* Carrier.

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Poin. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [POINTZ *searches.*] What hast thou found?

Poin. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poin. [*reads*]

Item, A capon,	. . . .	2*s.* 2*d.*
Item, Sauce,	. . . . .	4*d.*
Item, Sack, two gallons,[51]	. .	5*s.* 8*d.*
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper,		2*s.* 6*d.*
Item, Bread,	. . . . .	*ob.*

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score.[52] The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Second Act.

[1] *The yard of the Crown Inn.*

This inn, somewhat modernized, still remains. In the year 1316, one Symond Potyn founded the Hospital of St. Katherine, in the Eastgate, Rochester, and in his will describes himself as "dwellinge in the inne called the Crown, in Saint Clementes, parishe of Rochester." Portions of the ground-floor and basement are of such a character that we may with certainty consider them as being a part of the residence of the said Symond Potyn, and were probably built in the early part of the thirteenth century. Passing through a doorway, which is evidently in the situation of the original entrance from the High-street, and descending a flight of stone steps, we find ourselves in a vaulted room running north and south, about 40 feet long, 15 feet broad, and 15 feet high: it is vaulted with three bays of vaulting, the arches next the side and end walls springing from flat piers, which project beyond the face of the wall. The transverse and the diagonal-arched ribs spring out of these piers without capitals of any sort. The ribs are of the Reigate fire-stone; and the filling in of the vaulted ceiling is of squared chalk. On each side of the door from the street is an original window, the sills of which are about level with the pavement of the present footpath outside. There appears to have been a door or a window, probably the latter, on the west side of the north bay; this possibly looked into another room of the inn. The crown of the arch of this vaulted storehouse is about 8 feet above, and the floor about 7 feet below the present level of the street. On the west side of the centre bay is a door, from which an arched passage leads into a second vault about 18 feet square, the floor being on the same level as the last; but here the height to the crown of the arch is not more than 10 feet from the floor. This vault has an octagonal column in the centre, so that it is divided and vaulted into four bays, and the whole of the details are in accordance with the first-described apartment. There can be no doubt these two cellars are of the same date. There is an ancient door on the south side of the south-west bay, and a window close to the arched ceiling directly

opposite to it, which must at one time have looked into the High-street. The substructure of the Crown Inn is a large rambling erection, constructed of timber and plaster, and of later date than the cellars. The arched gateway, with its moulded jambs and carved spandrils, are of the time of Henry VII., and there are to be found some moulded beams and minor details of the same period in other parts of the house. On the eastern side of the Crown Inn yard stand some brick buildings, now overgrown with ivy; these contain rooms which were occupied by Queen Elizabeth on the occasion of her visit to Rochester on Sept. 18th, A.D. 1573, when she took up her abode at the Crown Inn for five days. The present stabling is traditionally called Queen Elizabeth's dining-room. In one of the upper rooms is a chimney-piece carved in the style prevalent in the time of James I. and to which period, rather than the days of Elizabeth, I should feel inclined to date the building. See Front.—*C. Baily.*

Every part of the locality is Shakspearian. The massive iron-studded door, the windows, the pigeon-houses built in the thick walls, the huge arched entrance to the yard, the yard itself, bounded by the massive flanking walls of the castle,—all are Elizabethan, and at the same time give an impressive feeling somehow connected with travel and travellers, carriers and gentlemen of the shade, and houses of entertainment of the jovial, bustling, good old days. There are many curious houses in Rochester. The quaint-looking specimens which stand on both sides of the High-street are not of earlier date than the beginning of the sixteenth century. There is a very interesting specimen on the east side of the gate of the precincts of the cathedral, with which it has once communicated by means of an arch in the side-wall. One of the apartments gives a tolerable notion of a Henry VIII. wainscoted room. The panelling of the sides and the beams of the ceiling are carved with foliage and linen panels. The initials W. and A. linked together with a true lovers' knot, are probably those of the proprietor and his wife. Eastgate House, in the High-street, is one of the most picturesque of those in Rochester. There is a house at the south-west end of Crow-lane, opposite to the open piece of land called the Vines, which is known as the Restoration House. This is of the time of Inigo Jones. Charles II., when he returned to England, after the death of Oliver Cromwell, was received at Rochester, on the 28th of May, 1660, when he knighted Mr. Francis Clark, who resided in this house.—*Anon.*

When the Carrier says that, "Charles' wain is over the new chimney," he alludes to the constellation more usually known as the Great Bear. The annexed

engraving represents a very elegant specimen of a "new chimney" of this period, the early part of the fifteenth century.

[2] *Out of all cess.*

Cess, Sir Thomas Hanmer alters to *case;* so consequently the word is not in his glossary: we meet with it in that prefix'd to Dr. Sewell's edition of Shakespeare's Poems before mention'd, and it is said to mean *tax*. That is indeed one sense of the word, but it cannot be the meaning here. We are told in Arthur Collins's Letters and memorials of state in the reigns of queen Elizabeth, king James I., &c., "That a stop was put to the hopeful beginnings of the Irish, by the disturbances which soon after broke out in Ireland, fomented with arms and money from Rome and Spain; and especially by the recalling of Sir Henry Sidney, who by the levying a *cess* with a strict hand, and taking away some freedoms and privileges of the great Lords of the Pale, had stirred up a powerful faction against him."—Now a *cess* was a proportion of victuals furnished by the country to the soldiers, and to the lord Deputy's household, at a rate impos'd by himself, with advice of the privy council, and lower than the market price; so that *out of all cess* seems here to mean, out of all *proportion*, out of all measure.—*Warner*.

"Out of all cess," excessively, immoderately. "*Sans cesse*, excessively, immoderately, out of all cesse and crie," Cotgrave. "Overthroweth the Puritans out of all cesse," Mar-Prelate's Epitome, p. 49. Herrick, i. 44, appears to have the word for *assessment*, as in Holinshed, Chron. Ireland, p. 145. *Cesser*, an assessor, Hollyband's Dictionarie, 1593.

[3] *To give poor jades the bots.*

The *bottes* is an yll disease, and they lye in a horse mawe; and they be an inch long, white coloured, and a reed heed, and as moche as a fyngers ende; and they be quycke and stycke faste in the mawe syde: it apperethe by stampynge of the horse or tomblynge; and in the beginninge there is remedy ynoughe; and if they be not cured betyme, they will eate thorough his mawe and kyll hym.—*Fitzherbert's Book of Husbandry*. "A bots light upon you," is an imprecation frequently repeated in the anonymous play of King Henry V., as well as in many other old pieces. So, in the ancient black letter interlude of the Disobedient Child, "That I wished their bellies full of *bottes*." In Reginald Scott, on Witchcraft, 1584, is "a charme for the *bots* in a horse."—*Steevens*.

My masters, the old ancient farriers are of opinion that the guts of a horse doe breed three sorts of wormes, that is to say, little short wormes with great red heads, and long small white tayles, which wee call bots; short and thicke wormes all of a bignesse like a mans finger, which wee call truncheons; and great long wormes as bigge as a mans finger, and at the least six inches in length, which wee call by the simple name of wormes onely. Now in mine owne experience and all other mens, I finde a fourth sort, which is of a middle size, and are red and fiery, with thick, short, sharp heades, and are called poysonous red wormes, and are of all other most poysonous and dangerous, for they will ascend up even to the throate of the horse, and will choake and kill him, and sometimes they will eate through his stomack and so confound him. Now, for mine owne part, I am of opinion that the first which are bots, are not bred in the guts but in the stomacke onely, because having cut up many horses, I never could yet finde any one bot in the guts, yet great store of both the other wormes, nor ever cut up the stomacke of a horse, but I found great aboundance of bots, and neither of the other wormes: whence I am confidently opiniated, that bots are ever bred in the stomacke, and both the other sorts of wormes in the guts.—*Markham's Maister-Peece*, 1643.

[4] *I am stung like a tench.*

Dr. Farmer thought *tench* a mistake for *trout;* probably alluding to the red spots with which the trout is covered, having some resemblance to the spots on the skin of a flea-bitten person.—*Singer.*

"I am stung like a tench;" that is as the skin of a tench is of the most delicate texture, they are so often stung that the ponds appear bloody.—*Croft.*

I have either read, or been told, that it was once customary to pack such pond-fish as were brought alive to market, in stinging nettles. But writing from recollection, and having no proof of this usage to offer, I do not press my intelligence on the public.—*Steevens.*

Tench. *Aldrov. T.* Their flesh is not unsweet; but it yeeldeth impure and illaudable aliment, and often hurtful; also physitians count it feaverish, feeding on, and living in dirty places: and they are hardly concocted and of bad juyce.—*Lovell's History of Animals and Minerals*, 1661.

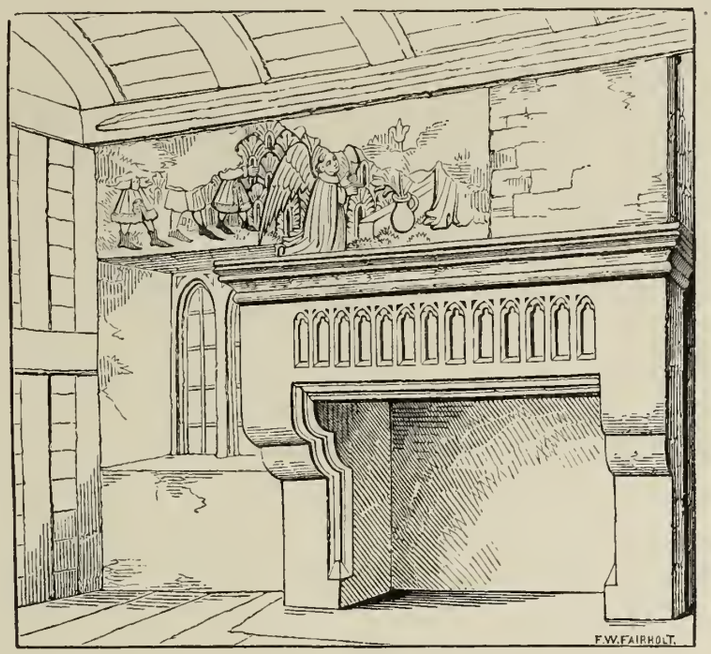
[5] *They will allow us ne'er a jordan.*

A jordan was a kind of pot or vessel used by physicians and alchymists, of the form represented in the accompanying figure, which is taken from the margin of a receipt in a Sloane MS. The word is used in this sense by Chaucer and other writers of that age. At a later period it was used in the sense of a chamber-pot, as in the present passage. It appears from a passage in the comedy of the London Chaunticleres, 1659, that jordans were placed in the rooms of taverns for the use of the guests.

A curious tale, illustrative of this filthy habit, occurs in Heywood's Philocothonista, or the Drunkard Opened, 1635,—"A company of drunkards, having tost the cans all the night long, even till the day breake in the morning, one of them riseth from the table reeling, with a purpose to pisse in the chimney; and having let something fall upon the harth, and stooping, thinking to take it up, when he raised himselfe, his head was got within the mantle-tree, which he perceived not, but having made an end of that which he went to doe, and being something tall of stature, he made proffer to come away, and first walked from one end of the chimney to the other, then backe againe, and felt about with his hands, but could find no way out, at which he began to blesse himselfe, and wonder where he was, and in his devotion casting up his eyes, he perceived a light above, for it was then day, by which he presently apprehended that he was fallen into a well; but seeing by the distance betwixt him and it, it was so deepe that there was no possibility for him to get out without helpe, hee began to bee in despaire; and as hee was musing what hee should doe, hee heard them laughing and talking in the roome, which he supposed were some above that passed by the well's month upon businesse, and not willing to loose that opportunity, hee call'd out aloud, 'Helpe, helpe, ladders, ropes! helpe, helpe! I am fallen into the well!' The rest, wondring by the hollownesse of his voyce whence the noyse should come, for the clamor ascended upward, at length by his strugling and striving perceived him to be in the chimney, and so in the stead of pulling to draw him up, they pluckt him out by the leggs below."

The annexed engraving represents an interesting specimen of a chimney-piece

of the early part of the fifteenth century, perhaps one of the best still remaining in this country.



[6] *Your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.*

The loach is a very small fish, but so exceedingly prolific, that it is seldom found without spawn in it; and it was formerly a practice for the young gallants to swallow loaches in wine, not merely in order to shew their dexterity, but because loaches were considered as invigorating, and as apt to communicate their prolific quality. The carrier therefore means to say, "that your chamber-lie breeds fleas as fast as a loach breeds," not *fleas* but *loaches*. So in As You Like It, Jacques says, "that he can suck melancholy out of a song as a weazel sucks eggs," but he does not mean that the weazel sucks eggs out of a song, but, as fast and readily: it is as natural to or for me to do so, as it is for a weazel, &c. So "they flattered me *like* a dog," Lear. And in Troilus and Cressida, where Nestor says that Thersites is, "A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint," he means, that his gall coined slanders as fast as a mint coined money.—*Mason.*

It appears from a passage in Holland's translation of Pliny's Nat. Hist. b. IX. c. xlvii. that anciently fishes were supposed to be infested with fleas. "Last of all some fishes there be which of themselves are given to breed *fleas* and lice; among which the chalcis, a kind of turgot, is one." Again, in the same work,—"In summe, what is there not bred within the sea? Even the verie *fleas* that skip so merrily in summer time within victualling houses and innes, and bite so shrowdly: as also lice that love best to live close under the haire of our heads, are there engendred and to be found: for many a time the fishers twitch up their hookes, and see a number of these skippers and creepers settled thick about their baits which they laid for fishes. And this vermin is thought to trouble the poore fishes in their sleep by night within the sea, as well as us on land."

A passage in Coriolanus likewise may be produced in support of the interpretation here given: "—and he no more remembers his mother, than an eight-year-old horse;" i. e. than an eight-year-old horse *remembers his dam*. I entirely agree with Mr. M. Mason in his explanation of this passage, and, before I had seen his Comments, had in the same manner interpreted a passage in As

You Like It. One principal source of error in the interpretation of many passages in our author's plays has been the supposing that his similes were intended to correspond exactly on both sides.—*Malone.*

[7] *And two razes of ginger.*

As our author in several passages mentions a *race* of ginger, I thought proper to distinguish it from the *raze* mentioned here. The former signifies no more than a single root of it; but a *raze* is the Indian term for a *bale* of it.—*Theobald.*

A dainty *race* of ginger is mentioned in Ben Jonson's Masque of the Gipsies Metamorphosed. The late Mr. Warner observed to me, that a single *root* or *race* of ginger, were it brought home entire, as it might formerly have been, and not in small pieces, as at present, would have been sufficient to load a pack-horse. He quoted Sir Hans Sloane's Introduction to his History of Jamaica, in support of his assertion; and added "that he could discover no authority for the word *raze* in the sense appropriated to it by Theobald."—*Steevens.*

This notice was no doubt suggested by Derick's accusation of the thief in the play of the Famous Victories,—"he hath beaten and wounded my packe, and hath taken the great race of ginger that bouncing Besse with the jolly buttocks should have had."

Theobald pretends that this differs from *race of ginger*, which means only a root, whereas this means a bale or package. We cannot but suppose that these which were parcels, to be delivered by a carrier, were more than the small pieces commonly called *races of ginger;* but I cannot believe that the words are really different. Both must be derived from the Spanish *rayz*, meaning a root, and might be applied indifferently to small pieces, or large packages. As for the magnitude of a single root, alledged by Warner, I believe it to be a mistake. Malone has very properly remarked that Dr. Grew, in the Philosophical Transactions, speaks of a single root of ginger, as uncommonly large, which weighed only fourteen ounces. In the passage above quoted, it is not necessary to suppose the carriers quite accurate in their expression.—*Nares.*

[8] *No long-staff, sixpenny strikers.*

A *striker* had some cant signification with which at present we are not exactly acquainted. It is used in several of the old plays. I rather believe in this place, 'no six-penny striker' signifies, 'not one who would content himself to *borrow*, that is, rob you for the sake of six-pence.' That to *borrow* was the cant phrase for to *steal*, is well known; and that to *strike* likewise signified to *borrow*, let the following passage in Shirley's Gentleman of Venice confirm:

Cor. You had best assault me too.
Mal. I must *borrow* money,
And that some call a *striking*, &c.

Again, in Glapthorne's Hollander, 1640:—"The only shape to hide a *striker* in." Again, in an old MS. play entitled, the Second Maiden's Tragedy:

——one that robs the mind,
Twenty times worse than any highway *striker.*

In Greene's Art of Coneycatching, 1592, under the table of Cant Expressions used by Thieves: "—the cutting a pocket or picking a purse, is called *striking.*" Again: "—who taking a proper youth to be his prentice, to teach him the order of *striking* and foisting." See, also, the London Prodigal, 1605,—"Nay, now I have had such a fortunate beginning, I'll not let a sixpenny purse escape me."—*Steevens.*

[9] *Great oneyers.*

The term *oneyers* has been conjecturally altered to *seigneurs; ones—yes;* Pope interprets this *oneraires*—trustees or commissioners; Theobald, *moneyers;* Hanmer, *owners;* Hardinge, *moniers*—mintmen; Capell, *mynheers;* Malone, *onyers*, public accountants. Johnson has hit upon the right explanation, although he advances it with considerable hesitation. "I know not," says he, "whether any change is necessary; Gadshill tells the chamberlain that he is joined with no mean wretches, but with burgomasters and great ones, or, as he terms them in merriment, by a cant termination, great oneyers, or, great one-ers—as we say privateer, auctioneer, circuiteer. This is, I fancy, the whole of the matter."

That *great ones* is all that is meant is proved by the constant occurrence of that phrase in contemporary writers. There is a common vulgarism, *great one-ers*, meaning, people who are very energetic and influential, which may be compared with the expression in the text.

"Perhaps, *one-raires*, trustees, or commissioners;" says Pope. But how this word comes to admit of any such construction, I am at a loss to know. To Pope's second conjecture, "of cunning men that look sharp, and aim well," I have nothing to reply seriously; but choose to drop it. The reading which I have substituted (*moneyers*) I owe to the friendship of the ingenious Nicholas Hardinge, Esq. A *moneyer* is an officer of the Mint, who makes coin, and delivers out the king's money. *Moneyers* are also taken for bankers, or those that make it their trade to turn and return money. Either of these acceptations will admirably square with our author's context.—*Theobald.*

By *moneyers* he means *mint-men*, in which sense it is used by Chaucer, Romaunt of the Rose, 6811:—

> But se what golde han usurers
> And silver eke in their garners,
> Talagiers, and these *moniours.*

"Moniers, Monetarii, Regist. orig. fol. 262, 6 anno Edw. VI. cap. 15, be monisters of the mint which make and coin the king's money. It appeareth from antiquity, that in ancient times our kings of England had mints in most of the counties of the realm. And in the tract of the Exchequer written by Ocham, is found, that whereas the sheriffes ordinarily were tied to pay into the Exchequer the kings sterling for such debts as they were to answer, they of Northumberland and Cumberland were at liberty to pay in any sort of money, so it were silver; and the reason is there given, because these two shires *monetarios de antiqua institutione non habent.*"—Minsheu's Guide into Tongues, col. 473.—*Grey.*

Hardinge's conjecture may be supported by an ancient authority, and is probably right: "—there is a house upon Page Greene, next unto the round tuft of trees, sometime in the tenure and occupation of Simon Bolton, *Monyer;*" i. e. probably *banker*, Description of Tottenham High-Cross, 1631.—*Reed.*

Perhaps Shakespeare wrote—*onyers*, that is, *publick accountants;* men possessed of large sums of money belonging to the state.—It is the course of the Court of Exchequer, when the sheriff makes up his accounts for issues, amerciaments, and mesne profits, to set upon his head *o. ni.* which denotes *oneratur, nisi habeat sufficientem exonerationem:* he thereupon becomes the king's debtor, and the parties *peravaile* (as they are termed in law) for whom he answers, become his debtors, and are discharged as with respect to the King. To settle accounts in this manner, is still called in the Exchequer, to *ony;* and from hence Shakespeare perhaps formed the word *onyers.*—The Chamberlain had a little before mentioned, among the travellers whom he thought worth plundering, an officer of the Exchequer, "a kind of *auditor*, one that hath abundance of charge too, God

knows what." This emendation may derive some support from what Gadshill says in the next scene: "There's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's Exchequer." The first quarto has—*oneyres*, which the second and all the subsequent copies made *oneyers*. The original reading gives great probability to Hanmer's conjecture.—*Malone.*

Oneyers; out of which the third modern has coin'd *Moneyers*, the title (as we are told) of an officer employ'd in the mint. Without misspending time any further about a word so unfit for the character whose mouth he has put it in, the causes of the present correction shall be exhibited briefly:—the first, the word's obvious connection with *burgomasters;* it's suitableness to the occasion, and character; and lastly, the likeness between this corruption of it *oneyres*, and one that may be seen in the Merry Wives of Windsor, where the change is indisputable, no other word having any probable claim to the place which it there occupies. *Tranquillity*, in the sentence preceding, means, persons at their ease; and the import of that which follows *mynheers*, is—such as won't be thrown out of their play, *hold in* being a phrase among gamesters.—*Capell.*

[10] *Such as can hold in.*

According to the specimen given us in this play, of this dissolute gang, we have no reason to think they were less ready to drink than speak. Besides, it is plain, a natural gradation was here intended to be given of their actions, relative to one another. But what has *speaking*, *drinking*, and *praying* to do with one another? We should certainly read *think* in both places instead of *drink;* and then we have a very regular and humourous climax. *They will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than* think; *and* think *sooner than pray.* By which last words is meant, that "though perhaps they may now and then reflect on their crimes, they will never repent of them." The Oxford editor has dignified this correction by his adoption of it.—*Warburton.*

I am in doubt about this passage. There is yet a part unexplained. What is the meaning of *such as can hold in?* It cannot mean *such as can keep their own secret*, for they will, he says, *speak* sooner than *think:* it cannot mean *such as will go calmly to work without unnecessary violence*, such as is used by *long-staff-strikers*, for the following part will not suit with this meaning; and though we should read by transposition *such as will speak sooner than strike*, the climax will not proceed regularly. I must leave it as it is.—*Johnson.*

Such as can hold in, may mean *such as can curb old father antick the law*, or such as *will not blab.*—*Steevens.*

Turbervile's Book on Hunting, 1575, p. 37, mentions huntsmen on horseback to make young hounds "*hold in* and close" to the old ones: so Gadshill may mean, that he is joined with such companions as will *hold in*, or keep and stick close to one another, and such as are men of deeds, and not of words; and yet they love to talk and speak their mind freely better than to drink.—*Tollet.*

I think a gradation was intended, as Dr. Warburton supposes. To *hold in*, I believe, meant to 'keep their fellows' counsel and their own;' not to discover their rogueries by talking about them. So, in Twelfth Night: "—that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to *keep in.*" Gadshill, therefore, I suppose, means to say, that he keeps company with steady robbers; such as will not impeach their comrades, or make any discovery by talking of what they have done; men that will strike the traveller sooner than talk to him; that yet would sooner speak to him than drink, which might intoxicate them, and put them off their guard; and, notwithstanding, would prefer drinking, however dangerous, to prayer, which is the last thing they would think of.—The words, however, will admit a different interpretation. We have often in these plays, "it were as good a deed

as to drink." Perhaps therefore the meaning may be,—Men who will knock the traveller down sooner than speak to him; who yet will speak to him and bid him stand, sooner than drink; to which they are sufficiently well inclined; and lastly, who will drink sooner than pray. Here indeed the climax is not regular; but perhaps our author did not intend it should be preserved.—*Malone.*

[11] *We have the receipt of fern-seed.*

Fern is one of those plants which have their seed on the back of the leaf so small as to escape the sight. Those who perceived that *fern* was propagated by semination, and yet could never see the seed, were much at a loss for a solution of the difficulty; and as wonder always endeavours to augment itself, they ascribed to *fern-seed* many strange properties, some of which the rustic virgins have not yet forgotten or exploded.—*Johnson.*

This circumstance relative to *fern-seed* is alluded to in B. and Fletcher's Fair Maid of the Inn:—

——had you Gyges' ring,
Or the herb that gives invisibility?

Again, in Ben Jonson's New Inn:

——I had
No medicine, sir, to go invisible,
No *fern-seed* in my pocket.

Again, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny, book xxvii. ch. ix.: "Of *ferne* be two kinds, and they beare neither floure nor *seede*."—*Steevens.*

The ancients, who often paid more attention to received opinions than to the evidence of their senses, believed that *fern* bore *no seed.* Our ancestors imagined that this plant produced seed which was invisible. Hence, from an extraordinary mode of reasoning, founded on the fantastic doctrine of signatures, they concluded that they who possessed the secret of wearing this seed about them would become invisible. This superstition the good sense of the poet taught him to ridicule. It was also supposed to seed in the course of a single night, and is called in Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, 1613:—

The wond'rous one-night-seeding *ferne.*

Absurd as these notions are, they were not wholly exploded in the time of Addison. He laughs at "a doctor who was arrived at the knowledge of the green and red dragon, and *had discovered the female fern-seed,*" Tatler, No. 240.—*Holt White.*

Gadshill's brag is one of the many instances of Shakespeare's ready application of an ignorant notion of the age. Evidently ferns were propagated by seed, but as none could be discerned, it was deemed existent but invisible, and ignorance, which sometimes is great in invention, added other mysterious qualities until the fern played an important part in rural superstitions. The fact is that florescence and semination are perfected on the under side of the leaves. Those who in other days noticed the very evident indications of the process were apt to account them tokens of disease; rust spots! The difficulty and danger with which it could only be obtained, apparently tended much to enhance its magical value in the estimation of the cabalist. It was to be gathered, after solemn fasting, and the performance of mystic ceremonies now unknown, on Midsummer Eve, at the very instant at which the Baptist's birth took place. The spiritual world was arrayed in fierce hostility against the daring gatherer. The fairies used every effort to preserve it from human possession, with an inveteracy which showed what high value they put upon it. As to the danger resulting from their hostility, Richard Bovet, in his *Pandæmonium* (p. 217., London, 1684), gives curious

evidence:—"Much discourse hath been about gathering of fern-seed (which is looked upon as a magical herb) on the night of Midsummer Eve; and I remember I was told of one who went to gather it, and the spirits whisk't by his ears like bullets, and sometimes struck his hat, and other parts of his body: in fine, though he apprehended he had gotten a quantity of it, and secured it in papers, and a box besides, when he came home he found all empty. But, most probable, this appointing of times and hours is of the devil's own institution, as well as the fast; that having once ensnared people to an obedience to his rules, he may with more facility oblige them to stricter vassalage."—*Anon.*

Some appear to have suspected from their never finding fern exhibiting anything like what is commonly called seed, that the assertion of their becoming invisible who could gather it, was merely made to induce the credulous to engage in a vain search. Thus in a curious work, entitled Athenian Sport, 1707, I find it insinuated that the idea of fern having seed is only imaginary:—

> Who would believe what strange bugbears
> Mankind creates itself of fears?
> That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
> Equivocally without seed;
> And have no possible foundation,
> But merely in th' imagination.

Others did not directly deny the existence of this plant's seed, but from their not finding what they would consider as such, concluded that it was, therefore, very scarce. Culpepper, writing of fern, "the seed of which," he observes, "some authors hold to be so rare," says, "such a thing there is, I know, and may be easily had upon Midsummer eve, and, for aught I know, two or three days after it, if not more." It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to state, that though ferns are flowerless, destitute of those reproductive organs, called pistil and stamen, which the higher classes of plants possess, and also destitute of what we should regard as seed by comparison with that of flowering plants, yet they have attached to the under sides of their leaves (or to speak botanically, their fronds), at a certain season numerous dust-like particles which are analogous to seeds, as each distinct particle will produce a fern like its parent.—*Fennell.*

To goe invisible.—Take a blacke catt, and kill her yn March, and take oute the harte of her, and cut yt and set a beane yn the midste of yt and set yt yn the grounde yn March the moone yncreasinge, and the sayd beane will grow and beare fine rods, and yn June they wilbe rype; then gather them and shale them, and putt them yn thy mouth one by one, and when thow hast the righte beane, thow shalte not see thy face yn thie glasse and then thow arte invisible, and goe where thow wilte, and prayse God.

Another way.—Kill a raven and bury him, then walke by the place within v. or vj. yeardes of, untill a certayne man walke by thee havinge a cappe on his hed, then say unto him, change my rose for thy cappe; then will he take away the raven and leave his cappe, wherewith you may goe invisible.—*Dr. Caius' Magical MS.*

[12] *Bardolph.*

Bardolph was not an unusual name in the fifteenth century. A canonier so named served in Normandy in the year 1435. There was a William Bardolph who held a military office at Calais in 1410; and Bardolph, an engineer, is mentioned in a register of Ely monastery.

[13] *To colt me thus.*

Is to *fool*, to *trick;* but the prince taking it in another sense, opposes it by *uncolt*, that is, *unhorse*. In the first of these senses it is used by Nashe, in Have With You to Saffron Walden, &c. 1596: "His master fretting and chaffing to be thus *colted* of both of them," &c. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Loyal Subject: "What, are we bobbed thus still? *colted* and carted?" From Decker's Bell-man's Night-Walkes, &c. 1616, it appears that the technical term for any inn-keeper or hackney-man who had been cheated of horses, was a colt.—*Steevens.*

[14] *No, ye fat chuffs.*

This term of contempt is always applied to rich and avaricious people. So, in the Muses' Looking Glass, 1638:—

——the *chuff's* crowns,
Imprison'd in his rusty chest, &c.

The derivation of the word is said to be uncertain. Perhaps it is a corruption of *chough*, a thievish bird that collects his prey on the sea-shore. So, in Chaucer's Assemble of Foules:—

The *thief the chough*, and eke the chatt'ring pie.

Sir W. D'Avenant, in his Just Italian, 1630, has the same term:

They're rich *choughs*, they've store
Of villages and plough'd earth.

And Sir Epicure Mammon, in the Alchemist, being asked who had robbed him, answers, "a kind of *chough*, sir."—*Steevens.*

The name of the Cornish bird is pronounced by the natives *chow*. *Chuff* is the same word with *cuff*, both signifying a *clown*, and being in all probability derived from a Saxon word of the latter sound.—*Ritson.*

[15] *The thieves have bound the true men.*

In the old plays a *true man* is always set in opposition to a *thief*. So, in the ancient Morality called Hycke Scorner, bl. l. no date:

And when me list to hang a *true man*—
Theves I can help out of pryson.

Again, in the Four Prentices of London, 1615:—"Now, *true man*, try if thou canst rob a *thief*." Again:—"Sweet wench, embrace a *true man*, scorn a *thief*." —*Steevens.*

The covetous carle doth scrape for coyne;
The royotous sonne spendes all:
The *true man* cannot scape the theefe,
He in his handes must fall.

The Forrest of Fancy, 4to. Lond. 1579.

At one time, in one and the same ranke, yea, foote by foote, and elbow by elbow, shall you see walking the knight, the gull, the gallant, the upstart, the gentleman, the clowne, the captaine, the appel-squire, the lawyer, the usurer, the citizen, the bankerout, the scholler, the beggar, the doctor, the ideot, the ruffian, the cheater, the puritan, the cut-throat, the hye men, the low men, the *true man*, and the thiefe; of all trades and professions some, of all countryes some. Thus whilest Devotion kneeles at her prayers, doth Profanation walke under her nose in contempt of religion.—*Decker's Dead Terme.*

Note if one kil a *true man*, in defence of his person, there ought to be so great a neeessity, that it must bee esteemed to be inevitable, or otherwise it will not excuse, but it is felony although that the other pursues him: and therefore he that shall bee assaulted by a *true man*, must first flie as farre as he can, and till he be letted by some wall, hedge, ditch, presse of people, or other impediment; so as he ean flie no further without danger of his life, or of being wounded or maimed: and yet in sueh a ease if he kill the other, he shall be committed till the time of his triall, and must then get his pardon for his life and his lands, (which pardon notwithstanding he shall have of course) but he shall lose and forfeit his goods and ehattels, for the great regard which the law hath of a mans life.—*Dalton's Countrey Justice*, 1620.

[16] *I could brain him with his lady's fan.*

Edwards observes, in his Canons of Criticeism, "that the ladies in our author's time wore fans made of feathers." See Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour.—"This *feather* grew in her sweet *fan* sometimes, tho' now it be my poor fortune to wear it." So again, in Cynthia's Revels,

——for a garter,
Or the least *feather* in her bounteous *fan*.

Again, as Whalley observes to me, in Beaumont and Fleteher's Wit at several Weapons,

——Wer't not better
Your head were broke with the handle of a fan?—
Steevens.

This passage ought to be a memento to all commentators, not to be too positive about the eustoms of former ages. Edwards has laughed unmereifully at Warburton for supposing that Hotspur meant to brain the Earl of Mareh with the *handle* of his lady's fan, instead of the *feathers* of it. The lines quoted by Whalley show that the supposition was not so wild a one as Edwards conceived.—*Malone.*

[17] *How now, Kate?*

Shakespeare either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife, (whieh was not *Katharine*, but *Elizabeth*,) or else designedly ehanged it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the familiar appellation of *Kate*, whieh he is never weary of repeating, when he has onee introdueed it; as in this seene, the seene of *Katharine* and Petruchio, and the eourtship between King Henry V. and the *French Princess*. The wife of Hotspur was the Lady Elizabeth Mortimer, sister to Roger Earl of Mareh, and aunt to Edmund Earl of Mareh, who is introduced in this play by the name of Lord Mortimer.—*Steevens.*

The sister of Roger Earl of Mareh, according to Hall, was ealled *Eleanor*: "This Edmonde was sonne to Erle Roger,—whieh Edmonde at King Riehard's going into Ireland was proclaimed heire apparent to the realme; whose aunt, called *Elinor*, this lord Henry Percy had married," Chron. fol. 20. So also, Holinshed. But both these historians were mistaken, for her christian name undoubtedly was Elizabeth.—*Malone.*

[18] *A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed.*

It is a remarkable eireumstanee that the real Lady Percy, the Countess of Northumberland, of Shakespeare's own time, was married to a morose and

uncongenial person, and that she was more than once "a banished woman from her Harry's bed." Thus Manningham, in the Diary which was the means of letting in so much light on another of these plays, under the date 1602, November 6,—"I heard that the Earl of Northumberland lives apart again from his lady, now she hath brought him an heir, which he said was the soder of their reconcilement. She lives at Sion house with the child, and plays with it, being otherwise of a very melancholic spirit." The audience could not fail to perceive the parallelism; and, as the lady was the sister of the Earl of Essex, it is more than probable that Shakespeare intended that they should do so, and that he has made Lady Percy in this play so peculiarly amiable, and so full of conjugal affection, as a means of engaging the public sympathy for the Lady Percy (Countess of Northumberland) of his own time. That the character of the Earl of Northumberland, to whom she was united, was deficient in the amiable and the gallant, is manifested by the "Instructions" which he left to his son: a manuscript now at Petworth, lately printed in the Archæologia, the valuable contribution of Mr. Markland.—*Hunter.*

[19] *Away, you trifler!*

This, I think, would be better thus:—"*Hot.* Away, you trifler!—*Lady.* Love!—*Hot.* I love thee not.—This is no world," &c.—*Johnson.*

The alteration proposed by Dr. Johnson seems unnecessary. The passage, as now regulated, appears to me perfectly clear.—The first *love* is not a substantive, but a verb:—"——love [*thee?*]—I love thee not."

Hotspur's mind being intent on other things, his answers are irregular. He has been musing, and now replies to what Lady Percy had said *some time before:*

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it,—*else he loves me not.*

In a subsequent scene this distinguishing trait of his character is particularly mentioned by the Prince of Wales, in his description of a conversation between Hotspur and Lady Percy: "O my sweet Harry, (says she,) how many hast thou killed to-day? Give my roan horse a drench, (says he, and answers,)—some fourteen,—an hour after."—*Malone.*

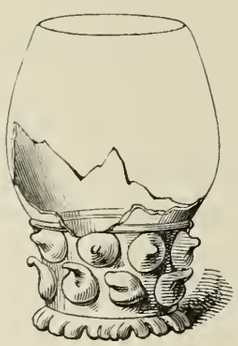
[20] *To play with mammets.*

Mammets, that is, puppets. So Stubbs, speaking of ladies drest in the fashion, says: "they are not natural, but artificial women, not women of flesh and blood, but rather *puppets* or *mammets*, consisting of ragges and clowts compact together." So, in the old comedy of Every Woman in her Humour, 1609: "—I have seen the city of new Nineveh, and Julius Cæsar, acted by *mammets.*" Again, in the ancient romance of Virgilius, "—he made in that compace all the goddes that we call *mawmets* and ydolles." *Mammet* is perhaps a corruption of *Mahomet.* Throughout the English translation of Marco Paolo, 1579, *Mahometans* and other worshippers of idols are always called *Mahomets* and *Mahmets.* Holinshed's History of England, p. 108, speaks of "*mawmets* and idols." This last conjecture and quotation is from Mr. Tollet. I may add, that Hamlet seems to have the same idea when he tells Ophelia, that "he could interpret between her and her love, if he saw the puppets dallying."—*Steevens.*

We charge the prelatical clergy with popery, to make them odious, though we know they are guilty of no such thing; just as heretofore they called images *mammets*, and the adoration of images *mammetry:* that is, *mahomet* and *mahometry*, odious names; when all the world knows the Turks are forbidden images by their religion. *Selden's Table Talk*, Art. Popery.—*Boswell.*

[21] *A room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

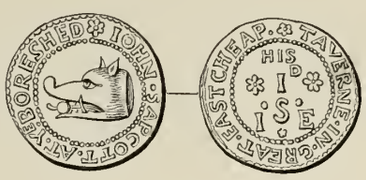
There is no distinct authority, in any of the early editions, for the name of the tavern in Eastcheap at which the Prince and Falstaff are supposed to meet. Theobald was the first, in 1733, to place the name of the Boar's Head Inn in the stage-direction. Shakespeare never mentions that tavern at all, and the only possible allusion to it is in the Second Part of Henry the Fourth, where the Prince asks, speaking of Falstaff,—"doth the old boar feed in the old frank?" A suggestion of the locality may also be possibly intended in Richard the Second, where the Prince is mentioned as frequenting taverns that "stand in narrow lanes." In the play of the Famous Victories, the Castle Tavern is the inn which is mentioned as the place of meeting in Eastcheap. The earliest notice of the Boar's Head occurs in the testament of William Warden, who, in the reign of Richard II., gave "all that his tenement, called the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, to a college of priests or chaplains, founded by Sir William Walworth, lord mayor, in the adjoining church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane." The endowments of this college were forfeited to the crown in 1549, in which year the tenement above alluded to is described as "all his the said Walter Morden's tenement, called the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, worth by year £4." Stowe, mentioning the affray of the King's sons in Eastcheap, adds, in a marginal note, "there was no taverne then in Eastcheape." The Boar's Head is first mentioned as a tavern in the year 1537, when it is expressly demised in a lease as "all that tavern called the Bores Hedde, cum cellariis sollariis et aliis suis pertinentiis in Estchepe, in parochia Sancti Michaelis prædicti, in tenura Johannæ Broke, viduæ." About the year 1588, the inn was kept by one Thomas Wright, a native of Shrewsbury. "Thear was chosen withe me, at that time, out of the school, George Wrighte, sun of Thomas Wrighte of London, vintener, that dwelt at the Bore's Hed in Estcheap, who sithence, having good enheritance descended to him, is now clerk of the king's stable and a knighte, a verye discreet and honest gentleman," Liber Famelicus of Sir James Whitelocke, sub anno 1588. In the year 1623 was buried at St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, "John Rhodoway, vintner att the Bores Head, 1623." This person may have kept the tavern in Shakespeare's time, to which period may be ascribed the interesting fragment of a glass, here engraved, which belonged to the late Mr. Crofton Croker, and is accompanied by the following certificate, it having been found when the Boar's Head was pulled down to make way for the new London Bridge,—"Fragment of an ancient drinking-glass found in a cellar of the Boar's Head tavern, Eastcheap, which had not been disturbed since 1666. Given by William Knight, esq., F.S.A., 1831.—T.C.C."



The inn is thus alluded to by one of Shakespeare's contemporaries in a curious play, the Shoo-maker's Holyday or the Gentle Craft,—"*Eyre.* Stay, my fine knaves, you armes of my trade, you pillars of my proffession. What, shall a tittle-tattles word make you forsake Simon Eyre? Avaunt, kitchinstuffe, rippe you browne-bread tannikin, out of my sight, move me not, have not I tane you from selling tripes in Eastcheape, and set you in my shop, and make you haile fellow with Simon Eyre the Shoomaker? and now doe you deale thus with my journey-men? Looke, you powder-beefe Queane, on the face of Hodge; here's a face for a Lord.—*Firke.* And here's a face for any Lady in Christendome.—*Eyre.* Rip, you chitterling, avaunt, boy; bid the tapster of the

Bores-head fill me a doozen cannes of beere for my journey-men.—*Firke.* A doozen cannes? O brave Hodge, now I'le stay.—*Eyre.* And the knave fills any more than two, he payes for them a doozen cannes of beere for my journey-men; here you mad Mesopotamians, wash your livers with this liquor, where be the odde ten? no more, Madge, no more; well said, drinke and to works; what worke dost thou, Hodge? what worke?"

The Boar's Head, observes Mr. Cunningham, "stood in Great Eastcheap, between Small-alley and St. Michael's-lane, four taverns filling up the intervening space—'The Chicken,' near St. Michael's alley, 'The Boar's Head,' 'The Plough,' and 'The Three Kings.' The back part of the house looked upon the burying-ground of St. Michael's, Crooked-lane." In 1660, the inn was kept by a person of the name of Hester, as appears from the following entry in the register of burials for St. Michael's, Crooked Lane,—"William Heathcott, servant to Mr. Hester, the vintner att the Boares Head, 1660." Within a few years of this period, it had owned another master, for a token of "the Bores Head Taverne in Great East Cheap," surmounted by the letters, I. I. B., was issued about this time. About the year 1670, the tavern was kept by one John Sapcott, whose token bears the inscription of, "John Sapcott at the Bores Hed Taverne in Great Eastcheap, his penny, I. E. S.," a boar's head in the field. Another landlord, at some time after this date, is mentioned in a curious poem, the Last Search after Claret in Southwark, 1691,—



> Ay, says L—e, who in East-cheap once liv'd at Boars-Head,
> Let all men by me scorn the wine-selling trade;
> With the slipry whore Fortune in England I dealt,
> And in Holland I found her the very same jilt;
> She has tost me about like a dog in a blanket;
> Had my fate been but kind, I should gladly have thank it.
> Come, a pox of all sorrow and dull heavy thinking!
> Let us chear up our spirits by musick and drinking.

The Boar's Head continued to be a tavern up to a comparatively recent period. Maitland notices it in 1756, observing that there was a statement under the sign that, "this is the oldest tavern in London." Goldsmith had visited it in 1758, mistaking it for the original Shakesperian building. On each side of the doorway was a vine-branch, carved in wood, rising more than three feet from the ground, loaded with leaves and clusters; and on the top of each a little Falstaff, eight inches high, in the dress of his day; such as was to be seen at Covent garden, by his faithful representative, Henderson. Northwick notices it as an inn in 1772, but some years before 1790 it had ceased to be so used, as appears from the account of it by Pennant, published in that year. The tavern was at some time subsequently to 1772 divided into two tenements, and these were finally demolished, in 1831, in forming the approaches to the new London Bridge. The very site is unmarked, but it is at some little distance to the west of the statue of William IV.

There were several other inns and tenements in London known by the name of the Boar's Head. Curiously enough, though the coincidence is accidental, Sir John Fastolf, not Falstaff, owned a house in the borough of Southwark so called, which tenement he devised to Magdalen College, Oxford. Among the records in

the muniment room at Warwick Castle is an early lease relating to a tenement in the metropolis called the Boar's Head, situated not far from the Globe Theatre. In 1557, the Boar's Head, Aldgate, was the scene of a dramatic performance; and a theatre so called, or perhaps an inn used temporarily by the actors, is mentioned in a curious document of James I.,—"Knowe yee that wee, of our speciall grace, certaine knowledge, and mere motion, have lycensed and authorised, and by these presentes doe lycence and authorise Thomas Greene, Christopher Beeston, Thomas Hawood, Richard Pyrkins, Robert Pallant, John Duke, Thomas Swynerton, James Holt, Robert Beeston, and Robert Lee, servauntes unto our dearest wyfe the Queene Anna, with the rest of there associates, freely to use and exercise the art and faculty of playinge comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, morralls, pastoralls, stage plaies, and such other lyke as they have already studied, or hereafter shall use or study, as well for the recreacion of our lovinge subjectes, as for our solace and pleasure, when wee shall thinke good to see them duringe our pleasure; And the said comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, morralls, pastoralls, stage playes, and suche like, to shew and exercise publikly, when the infecion of the plague shall decrease to the nomber of thirty weekly within our Citie of London and the liberties therof, aswell within there now usuall howsen called the Curtayne and the Bores head, within our County of Midd. as in any other play-house not used by others, by the said Thomas Greene erected, or by hym hereafter to be builte, And also within any townehalls or mouthalls, or other conveinyent places, within the liberties and freedomes of any cittie, universitie, towne, or boroughe whatsoever within our said realmes and domynyons."

There was a messuage called the Boar's Head, situated on the Bankside, which belonged to Henslow the dramatist. According to an early MS., there were inns so called in "Ould Fish Strete, at Criplegate, in Estcheape, in West Smithfield, and behind the Exchange." Two of these inns are mentioned in a very curious enumeration of taverns, in an old poem called, Newes from Bartholmew Fayre.

> There hath beene great sale and utterance of wine,
> Besides beere and ale, and ipocras fine,
> In every country, region, and nation;
> Chefely at Billingsgate, at the Salutation,
> And Bores Head, neere London Stone,
> The Swan at Dowgate, a taverne well knowne,
> The Miter in Cheape, and then the Bull Head,
> And many like places that make noses red;
> The Bores Head in Old Fish-street, three Cranes in the Vintree,
> And now of late, St. Martin's in the Sentree;
> The Wind-mill in Lothbury, the Ship at the Exchange,
> King's Head in New Fish-streete, where roysters do range;
> The Mermaid in Cornhill; Red Lion in the Strand,
> Three Tuns Newgate Market, Old Fish-street, at the Swan.

At the great fire of London, in 1666, the Boar's Head inn was utterly destroyed; but a new one, built of brick, the door in the centre, surmounted by a window, over which was placed a boar's head, cut in stone, with the initials, I. T., of the landlord, and the date, 1668, of the rebuilding. This genuine relic of the second, not Shakespeare's, Boar's Head, is still preserved at the Guildhall. Other relics of this celebrated inn are of a more doubtful character. Two of the latter are thus described by an anonymous writer,—"Two memorial reliques of the tavern and its former boon companions still remain at the church of St. Michael's, Crooked-lane; both are of old date, and, if the tales of the gossip

neighbourhood may be credited, of most unquestionable authenticity. The first of these is a huge iron tobacco-box, which the vestry monarchs are said to have used from its first presentation up to the present hour, in all their meetings, when they thought it requisite to eat, drink, and smoke, for the benefit of their neighbours. On the outside of this iron implement is portrayed the Boar's Head Tavern, before the door of which, the whole convivial group is seated at their usual occupation of feast and revel—no bad memorandum by the by, for a modern churchwarden. It is impossible to mistake the characters of the group, unless a man were like old Gobbo, 'high gravel blind,' for,—on the bottom of each chair,—the name of the person is inscribed; an excellent hint to painters in general, and one which would save a world of trouble both to them and their admirers.

Upon the inside of the cover is an inscription, nearly obliterated, signifying that the box was the gift of Sir Richard Gore, for the use of the vestry meetings at the Boar's Head Tavern; it, moreover, goes on to state that the said box was repaired and beautified by his successor, Mr. John Packard, 1767. The second relique is a drinking cup, or goblet; it is a lineal descendant of the Boar's Head, from whom the vestry inherited it, at what time the legendary gossips say not, but we presume it must have been at the breaking up of the tavern, when the old Boar may be literally said to have died, and been after bricked up in the wall like a mummy in its case, where he stands as a memento to posterity. This cup, however, has no inscription or figures that connect it with the merry times, yet even this remote relationship is enough to give it a value in the eyes of the true antiquarian." Another supposititious relic is an oaken carving of a boar's head, in a framework formed of two boars' tusks, with a date pricked on it of 1566, and an inscription of very doubtful antiquity ascribing its ownership to William Broke, landlord of the Boar's Head in that year. It is a small carving, of a few inches only in diameter, and is supposed to have been suspended somewhere in the original tavern.

[22] *When you breathe in your watering.*

In ed. 1632, *breathe* is altered to *break*. Gifford has shown that there is no ground for the filthy interpretation of this passage which Steevens chose to give. *To breathe in your watering* is, to stop and take breath when you are drinking. Thus in the old MS. play of Timon of Athens,

> ———we also do enact
> That all hold up their heads and laugh aloud,
> *Drink much at one draught; breathe not in their drink*,
> That none go out to ——

The following passage, from Samuel Rowlands' Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-vaine, &c. 1600, which was first pointed out by Sir Walter Scott in a reprint of that collection, will fully explain the phrase:

> Will is a right good fellow by this drinke,—
> Shall look into your *water* well enough,
> And hath an eye that no man leaves a snuffe;
> A p— of piecemeal drinking William sayes,
> *Play it away*, we'll have no stoppes and stayes.

Blowne drinke is odious, what man can disgest it?
No faithfull drunkard but he doth detest it.

Thus also in Peacham's Compleat Gentleman, p. 194:—"If he dranke off his cups cleancly, *took not his wind in his draught*, spit not, left nothing in the pot, nor spilt any upon the ground, he had the prize," &c.—*Singer.*

[23] *They cry—hem!*

Pem, ed. 1632. To cry *hem!* was a jovial exclamation. It was not fallen into disuse in the last century. When Brome's Jovial Crew was revived with songs, 1732, the following was one of them:

There dwelt an old fellow at Waltham cross,
Who merrily sung though he lived by the loss;
He cheared up his heart when his goods went to wrack,
With a *hem boys hem*, and a cup of old sack.—*Boswell.*

[24] *This pennyworth of sugar.*

It appears from the following passage in Look About You, 1600, and some others, that the drawers kept sugar folded up in papers, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack:

——but do you hear?
Bring *sugar in white paper*, not in brown.

Shakespeare might perhaps allude to a custom mentioned by Decker, in the Gul's Horn Book, 1609: "Enquire what gallants sup in the next roome, and if they be any of your acquaintance, do not you (after the *city fashion*) send them in a pottle of wine, *and your name sweetened in two pittiful papers of sugar*, with some filthy apologie cram'd into the mouth of a drawer," &c.—*Steevens.*

[25] *By an under-skinker.*

A tapster; an under-drawer. *Skink* is *drink*, and a *skinker* is one that *serves drink at table*. *Schenken*, Dutch, is to fill a glass or cup; and *schenker* is a *cup-bearer, one that waits at table to fill the glasses.* An *under-skinker* is, therefore, an *under-drawer.—Steevens.*

Giles Fletcher, in his Russe Commonwealth, 1591, p. 13, speaking of a town built on the south side of Moskoa, by Basilius the emperor, for a garrison of soldiers, says: "—to whom he gave privilege to drinke mead and beer at the drye or prohibited times, when other Russes may drinke nothing but water; and for that cause called this new citie by the name of Naloi, that is, *skink* or *poure in.*" So, in Ben Jonson's Poetaster, Act IV. Sc. III.:

Alb. I'll ply the table with nectar, and make 'em friends.
Her. Heaven is like to have but a lame *skinker.—Reed.*

[26] *Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon.*

The custom of naming the different rooms of an inn, formerly universal in England, is still retained in many parts of the country. "Score a pint of sacke in the Conney," Jonson's Bartholomew Fair. "Score a gallon of claret in the Pomegranat," Knave in Graine new Vampt, 1640. "A quart of canary in the Rose, score," Mistaken Husband, 1675. "A quart of sack in the Three Tuns," London Prodigal. In Cokain's Poems, 1658, are some lines on "a room in an ale-house that we call the Apollo." In the London Chaunticleres, 1659, the tapster of an inn thus enumerates his morning's work,—"I have cut two dozen of tosts, broacht a new barrell of ale, washt all the cups and flaggons, made a fire

i'th' George, draind all the beer out of th' *Half Moon* the company left o' th' floore last night, wip'd down all the tables, and have swept every room." Again, in the Fair Maid of the West, —"Shall I stay here to score a pudding in the Half-Moon, and see my mistress at the mainyard, with her sails up, and spread? No; it shall be seen that I, who have been brought up to draw wine, will see what water the ship draws, or I'll bewray the voyage." The Half-Moon tavern in the Strand is mentioned in the Frolick, a MS. comedy, dated 1671. The old method of scoring ale or wine is illustrated by the annexed woodcut.

[27] *Anon, anon, sir.*

This was the *coming, sir*, of the waiters in Shakespeare's time. In Summer's Last Will and Testament, Harvest says, "Why, friend, I am no *tapster* to say, *anon, anon, sir.*" So, in Florios Second Frutes, 1591,—"Bring some wine, and a manchet, and a napkin.—Anon, anon." In Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 1615, a drawer is termed a "singuler artist in pewter language, and an observant linguist for anon, anon, sir." Again, in the Match at Midnight, 1633,—"the more wine, boy, the nimble anon, anon, sir." The drawer, in the Miseries of Enforced Marriage, says, "anon, anon, sir," to which another, misapprehending him, replies,—"anon, goodman rascal? must we stay your leisure? give't us by and by."

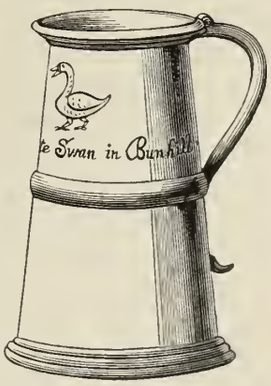
> Others say, if we had white aprons on,
> We would be like unto Anon, Anon,
> What is it gentlemen you please to drinke?
>
> *The Knave of Harts*, 1613.

> The vintners trade were hardly worth a rush,
> Unable to hang up a signe, or bush;
> And were't not for this small forgotten graine
> Their conjuring at midnight would be vaine.
> *Anon, anon*, would be forgotten soone,
> And he might score a pudding in the Moone.
>
> *The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet*, 1630.

Rod. No money? Can taverns stand without *anon, anon?* fiddlers live without scraping? taffeta girls look plump without pampering?—*The Spanish Gipsy.*

A drawer sleeping under the pulpit, the preacher beat his desk so hard that the drawer, suddenly awaked, start up and cried openly in the church, —Anon, anon, sir.—*A Banquet of Jests new and old*, 1657.

[28] *The clinking of pewter.*



The annexed engraving represents a pewter mug which was used in an English tavern of the seventeenth century.

[29] *Puke-stocking.*

In Barrett's Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, a *puke* colour is explained as being a colour between russet and black, and is rendered in Latin *pullus*. Again, in Drant's translation of the

eighth Satire of Horace, 1567:—"*nigra* succinctam vadere palla,—ytuckde in *pukishe* frocke." In a small book entitled the Order of my Lorde Maior, &c., for their Meetings and Wearing of theyr Apparel throughout the Yeere, printed in 1586: "the maior, &c. are commanded to appeare on Good Fryday in their *pewke gownes*, and without their chaynes and typetes." Shelton, in his translation of Don Quixote, p. 2, says: "the rest and remnant of his estate was spent on a jerkine of fine *puke*," edit. 1612. In Salmon's Chymist's Shop Laid Open, there is a receipt to make a *puke* colour. The ingredients are the vegetable gall and a large proportion of water; from which it should appear that the colour was *grey*. In the time of Shakespeare the most expensive silk stockings were worn; and in King Lear, by way of reproach, an attendant is called a *worsted-stocking* knave. So that, after all, perhaps the word *puke* refers to the quality of the stuff rather than to the colour.—*Steevens.*

Dugdale's Warwickshire, 1730, p. 406, speaks of "a gown of black *puke*." The statute 5 and 6 of Edward VI. c. vi. mentions cloth of these colours "*puke*, brown-blue, blacks." Hence *puke* seems not to be a perfect or full black, but it might be a russet blue, or rather, a russet black, as Mr. Steevens intimates from Barrett's Alvearie.—*Tollet.*

If Shelton be accurate, as I think he is, in rendering *velarte* by puke; puke must signify russet wool that has never been dyed.—*Henley.*

[30] *Caddis-garter.*

Caddis was, I believe, a kind of coarse *ferret*. The garters of Shakespeare's time were worn in sight, and consequently were expensive. He who would submit to wear a coarser sort was probably called by this contemptuous distinction, which I meet with again in Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable, 1639:—"dost hear,—my honest *caddis-garters?*" This is an address to a servant. Again, in Warres, or the Peace is Broken: "—fine pieed silke stockens on their legs, tyed up smoothly with *caddis garters*—."—*Steevens.*

"At this day," (about the year 1625,) says the continuator of Stowe's Chronicle, "men of mean rank weare *garters* and shoe-roses of more than *five pound price*." Very rich garters were anciently worn below the knee; and the following lines from Warner's Albion's England, 1602, may throw a light on the following passage:—"Then wore they—*Garters* of *listes;* but now of silk, some edged deep with gold." In a manuscript account-book kept by Henslowe, step-father to the wife of Alleyn the player, is the following article: "Lent unto Thomas Hewode, the 1 of September 1602, to bye him a payre of *silver* garters, ijs. vid." *Caddis* was worsted galloon.—*Malone.*

[31] *Your brown bastard is your only drink.*

Bastard was a kind of sweet wine. The prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing to understand his instigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away.—*Johnson.*

In an old piece, entitled, Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco, the second edition, 1630, Beer says to Wine:—"Wine well born? Did not every man call you *bastard* but t'other day?" So, in Match me in London, "—Love you *bastard?* —No wines at all." Again, in Every Woman in her Humour, 1609:

"Canary is a jewel, and a fig for *brown bastard*."

Again, in the Honest Whore, a comedy by Decker, 1635: "—What wine sent they for?—*Ro. Bastard wine;* for if it had been truely begotten, it would not have been asham'd to come in. Here's sixpence to pay for the nursing the *bastard*." Again, in the Fair Maid of the West, 1631;—I'll furnish you with

bastard, white or *brown*," &c. In the ancient metrical romance of the Squyr of Low Degre, is the following catalogue of wines:

You shall have Rumney and Malmesyne,
Both Ypocrasse and Vernage wyne:
Mountrose, and wyne of Greke,
Both Algrade and Respice eke,
Antioche and *Bastarde*,
Pyment also and Garnarde:
Wyne of Greke and Muscadell,
Both Clare-Pyment and Rochell,
The rede your stomach to defye,
And pottes of Osey set you by.—*Steevens.*

The author of Maison Rustique, translated by Markham, 1616, p. 635, says: "——such wines are called *mungrell*, or *bastard* wines, which (betwixt the sweet and astringent ones) have neither manifest sweetness, nor manifest astriction, but indeed participate and contain in them both qualities."—*Tollet.*

Barrett, however, in his Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, says, that "*bastarde* is *muscadell*, sweet wine."—*Steevens.*

So also, in Stowe's Annals, 867: "When an argosie came with Greek and Spanish wines, viz. muscadel, malmsey, sack, and *bastard*," &c.—*Malone.*

Bastard wines are said, by Olaus Magnus, to be Spanish wines in general. He speaks of them with almost as much enthusiasm as Falstaff does of sack: "Vina igitur Hispanica etsi *Bastarda* nomine, a negotiatoribus in aquilonem delata appellantur: tamen sapore, colore, et odore, et excellentiam dulcedinis ab omnibus legitima reputantur. Est enim suave, pingue, mollitèr crassum, vivacitate firmissimum, nare violentum, colore quam perspicuum; quod ita redolet ore ructatum ut merito illi excellentior aliqua æstimatio debeatur," &c. *Olai Magni Gent. Septentrionalium Historia. Basiliæ*, 1567, p. 520.—*Boswell.*

Harrison, in his Description of England, p. 222, speaking of brawn, says, "With us it is accounted a great peece of service at the table from November untill Februarie be ended; but cheeflie in the Christmas time; with the same also we begin our dinners ech daie after other: and because it is somewhat hard of digestion, a draught of malveseie, *bastard*, or muscadell, is usuallie droonke after it, where either of them are convenientlie to be had: otherwise the meaner sort content themselves with their owne drinke, which at that season is generallie verie strong, and stronger indeed than in all the yeare beside." See also a curious enumeration of wines in an early poem printed in the Nugæ Poeticæ, p. 10,—

And I will have also wyne de Ryne,
With new maid Clarye, that is good and fyne,
Muscadell, terantyne, and *bastard*,
With Ypocras and Pyment comyng afterwarde.

In a receipt in Warner's Book of Cookery, p. 90, the direction is, to "take a galone of swete wyne, oseye, or *bastard*, and cast thereto," &c. The following list of the wines most in fashion in former times, I transcribe from the small treatise called *The Booke of Carving*, p. 4, appended to *The Good Huswife's Jewell*: "Red wine, white wine, claret wyne, caprick, campolet, rennish wine, malmesey, *bastard*, tyre, rumney, muscadel, clary, raspis, vernage, cute, piment, and ipocras."

It is stated as a reason for a new regulation, that in exchange for their fish, the traders not only forced on the poor fishermen, articles that were useless, but some that were pernicious, such as brande vin, (literally, burnt wine, or brandy,) romeneau, and *bastar*. If this last term really means *bastard* wine, I confess I

did not expect to have met with such an article in Lapland.—*Leem's History*, p. 355.

In Delpino's Dictionary, this wine is said to be made of raisins; and probably, sometimes, of many, various, and irregular articles. It is certain, the term is by no means uncommon among the Spaniards. And the reason and origin of its name may, I think, be easily found, from the resemblance of it in its composition to bastard.—*Boucher*.

Some drinking the neat wine of Orleance, some the Gascony, some the Burdeaux; there wanted neither sherry-sack, nor Charnico, Maligo, nor Peeter See me, ambercolour'd Candy, nor liquorish Ipocras, *brown beloved Bastard*, fat Aligant, or any quicke spirited liquor that might draw their witts into a circle.—*Hutton's Discovery of a London Monster called the Blacke Dogg of Newgate*, n. d.

Bastard is in vertue somewhat like to muskadell, and may also instead thereof be used; it is in goodnesse so much inferiour to muskadell as the same is to malmsey; the use thereof is likewise hurtfull to young and hot bodies.—*Venner's Via Recta ad Vitam Longam*, 1637.

[32] *Enter Quickly.*

The Host is here simply termed "Vintner" in the old copies. Prince Henry alludes to him, as Mistress Quickly's husband, in the third act; but he must be supposed to have died shortly afterwards, for she is introduced as a widow in the Second Part of Henry the Fourth.

[33] *Give me a cup of sack, boy.*

In the Dering manuscript there is here inserted, in the autograph of Sir E. Dering, the following stage-direction,—"Exit Francis, and enters with sacke and a glasse." The annexed engraving of a sack-glass, capacious enough for Falstaff, is copied from a wood-cut on the title-page of a pamphlet entitled,—"A Glass of Sack prest forth of the best Grapes gathered from the last vintage in the Loyall Converts new distempered Vineyard," 1644. The bulbous centre is indicative of Venice make.

The term *sack* was, in Shakespeare's time, indiscriminately applied to any kind of foreign white wine, especially to any white Spanish wine. Among the orders of the royal household in 1604 is the following; MS. Harl. 392, fol. 162. "And whereas in tymes past, *Spanish* wines, called *Sacke*, were little or no whitt used in our courte,—we now understanding that it is now used in common drink," &c.

Your best sacke are of Seres in Spaine, your smaller of Galicia and Portugall; your strong sackes are of the Islands of the Canaries and of Malligo, and your muscadine and malmseys are of many parts of Italy, Greece, and some speciall islands.—*Markham's English Housewife*, 1631.

The annexed engraving is a copy of an English woodcut of the seventeenth century, in which a tavern drawer, in the costume of the time, is well represented. It is at the head of an old ballad.

The wines of the island of Teneriffe, known as Canary, Malvasia, and Verdona, were all called sacks. There was also Zeres-sack, or sherry. "His

cloake was sacke, but not the sacke of Spaine, Canara, Mallago, or sprightfull sherry," Taylor's Workes, 1630. Sack, observes Mr. Sandys, is said to have been first mentioned in the twenty-third of Henry the Eighth, when a regulation was made, that no Malmseys, Romineis, Sackes, nor other sweet wines, should be sold for more than three pence a quart; but this, at all events, proves that sack was previously known. The Canary Sack was sometimes called sweet Sack, to distinguish it from the other, which was a dry or sec wine. By some of the early ordinances of James the First's household, it seems that he considered this wine fit only for the higher classes; as it is directed that the serjeant of the cellar be allowed twelve gallons of the Spanish wines, called Sack, daily; and that it be used for the nobility and people of account, and not for people of meaner class, who had got into the habit of using it. "Malaga sack" is mentioned in the ballad of Mad Tom, and "Canary sack" is celebrated in a specific address by Herrick. Howell says,—"I read in the reign of Henry the Seventh that no sweet wines were brought into this realm but Malmsyes," *Londinopolis*, p. 102. And soon after,—"Moreover, no *sacks* were sold but Rumney, and that for medicine more than for drink; but now *many kinds of sacks* are known and used." One of these sweet wines still retains the name of *sack*. It is but little used, yet, being proverbial for sweetness, has thrown an obscurity over the original dry *sack;* but there seems, even in the seventeenth century, to have been one peculiar wine known specially as genuine sack. Some think the matter may be elucidated by a reference to Venner's Via recta ad Vitam longam, printed in the year 1628. In this medical treatise, is a section answering the question, What in general are the commodities of wine? and containing a description of the particular differences of wines according to their several qualities.

He begins with observing, that "white wines and Rhenish wine, do, least of all wines, heat and nourish the body." The white wine here described seems to have been one of the meagre French wines, or *vins du païs;* for the author observes, that it will not keep in perfection many months. To these white wines and the Rhenish he signifies, in a note, that "a little sugar may be added with a lemon, as is hereafter shewed, but it is more medicinal if it be taken without sugar." Such is his description of Rhenish, &c., from which some may infer one of those to be the sack of our forefathers, and not what we call so, which is a wine brought from the Canary-Islands. But our author proceeds to describe Canary wine, "which beareth the name of the islands from whence it is brought, and is of some termed a sacke, with this adjunct *sweete*, but yet very improperly, for it differeth not only from sacke in sweetnesse and pleasantnesse of taste, but also in colour and consistence: for it is not so white in colour as sacke, nor so thin in substance." Venner gives no hint that it is proper or improper, customary or not, to mix sugar

with this sweet sack, nor with malmsey, muskadelle, or bastard, (which is mentioned in Shakespeare with the epithet brown) which he likewise describes as generous sweet wines. We might still remain in doubt, if our author had not given a description of sacke itself, which he says is "completely hot in the third degree; and that some affect to drink sacke with sugar and some without; and upon no other ground, as I think, but as it is best pleasing to their palate." He then proceeds; "I shall speak what I deem hereof, and I think I shall well satisfie such as are judicious. Saeke taken by itself is very hot and very penetrative: being taken with sugar, the heat is both somewhat allayed, and the penetrative quality thereof also retarded." This description by no means agrees with the properties of Rhenish, as described by our author. It is farther distinguished by his observation, that "Rhenish, &c. decline after a twelvemonth, but sacke, and the other stronger wines, are best when they are two or three years old. By the application of the word *sweete* to sacke, as an equivalent to Canary wine, it seems highly probable that sacke itself was not a sweet wine; that it did not receive its name from having a saccharine flavour, but from its being originally stored in sacks or borachios. It does not appear to have been a French wine, but a strong wine, the production of a hot climate. Probably it was what is called dry mountain, or some Spanish wine of that kind. This conjecture is the more plausible, as Howell, in his French and English Dictionary, printed in the year 1650, translates sacke, by the words, *vin d'Espagne, vin sec.*—*Anon.*

Several sack-bottles of the seventeenth century have been preserved. One, dated in 1612, has four handles. It is of a dark brown colour, glazed, the ornaments are clear yellow with a little green in some of them; besides the date, it has a monogram of the maker's name, and has four handles, a reason for the multiplicity of which would seem to be, that when one had drank his share, in passing it, the next would take a different handle, and so on the rest, which would obviate an uncleanly practice of drinking in the same place, and when drinking-cups were less common than they now are, this may have been the custom of the people immediately above the lower classes. Two old English bottles of similar character, one lettered Saek, the other Claret, dated 1646, were sold at the Strawberry Hill sale. It seemed evident from the way in which the glazing was chipped off at the handle and at the mouth that bottles of this kind were suspended by the handles, and were filled from the cask. Several specimens of this kind of bottle have been preserved.

[34] *Did'st thou never see Titan.*

All that wants restoring is a parenthesis, into which (*pitiful-hearted Titan!*) should be put. *Pitiful-hearted* means only *amorous*, which was Titan's character: the pronoun *that* refers to *butter*. The heat of the sun is figuratively represented as a *love-tale*, the poet having before called him *pitiful-hearted*, or *amorous.*—*Warburton.*

The same thought is found among Turberville's Epitaphs, p. 142:—"It melts as butter doth against the sunne." The reader, who inclines to Dr. Warburton's opinion, will please to furnish himself with some proof that *pitiful-hearted* was ever used to signify *amorous*, before he pronounces this learned critick's emendation to be just. In the oldest copy, the contested part of the passage appears thus: "—— at the sweet tale of *the sonnes*." Our author might have written —"pitiful-hearted Titan, who melted at the sweet tale of *his son*;" i. e. of Phaëton, who, by a plausible story, won on the easy nature of his father so far, as to obtain from him the guidance of his own chariot for a day. As gross a mythological corruption as the foregoing occurs in Locrine, 1595:

> The arm-strong offspring of the *doubted knight*,
> Stout Hercules, &c.

Thus all the copies, ancient and modern. But I should not hesitate to read—*doubled night*, i. e. the night lengthened to twice its usual proportion, while Jupiter possessed himself of Alcmena; a circumstance with which every schoolboy is acquainted.—*Steevens.*

I have followed the reading of the original copy in 1598, rejecting only the double genitive, for it reads—*of the son's*. *Sun*, which is the reading of the folio, derives no authority from its being found in that copy; for the change was made arbitrarily in the quarto 1604, and adopted of course in that of 1608 and 1613, from the latter of which the folio was printed; in consequence of which the accumulated errors of the five preceding editions were incorporated in the folio copy of this play. Theobald reads—"pitiful-hearted *butter*, that melted at the sweet tale of the *sun*;"—which is not so absurd as—"pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun,—but yet very exceptionable; for what is the meaning of butter melting at a *tale?* or what idea does the *tale of the sun* convey? Dr. Warburton, who, with Theobald, reads—*sun*, has extracted some sense from the passage by placing the words—"pitiful-hearted Titan" in a parenthesis, and referring the word *that* to *butter;* but then, besides that his interpretation *pitiful-hearted*, which he says means *amorous*, is unauthorised and inadmissible, the same objection will lie to the sentence when thus regulated, that has already been made to the reading introduced by Theobald. The Prince undoubtedly, as Theobald observes, by the words, "Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?" alludes to Falstaff's entering in a great heat, "his fat dripping with the violence of his motion, as butter does with the heat of the sun." Our author here, as in many other places, having started an idea, leaves it, and goes to another that has but a very slight connection with the former. Thus the idea of butter *melted* by *Titan*, or the *Sun*, suggests to him the idea of *Titan's* being *melted* or softened by the tale of his son, Phaëton: a tale which undoubtedly Shakespeare had read in the third Book of Golding's translation of Ovid, having, in his description of Winter, in the Midsummer-Night's Dream, imitated a passage that is found in the same page in which the history of Phaëton is related. I should add that the explanation now given was suggested by the foregoing note.—I would, however, wish to read—*thy* son. In the old copies, *the*, *thee*, and *thy* are frequently confounded.

I am now persuaded that the original reading—*son's*, however ungrammatical, is right; for such was the phraseology of our poet's age. So again in this play: —"This absence of your *father's* draws a curtain,"—not—of your *father*. So, in the Winter's Tale:—"—— the letters of Hermione's—." Again, in King John:—"With them a bastard of the *king's* deceas'd." Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:—"Nay, but this dotage of our *general's*—." Again, in Cymbeline:

> —— or could this carl,
> A very drudge of *nature's*—.

How little attention the reading of the folio (of the *sun's*,) is entitled to, may appear from hence. In the quarto of 1613, we find—"Why then 'tis like, if there comes a hot *sun*,"—instead of a hot *June*. There, as in the instance before us, the error is implicitly copied in the folio.—In that copy also, in Timon of Athens, we find "——'twixt natural *sunne* and fire," instead of "——'twixt natural *son* and fire."—*Malone*.

I should prefer Dr. Warburton's punctuation and reading; though *butter* cannot literally *melt at a tale*, yet, as Malone has justly observed, Shakespeare's similes seldom quadrate completely. As to *pitiful-hearted* signifying *amorous*, our author, perhaps as well as Dryden, knew—

——that love was in the next degree,
'Twas but a kindred strain to move,
For *pity melts* the soul to love.

Thus the Prince's comparison is very witty: Falstaff, in his present heat, might well look like "butter in the sun," as we proverbially phrase it. To suppose him like Apollo, overcome by the solicitations of Phaëton, is, if at all admissible, to say the best of it, very flat.—*Blakeway*.

If the old copies of Shakespeare are not considered as sufficient authority for a phraseology which is common at this day, I can produce that of one of the commentators. See Mr. Edwards's note, "This observation of Mr. *Pope's*." I am however convinced, with Blakeway, that Warburton's explanation is the right one.—*Boswell*.

[35] *Here's lime in this sack too.*

Eliot, in his Orthoepia, 1593, speaking of *sack* and *rhenish*, says: "The vintners of London put in *lime*, and thence proceed infinite maladies, specially the *gouttes*."—*Farmer*.

From the following passage in Greene's Ghost-haunting Conie-catchers, 1604, it seems as though *lime* was mixed with the sack for the purpose of giving strength to the liquor: "—— a christian exhortation to Mother Bunch would not have done amisse, that she should not mixe *lime* with her ale to make it *mightie*," that is, perhaps, to make it sparkle in the glass. "Though I am not old in comparison of other ancient men," says Sir Richard Hawkins, "I can remember Spanish wine rarely to be found in this kingdom. Then, hot, burning fevers were not known in England, and men lived many more years. But since Spanish sacks have been common in our taverns, which (for conservation) is mingled with lime in its making, our nation complaineth of calenturas, of the stone, the dropsy, and infinite other diseases not heard of before this wine came in frequent use, or but very seldom. To confirm which my belief, I have heard one of our learnedest physicians affirm that he thought there died more persons of drinking wine, and using hot spices in their meats and drinks, than of all other diseases," Observations on his Voyage to the South Sea, p. 103, 1622.

Lime was formerly put in large quantities into sack to cure the tartness. It is still the custom of some wine-merchants to do so; and in the country, lime-stones or egg-shells are frequently put into beer, for the same purpose. The notes of the commentators are meagre on this subject, and it may perhaps be as well to offer some minute evidence that does not appear to have hitherto attracted attention. It is contained in a little work by Walter Charleton, M.D., entitled, "Two Discourses: the first concerning the different Wits of Men: the second, a brief Discourse concerning *the various sicknesses* of Wines, and their respective remedies *at this day commonly used*: delivered to the Royal Society," 12mo, London, 1692. I quote from the third edition, the one I possess, but it was printed as early as 1675. At p. 91 he says, "it is usual in some countries to put quick-lime either upon the grapes when they are pressing, or into the must, to the end that, by the

force and quickness of its saline and fiery particles, the liquor may be both accelerated and assisted in the working." What follows at p. 133 is still more to the purpose: "*For sack or any other wine that doth prick or boyl*, take thirty or forty of the whitest limestones you can get, slake them in a pottle of the same wine in a can; then take more wine and stir them together, and put it into your cask, and stir it well till you think it be enough: let it rest till it be fine, and it will take away the pricking, and make it drink kindly." Again at p. 180: "*How to use a butt of sack when it is musty:* take a gallon of lime, and beat it small, and put it into the butt; then take a staff and beat it, and let it stand a day or two."

To correct wines faulty in consistence, i. e. such as are lumpish, foul, or ropy; they generally make use of the pouders of burnt Alum, Lime, Chalk, Plaster, Spanish White, Calcined Marble, Bay-Salt, and other the like bodies, which cause a precipitation of the gross and viscid parts of the wine then afloat. But this being more than vintners commonly understand, they rest not in clarification alone, having found out certain specificks as it were, to palliate the several vices of wines in all sorts, which make them disgustful. Of these likewise I shall recite two or three, of greatest use and esteem among them. To correct rankness, eagerness and pricking of sacks and other sweet wines, they take 20 or 30 of the whitest lime stones, and slack them in a gallon of the wine; then they add more wine, and stir them together in a half-tubb, with a parelling staff; next they pour this mixture into the hogsheade, and having again used the parelling instrument, leave the wine to settle, and then rack it. This wine I should guess to be no ill drink for gross bodies and rheumatick brains; but hurtful to good fellows of hot and dry constitutions, and meagre habits.—*Ibid.*

For Sack that is eager.—Take 3 or 4 lime-stones that are white, put them into a can, and pour a pottle of the same wine over them, let them stand 3 or 4 hours till they are like flower; then put 2 or 3 gallons of wine more of the same, stir it well till it be like milk; then put it into your butt, let it be half an hour, then taste it, if the pricking be not gone, put more lime to it, when you find the pricking gone, then take 3 gallons of milk, the whites of 3 eggs, some bay-salt, a little conduit water, and half a pound of burnt alum beaten together, and in a short space it shall be perfect, white, and fine without pricking.—*Ibid.*

Yet none of all these are more hardly used
Then is that true good-fellow Sherry Sack;
If you should heare how much he is abused,
You needs must weepe, or else remorse you lacke;
Trodden with feete, sold like a slave, rackt, jumbl'd,
Let bloud, drawn dry, and by fell porters tumbl'd;
And least all these base wrongs should not provoke him,
With yesso they him purge, with lime they choake him.
Pasquil's Palinodia, and his Progresse to the Taverne, n. d.

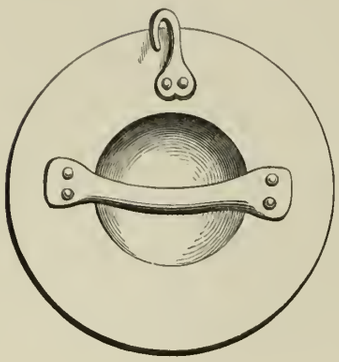
Then thirdly, which is the summe of all the businesse, and unto which few prisoners can arrive, it is allowed, and perpetuall probatum upon it, that sack, without Falstaff's discovery of lime in it, is to be taken post prandium likewise, without limitation.—*Bagnal's Ghost, or the Merry Devill of Gadmunton*, 1655.

While the young people are together, wee'l drink a cup; I would send for a pint of white wine, or half a pint of sack for you, but the vintners do play the rogues so, and put horse-flesh, dead dogs, mens bones, molossus, *lime*, brimstone, stumme, allom, sloes, and arsnick into their wine—but I'le send for a cup of wholesome ale for you.—*The Miser*, 1672.

[36] *My buckler cut through and through.*

It appears from the old comedy of the Two Angry Women of Abington, that

this method of defence and fight was in Shakespeare's time growing out of fashion. The play was published in 1599, and one of the characters in it makes the following observation:—"I see by this dearth of good swords, that sword-and-buckler-fight begins to grow out. I am sorry for it; I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then. Then a tall man, and a good sword-and-buckler-man, will be spitted like a cat, or a coney: then a boy will be as good as a man," &c.—*Steevens.*



The annexed specimen of a buckler is selected by Mr. Fairholt from one in the museum of Lord Londesborough. It is entirely formed of steel, and measures one foot across. The cut represents the under side, showing the handle crossing the raised boss in the centre, above which is the hook for suspending it to the girdle.

[37] *Their points being broken.*

To understand Poins's joke, the double meaning of *point* must be remembered, which signifies *the sharp end of a weapon* and *the lace of a garment.* The cleanly phrase for letting down the hose, *ad levandum alvum*, was to untruss a point—*Johnson.*

So, in the comedy of Wily Beguiled: "I was so near taken, that I was fain to cut all my *points.*" Again, in Sir Giles Goosecap, 1606:—"Help me to truss my *points.* I had rather see your hose about your heels, than I would help you to truss a *point.*" The same jest indeed had already occurred in Twelfth Night: "*Clo.* ————I am resolv'd on *two points. Mar.* That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall." Randle Holme also, in his Academy of Arms and Blazon, book iii. ch. iii., has given us to understand that these holders "are small wiers made round, through which the breeches hooks are put, to keep them from falling."—*Steevens.*

The fringe, or tagged laces with which the breeches were fastened, or trussed (as the expression was) to the doublet. These tags, which supplied the place of buttons, were sometimes very costly, being formed of silver, gold, and occasionally of precious stones, cornelians, agats, &c. To shew the impatience of a bridegroom, it was a custom, not indeed of the most delicate nature, to tear them off, instead of untying them, and throw them, to be scrambled for, amongst the guests.—*Gifford.*

When the hose were made to answer the double purpose of breeches and stockings, they were usually fitted very close to the limbs, and fastened, as we observed above, to the doublet, with laces called *points*, from their having points, or tags, at the end; which is perfectly exemplified by the figure holding a stone in each hand, on the hundred and thirty-sixth plate; and well explains the witticism of Poins in the first part of Henry the Fourth, where Falstaff, describing the imaginary combat between him and the men in Kendal-green, says, "*Their points being broken,*" meaning the points of their swords upon his shield; Poins, alluding to the attachment of the hose to the doublet, instantly

retorts, "*Down fell their hose;*" as the one would be the natural consequence of the other.—*Strutt.*

[38] *Greasy tallow-keech.*

The word *tallow-catch* is in all editions; but having no meaning, cannot be understood. In some parts of the kingdom, a *cake* or *mass* of wax or tallow, is called a *keech*, which is doubtless the word intended here, unless we read *tallow-ketch*, that is, tub of tallow.—*Johnson.*

The conjectural emendation *ketch*, i. e. tub, is very ingenious. But the Prince's allusion is sufficiently striking, if we alter not a letter; and only suppose, that, by *tallow-catch*, he means a *receptacle for tallow.*—*Warton.*

Tallow-*keech* is undoubtedly right, but ill explained. A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler. It is the proper word in use now.—*Percy.*

A *keech* is what is called a *tallow-loaf* in Sussex, and in its form resembles the rotundity of a fat man's belly. Shakespeare calls the *butcher's wife* goody *Keech*, in the Second Part of this play.—*Steevens.*

[39] *Were I at the strappado.*

As the strappado has been elsewhere improperly defined "a chastisement by blows," under an idea that a strap was used on the occasion, it may be necessary to take further notice of it on this occasion. It was a military punishment, by which the unfortunate sufferer was most inhumanly tortured in the following manner:—a rope being fastened under his arms, he was drawn up by a pulley to the top of a high beam, and then suddenly let down with a jerk. The consequence usually was a dislocation of the shoulder blade. Representations of this nefarious process may be seen in Breughel's print of the Punishments of the Law; in one of Gerini's fine Views of Florence, and in Callot's Miseries of War. The term is evidently taken from the Italian *strappare*, to pull or draw with violence. At Paris there was a spot called *l'estrapade* in the fauxbourg St. Jaques, where soldiers received this punishment. The machine, whence the place took its name, remained fixed like a perpetual gallows.—*Douce.*

On the fourth day of August, being Thursday, I saw a very tragicall and dolefull spectacle in Saint Marks place, two men tormented with the *strapado*, which is done in this manner. The offendor having his hands bound behind him is conveighed into a rope that hangeth in a pully, and after hoysed up in the rope to a great heigth with two severall swinges, where he sustained so great torments that his joynts are for the time loosed and pulled asunder; besides, such abundance of bloud is gathered into his hands and face, that for the time he is in the torture his face and hands doe looke as red as fire.—*Coryat's Crudities*, 1611, p. 254.

The *Half strappado*, is to have the man's hands tyed cross behind his back, and so by them to be drawn up to a considerable height, and so let down again; this in the least of it, cannot but pull either the shoulders or elbows or both out of joynt. The *Whole strappado*, is when the person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh all his joynts out of joint; which punishment is better to be hanged, than for a man to undergo.—*Holme*, 1688.

[40] *You elf-skin.*

For *elf-skin* sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *eel-skin.* The true reading, I believe, is *elf-kin*, or *little fairy:* for though the Bastard in King John compares his brother's two legs to two eel-skins stuff'd, yet an eel-skin simply bears no great resemblance to a man.—*Johnson.*

In these comparisons Shakespeare was not drawing the picture of a *little fairy*, but of a man remarkably *tall* and *thin*, to whose shapeless uniformity of length, an *eel skin stuff'd* (for that circumstance is implied) certainly bears a humorous resemblance, as do the *taylor's yard*, the *tuck*, or small sword set upright, &c. See the annexed engraving of an ancient tuck. The comparisons of the *stock-fish* and dry'd *neat's tongue*, allude to the leanness of the prince. The reading, *eel-skin*, is supported likewise by the passage already quoted from K. John, and by Falstaff's description of the *lean* Shallow in the second part of K. Henry IV. Shakespeare had historical authority for the *leanness* of the prince of Wales. Stowe, speaking of him, says, "he exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body slender and lean, and his bones small, &c."—*Steevens.*

[41] *Give him as much as will make him a royal man.*

The small matter of humour that there is in this speech, derives itself from a coin call'd—a *royal;* with which the Prince is for paying the messenger's trouble, and so making him (more than a *noble*) a *royal man.*—*Capell.*

He that received a *noble* was, in cant language, called a *nobleman:* in this sense the Prince catches the word, and bids the landlady "give him as much as will make him a royal man," that is, a *real* or *royal* man, and send him away.—*Johnson.*

The same play on the word—*royal*, occurs in the Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599:

This is not noble sport, but *royal* play.
It must be so where *royals* walk so fast.—*Steevens.*

The *royal* went for 10*s.*—the noble only for 6*s.* and 8*d.* This seems to allude to a jest of Queen Elizabeth. John Blower, in a sermon before her majesty, first said: "My *royal* Queen," and a little after: "My *noble* Queen." Upon which says the Queen: "What am I *ten groats* worse than I was?" This is to be found in Hearne's Discourse of some Antiquities between Windsor and Oxford.—*Tollet.*

[42] *Thou wert taken with the manner.*

"Maynour is when a theefe hath stolne, and is followed with Hue and Cry, and taken, having that found upon him which he stole, that is called *Maynour.* And so we use to say when we find one doing of an unlawful act, that we took him with the Maynour or Manner." Termes de la Ley, *voce* Maynour.

The expression—*taken* in *the manner*, or with *the manner*, is a forensic term, and common to many of our old dramatic writers. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Rule a Wife and have a Wife:

How like a sheep-biting rogue *taken in the manner*,
And ready for the halter, dost thou look now?

Again, in Heywood's Brazen Age, 1613:—"Take them not *in the manner*, though you may."—*Steevens.*

Manour, or *Mainour*, or *Maynour*, an old law term, (from the French *mainaver* or *manier*, Lat. *manu tractare*,) signifies the thing which a thief takes away or steals; and to be taken with the *manour* or *mainour*, is to be taken with the

thing stolen about him, or doing an unlawful act, *flagrante delicto*, or, as we say, in the fact. The expression is much used in the forest-laws. See Manwood's edition in quarto, 1665, p. 292, where it is spelt *manner.—Hawkins.*

Dr. Pettingall, in his Enquiry into the Use and Practice of Juries among the Greeks and Romans, p. 176, observes, that "in the sense of *being taken* in the fact, the Romans used the expression *manifesto deprehensus*. Cic. *pro Cluentio —et pro Cœlio.* The word *manifesto* seems to be formed of *manu*. Hence the Saxons expressed this idea by words of the same import, *hand, habend, having in the hand*, or *back berend, bearing on the back*. The Welsh laws of Hoel-dda used in the same sense the words *lledrad un y llaw—latrocinium vel furtum in manu, the theft in his hand.* The English law calls it *taken with the manner*, instead of the *mainer*, from *main*, the *hand*, in the French language, in which our statute laws were written from Westminst. primer, 3 Edward I. to Richard III. In Westminst. primer, c. xv. it is called *prise ove le mainer.* In Rot. Parliament. 5 Richard II. Tit. 96, Cotton's Abridgement, and Coke's Institutes, it is corruptly called *taken with the manner*; and the English translators of the Bible, following the vulgar jargon of the law, rendered Numbers v. 13, relating to a woman taken in the fact of adultery, by *taken with the manner.*"—"In the Scotch law it is called *taken with the faug.* See Reg. Majest. lib. iv. c. xxi. And in cases of murder manifest, the murderer was said to be *taken with the red hand* and *hot blade.* All which modes of expression in the Western Empire took their origin from the Roman *manifesto deprehensus.*"—*Reed.*

Had he Courtoys hanged whan he fonde hym *with the menowr*, he had not moche mysdon ne trespaced, sauf ayenst the crowne, that he had don justyse wythout leve.—*Reynard the Foxe*, 1481.

So, in a very scarce book entitled *A courtlie Controversy of Cupids Cautels: Conteyning Five tragicall Histories, &c. Translated out of French &c. by H. W.* (Henry Wotton) 1578: "Oh howe wise were our forefathers to forbidde wyne so strictly unto their children, and much more to their wives, so that for drinking wine they deserved defame, and being *taken with the maner*, it was lawful to kisse their mouthes, whereas otherwise men kissed but their eyes, to showe that wine drinkers were apt to further offence."

Which instructions Vadomarius following (as we may well thinke) committed those and such like outrages aforesaid; being a man from the very prime of his youth wonderous skilfull in beguiling and deceiving the world, as afterwards also he shewed, whiles hee was Marquesse or Warden of the marches in Phœnice: but being *taken with the manoir* and convict, he forbare and abstained.—*Ammianus Marcellinus, tr. Holland*, 1609.

A justice of peace threatning a fellow that was brought before him for stealing, saying sirra I'le teach you to steale: he repli'd, I thank your worship, for if I had been well taught I had stolne with more discretion then to have been apprehended *by the manour. — Chamberlain's Jocabella, or a Cabinet of Conceits*, 1640.

[43] *Into any alderman's thumb-ring.*

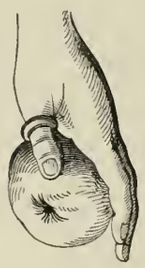
An alderman's *thumb-ring* is mentioned by Brome in the Antipodes, 1640: "— Item, a distich graven in his *thumb-ring.*" Again, in the Northern Lass, 1632: "A good man in the city, &c. wears nothing rich about him, but the gout, or a *thumb-ring.*" Again, in Wit in a Constable, 1640: "—no more wit than the rest of the bench; what lies in his *thumb-ring.*" The custom of wearing *a ring on the thumb*, is very ancient. In Chaucer's Squier's Tale, it is said of the rider of the brazen horse, who advanced into the hall of Cambuscan, that "—upon his *thombe* he had of gold a *ring.*"—*Steevens.*

The thumb-rings of Jonson's days were set with jewels of an extraordinary size. Frequent mention of them occurs in our old dramatists: from which, however,we might be led to conclude, that they were more affected by magistrates and grave citizens, than necromancers. The fashion of wearing these weighty ornaments was prevalent in Addison's time. "It is common (he says) for a stale virgin to set up a shop in a place where she is not known, where the *large thumb-ring*, supposed to be given her by her husband, quickly recommends her to some wealthy neighbour, who takes a liking to the jolly widow, that would have overlooked the venerable spinster."—*Spec.* No. 614.—*Gifford.*

It appears from Saltonstall's Picturæ Loquentes, 1635, that even the ring at country weddings was sometimes put on the bride's thumb—"and the ring put one her thumbe, as an embleme of affection, which like a circle should be endlesse."

He sunk down, and therewith stepped unto him and cut his throat; that done, he took from his *thumb a gold ring* wherein his seal was graven, and took his keys from his girdle, and so ran swiftly to the gentlemans house.—*The History of Fortunatus*, 1682.

One that is good only in riches, and wears nothing rich about him but the gout or a *thumb ring* with his grandsires sheep-mark, or granams *butter-print* on't, to seal bags, acquittances and counterparts.—*Brome's Northern Lass.*

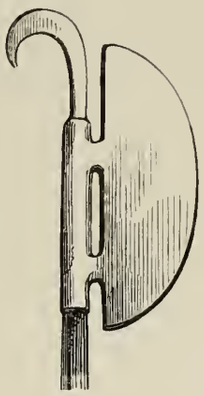


A silver thumb-ring was found at Exeter within the last few months. The seal bears the letters L. G. on a shield surrounded by the name LAUREUS. The ring is now in the possession of William Jacobson, esq., of Exeter. A ring of later date, formed of silver considerably alloyed or plated with baser metal, and strongly gilt, found in dredging in the bed of the Severn, in January last, at a place called Saxon's or Saxton's Lode, a little southward of Upton, supplies a good example of the signet thumb ring of the fifteenth century; the hoop is grooved spirally, it weighs 17 dwts. 18 grs., and exhibits the initial H. Signet rings of this kind were worn by rich citizens, or persons of substance, not entitled to bear arms. Falstaff here brags that in his earlier years he had been so slender in figure that he could readily have crept through an alderman's thumb ring, and a ring thus worn probably, as more conspicuous, appears to have been considered as appropriate to the customary attire of a civic dignitary at a much later period. A character in the Lord Mayor's show, in the year 1664, is described as "habited like a grave citizen,—gold girdle and gloves hung thereon, rings on his fingers, and a seal ring on his thumb." The annexed representation of a thumb-ring is copied by Mr. Fairholt from Hollar's emblematic engraving of Autumn, 1641, which represents a lady, in the dress of the period, offering fruit from a dish by her side.

[44] *Upon the cross of a Welsh hook.*

The *Welsh hook* was a kind of hedging bill made with a hook at the end, and a long handle like the partisan or halbert. Minsheu thus describes it:—'Armorum genus est ære in falcis modum incurvato, perticæ longissimæ præfixo.' And Florio, in voce *Falcione*, 'a *bending forest bill* or *Welch hook*.' So in the old play of Sir John Oldcastle;—"*Ser.* The king's justices, perceiving what publick mischief may ensue this private quarrel, in his majesty's name do straitly charge and command all persons, of what degree soever, to depart this city of Hereford, except such as are bound to give attendance at this assize, and that no man presume to wear any weapon, especially Welsh-hooks, and forest bills;—*Owen.* Haw! No pill, nor Wells hoog? ha?—*May.* Peace, and hear the

proclamation." Its long handle is hinted at in Westward Hoe, 1607 :—'It will be as good as a *Welch hook* for you, to keep out the other at the staves-end.' In the Insatiate Countess, by Marston, they are called—"The *ancient hooks* of great Cadwallader."—*Singer*. The annexed representation of a Welsh hook is copied by Mr. Fairholt from an original one preserved in Carnarvon Castle. The hook was used to cut a horseman's bridle, or to pull him down, and the blade to cut like the old guisarme at the end of a long staff.



Owen Glendour's Welsh hook is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in his second volume, in the Masque for the Honour of Wales, p. 33.—"*Evans*. What need of *Ercules*, when *Cadwallader*, —— *Jen*. Or *Lluellin*, or *Reese ap Griphin*, or *Cradock*, or *Owen Glendour* with a *Welse hook*, and a goat's-skinne on his back; had done very better, and twice as well."

But here is the oddes, at those Sunnes they will come upon a man with a taverne bill as sharp cutting as a taylers bill of items: a watch-mans bill, or a *Welch-hooke* falls not halfe so heavy upon a man; besides, most of the vintners have the law in their own hands, and have all their actions, cases, bills of debt, &c.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

—and you the watch,
Go stumble home; what needs a rusty bill,
A *Welch hooke*, or a halbert? Here's a Mill.
Verses pref. to Mill's Night's Search, 1640.

But Sir Bertolf with the long fingers, Lanfert and Ortam, did him more annoyance than all the rest, the one having a sharp *Welsh hook*, the other a crooked staff, well leaded at the end, which he used to play at stabball withall.—*Reynard the Fox*, 1701.

"The Welsh Glaive, which I take to be the same weapon under another name," says Captain Grose in his Treatise on Ancient Armour, "is a kind of bill, sometimes reckoned among the pole-axes;" a variety perhaps of the *securis falcata*, or probably resembling the *Lochaber axe*, which was used in the late rebellion. Colonel Gardner was attacked with such a one at the battle of Prestonpans.—*Steevens*.

The *Welsh hook*, I believe, was pointed, like a spear, to push or thrust with; and below had a hook to seize the enemy if he should attempt to escape by flight. I take my ideas from a passage in Butler's Character of a Justice of the Peace, whom the witty author thus describes: "His whole authority is like a *Welsh hook;* for his warrant is a *puller to her*, and his mittimus a *thruster from her*," Remains, vol. ii. p. 192.—*Whalley*.

The glaive is certainly a weapon of a different character. See the annexed representation of one, having upon it the arms of Burgundy, copied by Mr. Fairholt from the original preserved in the museum of Lord Londesborough.

[45] *I will do it in king Cambyses' vein.*

The banter is here upon the play called A Lamentable Tragedie mixed full of pleasant Mirthe, containing the Life of Cambises, King of Persia, by Thomas

Preston, 1570. There is a marginal direction in this play, "At this tale tolde, let the queen weep," which is probably alluded to, though the measure in the parody is not the same with that of the original. In Flecknoe's Diarium or Journall divided into twelve Jornadas, 1656, p. 97, is, "the —'s humour and resolute way of wooing, when he is in King Cambyses' vain, express'd by way of letter to his mistresse in his own words," in the course of which he says,—

All langnage so I do disdain,
That's not of King Cambyses vain,
And count all letters low and vile,
That are not written in his style.

In the prologue to the Rehearsal, 1672, mention is made of "strutting heroes," who "shall brave the gods in King Cambyses vain." Langbaine, in his Account of the English Dramatick Poets, 1691, thus speaks of Preston,—"A very ancient author, who writ a play in old fashion'd metre; which he calls *A Lamentable Tragedy*, mixed full of pleasant Mirth; containing the Life of *Cambises* King of *Persia*, *from the beginning* of his Kingdom unto his Death, his one good deed of *Execution*, *after the many wicked Deeds*, and tyrannous Murders committed by and through him; *and last of all his odious Death, by Gods Justice appointed. Done in such order as followeth;* printed 4°. Lond. —— by John Allde. In stead of naming more than Justin and Herodotus, for the true story, I shall set down the beginning of this play, spoke by King Cambises; not only to give our Reader a taste of our author's poetry; but because I believe it was this play Shakespear meant, when he brought in Sir John Falstaff, speaking in K. Cambyses Vein."—

My counsaile grave and sapient,—With lords of legal train;
Attentive eares towards us bend,—And mark what shall be sain.
So you, likewise, my valiant knight,—Whose manly acts doth fly;
By brute of fame the sounding trump—Dooth perse the azure sky.
My sapient woords, I say, perpend,—And so your skil delate:
You knowe that Mors vanquished hath—Cirus, that king of state:
And I, by due inheritance,—Possess that princely crown;
Ruling, by sword of mighty force,—In place of great renown.

"*Tuc.* I will not, my good two-penny rascal; reach me thy neuf. Dost hear? what wilt thou give me a week for my brace of beagles here, my little point-trussers? you shall have them act among ye.—Sirrah, you, pronounce.—Thou shalt hear him speak in king Darius' doleful strain.—1 Pyr. *O doleful days! O direful deadly dump! O wicked world, and worldly wickedness!*," Ben Jonson's Poetaster. Upon this it is remarked by Gifford,—"I suspect that Shakespeare confounded *king Cambyses*, with this king Darius. Falstaff's solemn fustian bears not the slightest resemblance, either in metre, or in matter, to the *vein of king Cambyses*. *Kyng Daryus*, whose "doleful strain" is here burlesqued, was a *pithie and pleasaunt Enterlude*, printed about the middle of the sixteenth century."

A few of the king's speeches from the play of Cambyses, 1570, may be worth giving, to enable the reader to form his own conclusions,—

Accursed judge, couldst thou consent—to do this cursed il?
According unto thy demaund,—thou shalt for this thy gilt
Receive thy death before mine eyes,—thy blood it shalbe spilt.
Otian, this is my minde,—therfore to me come neer:
Thy father heer for judgment wrong—procured hath his death,
And thou his sonne shalt him succeed,—when he hath lost his breth;
And if that thou doost once offend,—as thou seest thy father have,
In likewise thou shalt suffer death,—no mercy shall thee save.

Peace, my lord; what needeth this?—of this I wil not hear:
To pallaice now I wil return,—and there to make good cheer.
God Baccus he bestowes his gifts,—we have good store of wine;
And also that the ladyes be,—both passing brave and fine:
But, stay; I see a lord now come,—and eke a valiant knight.
What newes, my lord? to see you heer,—my hart it dooth delight.
Cresus said wel in saying so:—but, Praxaspes, tel me why,
That to my mouth in such a sort,—thou should avouch a lye,
Of drunkennes me thus to charge:—but thou with speed shalt see,
Whether that I a sober king,—or els a drunkard bee.
I knowe thou hast a blisful babe,—wherin thou doost delight:
Me to revenge of these thy words,—I wil go wreke this spight.
When I the moste have tasted wine,—my bowe it shalbe bent,
At hart of him even then to shoot,—is now my whole intent:
And if that I his hart can hit,—the king no drunkard is;
If hart of his I doo not kil,—I yeeld to thee in this.
Therfore, Praxaspes, fetch to me—thy yungest sonne with speed;
There is no way, I tel thee plain,—but I wil doo this deed.
Beholde, Praxaspes, thy sonnes own hart:—oh, how wel the same was hit!
After this wine to doo this deed,—I thought it very fit:
Esteeme thou maist right wel therby,—no drunkard is the king,
That in the midst of all his cups,—could doo this valiant thing.
My lord, and knight, on me attend;—to pallaice we wil go,
And leave him heer to take his sonne,—when we are gone him fro.
And I the like to you again—doo heer avouch the same.
My lord and brother Smirdis now,—this is my minde and wil,
That you to court of mine return,—and there to tary stil,
Til my return within short space—your honor for to greet.
Farewel, lord and brother mine,—farewel, with all my hart.
My lord, my brother Smirdis is—of youth and manly might;
And in his sweet and pleasant face—my hart dooth take delight.

[46] *Well, here is my leg.*

"Well, here is my leg," that is, my bow, my obeisance to my father. The annexed engraving shows how a gallant of the first order used formerly to "make a leg," in other words, a fashionable bow. "A jew never bends in the hams with casting away a leg," Gulls Hornbook, 1609.

Thus again Decker, in his Wonderful Year: "Janus, that bears two faces under one hood, made a very "mannerly *low leg*." And in another part:

He calls forth one by one, to note their graces;
Whilst they *make legs*, he copies out their faces.

Also in his Honest Whore, S. 11:

Be ready with your *legs*, then let me see
How courtesy would become him.

Of making *low legs* to a nobleman.
C. Marlow's Edward 2.

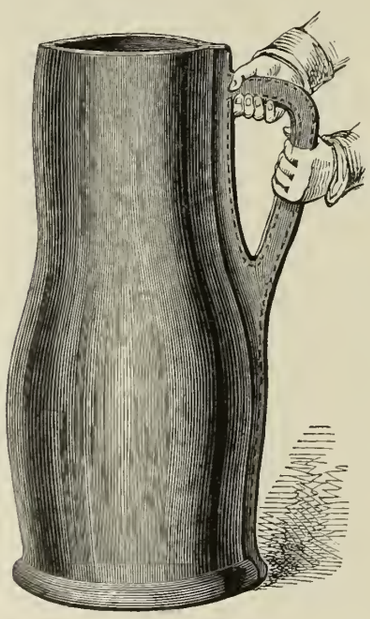
Then a stranger—no sooner enters the privy chamber, and beats about with three graceful *legs.*—*T. Killegrew's Parson's Wedding.*—*Nott.*

[47] *Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher?*

To *mich*, to skulk, or hide secretly; to play truant. "That mite is *miching* in this grove," Lilly, ed. 1632, sig. Aa. ix. Minsheu has, "to miche, or secretly to hide himselfe out of the way, as truants doe from schoole." It is still used in exactly this sense in the provinces. "To miche, to shrug or sneake in some corner, and with pouting lips to shew anger, as an ape being beaten and grinning with his teeth," Florio, p. 6. "*Miche*, to creep softly," MS. Yorksh. Gl. *Micher*, derived from this verb, may be explained, a sly thief, one who steals things of small value, or more usually, a truant or skulking fellow. "*Mecher*, a lytell thefe, *laronceau*," Palsgrave. It occurs in Rom. of the Rose, 6541, where the A. N. original reads *lierres*, voleur. "Theyves, mychers, and cut-purse," Kennett, p. 105. Grose has, "*Michers*, thieves, pilferers," as a Norfolk word, and it is also given in the same sense in MS. Lansd. 1033. "Thefes and mychers keyn," Towneley Myst. p. 216. "A blackberry moucher, an egregious truant," Dean Milles' MS. p. 180. The application of the word in the sense of truant is often found in later writers, as in our author, who is well illustrated by the following passage, "in the Forest of Dean to mooche blackberries, or simply to mooch, means to pick blackberries, and blackberries have thus obtained there the name of mooches," Heref. Gl. p. 69. "Fy, fy, it will not beseme us to playe the mychers," Elyot, ed. 1559, in v. *Apage*. "How like a *micher* he standes, as though he had trewanted from honestie," Lilly's Mother Bombie, 1594. "*Circumforarus*, a mycher," Nominale MS. "*Mike*, to idle, loiter," Salop. Antiq. p. 505. It was often used as a term of contempt; Hollyband gives it as the translation of *caignard*, and Cotgrave has, "*Chiche-face*, a chichiface, micher, sneake-bill, wretched fellow."

[48] *That huge bumbard of sack.*

The annexed engraving of an ancient bumbard will convey the propriety of this appellation better than any description.



Heywood, in his Philocothonista, or the Drunkard Opened, Dissected, and Anatomized, 1635, says, p. 45, "Of *drinking cups* divers and sundry sorts we have; some of elme, some of box, some of maple, some of holly, &c., mazers, broad-mouth'd dishes, noggins, whiskins, piggins, crinzes, ale-bowles, wassell-bowles, court-dishes, tankards, kannes, from a bottle to a pint, from a pint to a gill. Other bottles we have of leather, but they be most used amongst the shepheards and harvest-people of the countrey: small jacks wee have in many alehouses, of the citie and suburbs, tip't with silver, besides the great black jacks and *bombards* at the court, which when the Frenchmen first saw, they reported, at their returne into their countrey, that the Englishmen used to drinke out of their bootes: we have besides, cups made of hornes of beasts, of cocker-nuts,

of goords, of the eggs of estriches, others made of the shells of divers fishes brought from the Indies and other places, and shining like mother of pearle." The accompanying woodcut represents a reduced copy of one of these bumbards of the seventeenth century.

[49] *That roasted Manningtree ox.*

Manningtree in Essex, and the neighbourhood of it, are famous for richness of pasture. The farms thereabouts are chiefly tenanted by graziers. Some ox of an unusual size was, I suppose, roasted there on an occasion of publick festivity, or exposed for money to public show. This place likewise appears to have been noted for the intemperance of its inhabitants. So, in Newes from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier, by Thomas Decker, 1606 :—"Three thinges there are dog-cheap, learning, poore mens sweat, and oathes; farmers in that countrey are pettie tyrants, and landlords tyrants over those farmers; epicures grow as fat there as in England, for you shall have a slave eat more at a meale then ten of the guard, and drink more in two daies then all Maning-tree does at a Whitsun-ale." Manningtree appears to have been celebrated for its merrymakings and stage-plays. Heywood, in his Apology for Actors, 1612, says, "to this day in divers places in England there be townes that hold the priviledge of their faires, and other charters, by yearely stage-playes, as at Manningtree in Suffolke, Kendall in the North, and others." Decker, in his Seven Deadly Sinnes of London, 1606, says, "it is acted, like the old *morralls* at Maningtree, by tradesmen." See also the Choosing of Valentines, a poem, by Thomas Nashe, Ms. in the Library of the Inner Temple :

> ——or see a *play* of strange moralitie,
> Shewen by bachelrie of *Manning-tree*,
> Whereto the countrie franklins flock-meale swarme.

Again, in Decker's Seven Deadly Sinnes of London, 1606 : "Cruelty has got another part to play; it is acted like the old *morals* at *Manning-tree*." In this season of festivity, we may presume it was customary to roast an ox whole. "Huge volumes, (says Osborne in his Advice to his Son) like the *ox roasted whole* at *Bartholomew Fair*, may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford less of what is delicate, savoury, and well concocted, than smaller pieces."—*Malone.*

We find, too, that the pudding accompanied the ox at other fairs :

> Just so the people stare—At an *ox* in the fair
> Roasted whole with a *pudding in's belly.*
> *Ballad on a New Opera*, 1658.
> *Nich. Poems*, iii. 202.

[50] *The devil rides upon a fiddle-stick.*

A proverbial expression, apparently meant to denote any thing new, unexpected, and strange. Mr. Collier thinks that it may have had its origin in the dislike of the Puritans to music and dancing. In Beaumont and

Fletcher's Humorous Lieutenant, we meet with "the fiend rides upon a fiddle-stick." Hence perhaps the common notion of witches riding on brooms, their favourite occupation, according to the old chap-books, from one of which the annexed woodcut is copied.

[51] *Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.*

The price of sack varied considerably in the sixteenth century. In the reign of Henry VIII., is an act entitled "An acte to set prices upon wines to be sold by retaile," and enacts that "no maner of persons should sel by retayle any Gascoyne, Guion, or Frenche wines above eyght pens the gallon; that is to saye, a peny the pinte, two pence the quarte, four pence the pottle, and eight pence the gallon: and that Malmesies, Romneis, Sackes, *nor other swete wines*, shoulde be solde by retayle above twelve pence the gallon, sixpence the pottle, three pence the quarte, thre halfepence the pinte." (Anno 34, 35, cap. vii., 1543-4.) "Claret wine, red and white is sold for fivepence the quart and *sacke* for sixpence, muscadel and malmsey for eight."—Florio's first fruits, 1578. According to the old ballad of "Sack for my Money," it was sold at eighteen pence a quart, very nearly the price quoted in the text. The progressive increase in the prices of wine may be noted by the various proclamations, one of which, in 1632, fixes the price of "Sacks and Malagas" at £13 per butt, or ninepence the quart; and another, in 1676, at tenpence per pint. In Peacham's Worth of a Penny, 1664, sack is mentioned as worth two shillings a quart.

[52] *His death will be a march of twelve-score.*

That is, it will kill him to march so far as twelve-score yards. Ben Jonson uses the same expression in his *Sejanus:*

That look'd for salutations *twelve-score* off.

Again, in Westward Hoe, 1606:

I'll get me *twelve-score* off, and give aim.

Again, in an ancient MS. play entitled, the Second Maiden's Tragedy:

———not one word near it;
There was no syllable but was *twelve-score* off.—*Steevens.*

That, is twelve score *feet;* the Prince quibbles on the word *foot*, which signifies a *measure*, and the *infantry* of an army. I cannot conceive why Johnson supposes that he means twelve score *yards;* he might as well extend it to twelve score *miles.—M. Mason.*

Dr. Johnson supposed that "twelve-score" meant twelve score *yards*, because that was the common phraseology of the time. When archers talked of sending a shaft *fourteen score*, they meant fourteen score *yards*. So, in the Merry Wives of Windsor: "This boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easily as a cannon will shoot point-blank *twelve-score*." See, also, King Henry IV. P. II. I have therefore great doubts whether the equivoque pointed out by Mr. Mason was intended. If not, Pope's interpretation (twelve score *foot*) is wrong, and Dr. Johnson's right.—*Malone.*

Twelve-*score* always means so many *yards* and not *feet*. There is not the smallest reason to suppose that Shakespeare meant any quibble.—*Douce.*

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.
Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down?—
And uncle Worcester—a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.
Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,—
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.
Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.
Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity[1]
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets;[2] and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.
Hot. Why, so it would have done

At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had but kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.
Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born.
Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.
Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.
Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind[3]
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.
Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.
Hot. I think there is no man speaks better Welsh.—
I'll to dinner.
Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.
Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?
Glend. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command
The devil.
Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.—

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,—
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil!
Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.
Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.
Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How scapes he agues, in the devil's name?
Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?
Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally:—
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;
Which being sealed interchangeably—
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—
Within that space [*to Glend.*] you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.
Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
And in my conduct shall your ladies come,
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land

A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.[4]
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.
Mort. Yea.
But mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.
Hot. I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.
Glend. I will not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you shall not.
Hot. Who shall say me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not understand you, then;
Speak it in Welsh.
Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court;[5]
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,[6]—
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry,
And I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,[7]
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:—
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavill on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glend. The moon shines fair: you may away by night:
I'll haste the writer, and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*
Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,[8]
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,[9]
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff[10]
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devil's names
That were his lackeys: I cried "hum," and "well, go to,"
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As a tir'd horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.
Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well-read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you do cross his humour; faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.
Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:

Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, *with* Lady MORTIMER *and* Lady PERCY.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLENDOWER *speaks to* Lady MORTIMER *in* Welsh, *and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry,
One that no persuasion can do good upon.

[Lady MORTIMER *speaks to* MORTIMER *in* Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens[11]
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[Lady MORTIMER *speaks to him again.*

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[Lady MORTIMER *speaks to* MORTIMER *again.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this!

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,

And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness ;
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing :
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so ;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence ;
And straight they shall be here : sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down : come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh ;
And 'tis no marvel he's so humorous.
By'r lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical ; for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken ?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither ; 'tis a woman's fault.[12]

Lady P. Now God help thee !

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that ?

Hot. Peace ! she sings.

[*A* Welsh *song sung by* Lady MORTIMER.

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth ! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife ! "Not you, in good sooth ;" and "as true as I live ;" and "as God shall mend me ;" and "as sure as day :"
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.[13]
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath ; and leave "in sooth,"

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards,[14] and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor,[15] or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn; we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Westminster Hall. *The* King's *Privy Chamber.*

Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, *and* Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference:[16] but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you. [*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—

Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,—
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children, "This is he;"
Others would say, "Where, which is Bolingbroke?"
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,[17]
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,[18]
Soon kindled and soon burn'd; carded his state;[19]
Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,

To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;[20]
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,[21]
Heard, not regarded,—seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries;
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,—
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou, the shadow of succession;
For, of no right, nor colour, like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got

Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing-clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;

And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:—
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Sir Walter BLUNT.

How now good Blunt! thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word [22]
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
With him my son Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown;[23] I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse:[24] the inside of a church![25] Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed—three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass,—out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,[26]—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a *memento mori*:[27] I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, "By this fire, that's God's angel:" but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou

hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander[28] of yours with fire any time this two-and-thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy; so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen; have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to baker's wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell.[29] You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty-pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me?[30] shall I not take mine ease in mine inn,[31] but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's[32] worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: s'blood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINTZ, *marching.* FALSTAFF *meets the* Prince, *playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good, my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune;[33] nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox;[34] and for womanhood, Maid Marian[35] may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast! why, an otter?

P. Hen. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man for saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea,—if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break.[36]

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine,—it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded,—if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket-up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee :[37] go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests : thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason : thou seest I am pacified. —Still ?—Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court : for the robbery, lad,—how is that answered ?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee :—the money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back ; 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.[38]

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well ? O for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty or thereabouts ! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels,—they offend none but the virtuous : I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph,—

Bard. My lord ?

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,
To my brother John ; this to my Lord of Westmoreland.

[*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Go, Pointz, to horse, to horse ; for thou and I
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time.

[*Exit* POINTZ.

Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall
At two o'clock in the afternoon :
There shalt thou know thy charge ; and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning ; Percy stands on high ;
And either they or we must lower lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. Rare words ! brave world !—Hostess, my breakfast ; come :—
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum ! [*Exit.*

Notes to the Third Act.

[1] *At my nativity, &c.*

Most of these prodigies appear to have been invented by Shakespeare. Holinshed says only: "Strange wonders happened at the nativity of this man; for the same night he was born, all his fathers horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to their bellies."—*Steevens.*

In the year 1402, a blazing star appeared, which the Welsh bards represented as portending good fortune to Owen Glendower. Shakespeare had probably read an account of this star in some chronicle, and transferred its appearance to the time of Owen's nativity.—*Malone.*

[2] *Of burning cressets.*

A cresset light was the same as a beacon light, but occasionally portable. It consisted of a wreathed rope smeared with pitch and placed in a cage of iron like a trivet, which was suspended on pivots in a kind of fork. The light sometimes issued from a hollow pan filled with combustibles. The term is not, as Hanmer and others have stated, from the French *croissette*, a little cross, but rather from *croiset*, a cruet or earthen pot; yet as the French language furnishes no similar word for the cresset itself, we might prefer a different etymology. Our Saxon glossaries afford no equivalent term, but it may perhaps exhibit a Teutonic origin in the German *kerze*, a light or candle, or even in the French *cierge*, from *cereus*, because the original materials were of wax. Stowe the historian has left us some account of the marching watches that formerly paraded many of the streets of London, in which he says that "the whole way ordered for this watch extended to two thousand three hundred taylors yards of assize, for the furniture wherof with lights there were appointed *seven hundred cressets*, five hundred of them being found by the companies, the other two hundred by the chamber of London. Besides the which lights every constable in London, in number more than two hundred and forty, had his *cresset*, the charge of every *cresset* was in light two shillings fourepence, and every *cresset* had two men, one to beare or hold it, another to beare a bagge with light, and to serve it: so that the poore men pertaining to the *cressets*, taking wages, besides that every one had a strawne hat, with a badge painted, and

his breakfast in the morning, amounted in number to almost two thousand."—Survay of London, 1618, 4to, p. 160. See also Cotgrave's French Dictionary, 1611, in v. Falot: "A cresset light, such as they use in playhouses, made of ropes wreathed, pitched, and put into small and open cages of iron."—*Douce.*

The same word occurs in Histriomastix, or the Player Whipt, 1610:—

> Come, Cressida, my *cresset*-light,
> Thy face doth shine both day and night.

In the reign of Elizabeth, Holinshed says: "The countie Palatine of Rhene was conveied by *cresset*-light, and torch-light, to Sir T. Gresham's house in Bishopsgate-street." Again, in the Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London, 1590:—

> Watches in armour, triumphs, *cresset-lights.*

The *cresset-lights* were lights fixed on a moveable frame or cross, like a turnstile, and were carried on poles, in processions. I have seen them represented in an ancient print from Van Velde.—*Steevens.*

"Wrethe of olde cordes dypped in grece and pytche suche as is burned in cressettes, *tourbiginaulx*," Palsgrave.

The annexed example of a cresset is copied by Mr. Fairholt, from an original specimen preserved in the Tower of London. It is composed of iron, and is affixed to a long pole or staff. The term is still in use in some of the mining districts, applied to a fire in an iron basket.

[3] *By the imprisoning of unruly wind.*

So, in our author's Venus and Adonis:

> As when the *wind*, *imprison'd* in the ground,
> Struggling for passage, *earth's foundation shakes*,
> Which with cold terrours doth men's mind confound.

The same thought is found in Spenser's Fairy Queen, iii. 9,—

> —— like as a *boy'strous wind*,
> Which in th' *earth's* hollow caves hath long been hid,
> And, shut up fast within her *prison's* blind,
> Makes the huge element against her kind
> To *move*, and *tremble*, as it were aghast,
> Untill that it an issue forth may find;
> Then forth it breakes; and with his furious blast
> Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth overcast.

So also, in Drayton's Legend of Pierce Gaveston, 1594:

> As when within the soft and spongie soyle
> The wind doth pierce the entrails of the earth,
> Where hurlyburly with a restless coyle
> Shakes all the centre, wanting issue forth, &c.—*Malone.*

Beldame is not used here as a term of contempt, but in the sense of *ancient*

mother. *Belle-age*, Fr. Drayton, in the 8th song of his Polyolbion, uses *bel-sire* in the same sense:—

As his great *bel-sire* Brute from Albion's heirs it won.

Again, in the 14th song:—

When he his long descent shall from his *bel-sires* bring.

Beau pere in French for *father-in-law*, but the word employed by Drayton seems to have no such meaning. Perhaps *beldame* originally meant a *grandmother*. So, in Shakespeare's Tarquin and Lucrece: "To show the *beldame* daughters of her daughter."—*Steevens*.

[4] *A monstrous cantle out.*

A cantle is a corner or angle; a small piece or portion of anything. (*A.-S.*) See Chaucer, Cant. T. 3010; Morte Arthur, i. 25; MS. Morte Arthure, f. 97; Cotgrave, in v. *Eschanteler;* Middleton, v. 209; Turnament of Tottenham, xiii; Drayton's Poems, p. 58. Kennett, p. 38, says that it means "any indefinite number or dimension."

And a *cantell* of hys schylde,
Flewe fro hym ynto the fylde.
MS. Cantab. Ff. ii. 38, f. 123.

Canton, Fr. *canto*, Ital. signify a *corner*. To *cantle* is a verb used in Decker's Whore of Babylon, 1607:—

That this vast globe terrestrial should be *cantled*.

The substantive occurs in Drayton's Polyolbion, song 1:—

"Rude Neptune cutting in a *cantle* forth doth take."

Again, in A New Trick to Cheat the Devil, 1636:—

"Not so much as a *cantell* of cheese or crust of bread."—*Steevens*.

Canton in heraldry is a corner of the shield. *Cant* of cheese is now used in Pembrokeshire.—*Lort*.

The word in its strict sense signifies a small piece of any thing, but here a portion or parcel. The French having *chanteau* and *chantel*, from the Latin *quantulum*.—*Douce*.

The quartos read—*scantle*. Todd in his edition of Johnson's Dictionary, produces the authority of Lord Chesterfield for the verb—to *scantle;* to *divide into small portions*.—*Boswell*.

[5] *I was train'd up in the English court.*

Owen Glendower, whose real name was Owen ap-Gryffyth Vaughan, took the name of Glyndour or Glendowr from the lordship of Glyndourdwy, of which he was owner. He was particularly adverse to the Mortimers, because Lady Percy's nephew, Edmund Earl of Mortimer, was rightfully entitled to the principality of Wales, as well as the crown of England, being lineally descended from Gladys the daughter of Lhewelyn, and sister of David Prince of Wales, the latter of whom died in the year 1246. Owen Glendower himself claimed the principality of Wales. He afterwards became esquire of the body to Richard II., with whom he was in attendance at Flint Castle, when Richard was taken prisoner by Henry of Bolingbroke, afterwards King Henry IV. Owen Glendower was crowned Prince of Wales in the year 1402, and for near twelve years was a very formidable enemy to the English. He died in great distress in 1415.—*Malone*.

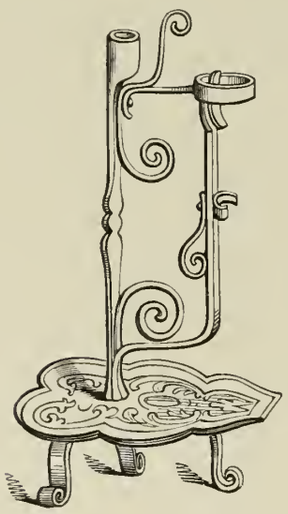
[6] *And gave the tongue a helpful ornament.*

"Glendower means," says Ritson, "that he graced his *own* tongue with the art of singing." This is surely wrong. The meaning is, that, by setting the English ditties to Welsh music, he had embellished the language in a manner that Hotspur had never done, the roughness of his speech affording neither poetry nor music. *Tongue* was rightly explained by Dr. Johnson, *the English language*. Glendower suggests that by writing verse he had improved his style. Hotspur's answer is levelled at verse not at music or speaking English.—*Douce.*

[7] *I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd.*

The word *candlestick*, which destroys the harmony of the line, is written *canstick* in the quartos, 1598, 1599, and 1608; and so it was pronounced. Heywood, and several of the old writers, constantly spell it in this manner. *Kit* with the *canstick* is one of the spirits mentioned by Reginald Scott, 1584. Again, in Chapman's Translation of Homer's Batrachomuomachia:—

Their fenceful bucklers were
The middle rounds of *cansticks;* but their spear
A huge long needle was.



The noise to which Hotspur alludes, is likewise mentioned in A new Trick to Cheat the Devil, 1636:—

As if you were to lodge in Lothbury,
Where they *turn brazen candlesticks.*

And again, in Ben Jonson's Masque of Witches Metamorphosed:

From the *candlesticks* of Lothbury,
And the loud pure wives of Banbury.—*Steevens.*

If he have so much as a *candstick*, I am a traitor, but an old hilt of a broken sword to set this light in.—*The Famous Historye of Captaine Thomas Stukeley*, 1605.

The annexed specimen of an ancient brazen candlestick is copied by Mr. Fairholt from one preserved in the rich museum of Lord Londesborough. A small candle may be placed in the upright shaft, or a larger one in the ring in front, which is provided with a spring to clasp the candle firm. The stand below receives any droppings. The whole is slightly ornamented with engraved scrolls.

[8] *With telling of the moldwarp and the ant.*

This alludes to an old prophecy, which is said to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms against King Henry. That "king Henry was the *moldwarpe*, cursed of Goddes owne mouth, and that they thre were the dragon, the lion, and the wolffe, whiche shoulde devide this realme betwene theim."—Hall's Union, 1548, Hen. IV. f. 20. So in the Mirror for Magistrates, 1559, Owen Glendower is introduced speaking of himself:—

And for to set us hereon more agog,
A prophet came, a vengeaunce take them all!
Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,

Whom Merlyn doth a *mouldwarp* ever call,
Accurs'd of God, that must be brought in thrall
By a wulf, a dragon, and a lyon strong,
Which shuld devide his kingdome them among.

The *mould-warp* is the *mole*, so called because it renders the surface of the earth unlevel by the hillocks which it raises. Anglo-Saxon *molde*, and *weorpan*.—*Steevens.*

So Holinshed, for he was Shakespeare's authority: "This, (the division of the realm between Mortimer, Glendower, and Percy,) was done (as some have sayde) through a foolish credite given to a vaine prophecie, as though king Henry was the *moldewarpe*, cursed of God's owne mouth, and they three were the *dragon*, the *lion*, and the *wolfe*, which should divide this realm between them."—*Malone.*

Senec saith that a foole may be compared to the *moldwarp*, which heareth but understandeth not, and saith that the fole lightly beleveth the good that a man speketh of him.—*Larke's Boke of Wisdome*, bl. l., n. d.

[9] *Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies.*

The supposed prophecies of Merlin formed the stock upon which those who undertook alterations in the state, usually founded the predictions which they circulated amongst the people, to prepare men's minds for the intended change. The most complete account of those to which Hotspur alludes in the text, occurs in a manuscript of those historical documents usually called Caxton's Chronicles, because first printed by the father of the English press. It is well known to antiquaries, that manuscripts of these Chronicles are not unfrequent, and that they differ in tenor and in date, some coming as far down as the reign of Henry V.; others stopping much earlier. The copy which will be presently alluded to, breaks off immediately after the deposition of Richard II., and concludes with a survey of prophecies obviously designed to favour the alliance of Glendower with Mortimer and Percy, and their plan of dividing the kingdom into three parts. Edward III. is shadowed forth as the boar of righteousness; Richard II. as the lambe; Henry as the Moldwarp; and the three conspirators, to whose insurrection success is predicted, as the lyon, wolf, and dragon. The following extract will probably be sufficient to satisfy the reader with this "skimble scamble stuff," as Hotspur terms it.

And after thys goote, seyde Merlyon, shall com a boore out of Wyndesere that shall be called the myldyste and the fayriste and most mercyfull Prynce borne, and he shall correcte hem that ben untreue, and in hys tyme shall thys londe be fulfylled with . . . . ., and this boore shall make wolves to becom lambys, and he shall be called throrough oute the worlde the boore of holynes, of nobley, of fyersnes, and of mercy, and he shall mesurably do all that he hath to don anone to the burgh of Jerlin. And alse he shall whette hys teethe upon the gatis of Paris, and Spaigne shall tremble for drede of hym. And he shall make Gascoigne for to quake, and he shall make medowris rede, and he shall gete as much as his ancetryes ded afore hym; and or that he be dede, he shall were thre crownes, and he shall put one londe in subjection and afterwarde hitt shall releved be but not in hys tyme; for his doughtynis he shall be entyred at Coleyne, and than shall this londe be fullfilled with all maner of good; and after thys boor, seyde Merlyon, shall come a lambe that shall have feete of lede and an hede of brass, and an herte of a foxsse, and a suynnys skynne, and the most party of his reyne the lond shall be in peas. And in the fyrste yere of his regne he shall do make a citté that all the worlde shall spoke therof. And also thys lambe shall lose in his tyme a grete party of his lond thorough an hydeous woolff, but he shall recover hitt agen; he shall take his lordschippes to an egle of his londe

wondir welle and worthyly unto the tyme that pryde shall him overcom, and he shall dye thoroughe his brothers sworde, and afterward shall hys londe be in pes and fullfilled with all manner of gode. And after thys lambe, seyed Merlyon, shall com a molwerp accursed of Goddis mouthe, a caytiff, a coward, and he shall have an eldryche skynne as a goote, and vengeance shall com upon hym for synne that he shall use, and hys londe shall be fullfylled with all manner of goodnes unto tyme that he shall suffir his people to lyve in gret pryde without chastysynge in gret displesaunce to God, and therefore vengeance shall com unto hym. For a dragon shall com oute of the Northe, and wer agaynste the foresayde moldwerp uppon a stone. And thys dragon shall gadir into his cumpanye a wolffe that shall com oute of the weste, and so shall the dragon and the wolff bynde hir taylis togidir. Than shall a lyon com oute of Irelonde that shall be in companye with hem, and than shall the lond tremble that shall be called Inglonde. And alse in that tyme shall many castels falle by the Temys bank, and hit shall be that Teme shall be drye with the bodies that shall fall therin, and also the chyff floodis of Inglonde renne with blood, and the moldwerpe shall fle for drede for the dragon, the lyon, and the woolf, shall dryve him oute of the londe, and the molwarpe shall have no power save only a shyppe whereto he shall wende, and he shall go to londe whan the see is drye, and com agcyne, and gef the thre partyes of his londe for to have the fourthe parte, and after that shall the moldwarpe be drowned in the flood of the see, and his seed shall be fadirles for evermore. And than shall the londe be departyed into thre partyes, oone to the woolf, another to the dragen, and the thrid to the lyon, and so shall hitt be for ever. And then shall this londe be called the londe of conqueste, and so shall the ryghtful eyris of Inglond be diseryted." The manuscript chronicle from which the above extract was written many years since, was then the property of John Clarke, Esquire, of Eldin, and was afterwards, I believe, presented by him to the present Duke of Hamilton.—*Walter Scott.*

Perhaps, at no period was the rage for these predictions at a greater height than in the reigns of Richard the second, Henry the fourth, and Edward the fourth. The reception that the Merlin of Geoffry had met with, encouraged a succession of imitators. Stimulated by the fashion of the times, and the known love of the marvellous, this class of impostors, in their additions to expressions borrowed from the original Merlin, contrived to mix up the certainties of the past with the probabilities of the future, so that the whole should carry an air of mystery; and they adapted their materials to the views of individuals, or to some particular expected occurrences. Examples of this are to be seen in numerous MS. collections of metrical and prosaic prophecies which have descended to us from the monastic libraries. The character of many of these indicates that they are referable to the above reigns; and some of them bear strong internal evidence of having been composed or accomodated to special purposes. They usually formed a part of the scanty collections of the day, and were, as the Earl of Northampton says, "chained to the desks of many libraries in England with great reverence and estimation." Their contents are often miscellaneous; but the volume not unfrequently bears the title of Merlin, whose mighty name swallows up all the rest. The list of authorities is curious. In them may be found prophecies of the Merlins Ambrosius and Sylvestris, of Gildas and Bede; the revelations of Saint Edward the king, Saint Bridget and Saint Thomas of Canterbury; prophecies of Mahomet, Hermericus, of the daughter of Saint Germanus, of an anchoret, an Italian Sybil, Toletus, Galfridus Eglyne, William Stapylton, Donakaman, Johannes de Muris.—*Webb.*

[10] *And such a deal of skimble skamble stuff.*

This cant word, formed by reduplication from *scamble*, occurs likewise in Taylor the water-poet's Description of a Wanton:

Here's a sweet deale of *scimble scamble* stuffe,
To please my Lady Wagtayle, marry muffe!

Again, in the same author,—

Or when the court remooves, or what's a clocke,
Or where's the wind, or some such windy mocke,
With such fine *scimble-scemble*, spitter spattar,
As puts me cleane besides the money-matter?

[11] *From these swelling heavens.*

"According to Steevens, *swelling heavens* are prominent *lips*. Are they not *eyes swollen with tears?* Glendower had just said that his daughter wept; and Mortimer tells his wife that he would answer the melting language of her eyes, if it were not *for shame*," Douce. A modern conjecture, *welling*, seems an unnecessary alteration.

[12] *Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.*

"It is a woman's fault," is spoken ironically. This is a proverbial expression. I find it in the Birth of Merlin, 1662:—"*'Tis a womans fault:* p—— of this bashfulness." Again:—"*A woman's fault*, we are subject to go to it, sir." Again, in Greene's Planetomachia, 1585: "—*a woman's faulte*, to thrust away that with her little finger, whiche they pull to them with both their hands." I believe the meaning is this; Hotspur having declared his resolution neither to have his head broken, nor to sit still, slily adds, that such is the usual fault of a woman; that is, never to do what they are bid or desired to do.—*Steevens.*

The whole tenor of Hotspur's conversation in this scene shows, that the stillness which he here imputes to women as a fault, was something very different from silence; and that an idea was couched under these words, which may be better understood than explained.—He is still in the Welsh lady's bedchamber.—*White.*

Without attempting to penetrate White's occult meaning, it may be questioned whether there is any ground for supposing that this scene takes place in the Welsh lady's bedchamber.—*Boswell.*

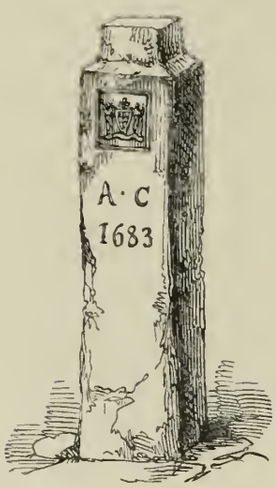
[13] *As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.*

What do you talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finsbury, or the citizens that come a ducking to Islington ponds! A fine jest, i'faith! Slid, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman.—*Every Man in His Humour.*

In 1498, all the gardens which had continued time out of mind without Moorgate, to wit, about and beyond the lordship of Finsbury, were destroyed, and of them was made a plain field to shoot in. It was called Finsbury field, in which were three windmills, and here they usually shoot at twelve score; Stow, 1633, p. 913. In Jonson's time, this was the usual resort of the plainer citizens. People of fashion, or who aspired to be thought so, probably mixed but little in those parties; and hence the contemptuous expression of Hotspur.—*Gifford.*

The xix day of Aprell was a wager shott in *Fynsbere-feld* of the parryche of the Trenete the lytyll, of vj.men agaynst vj.men, and one parte had xv. for iij., and lost the game; and after shott and lost a-nodur game.—*Machyn's Diary*, 1557.

The "theater fields" in Finsbury are mentioned in the Famous Historye of Captaine Thomas Stukeley, 1605.



Yes, here are recreations indeed, to see the wenches dry their cloaths, and the boys play at grass-cat, the archers in *Finsbury* to shoot at *rovers*, and nine-pin-alleys, &c.—*The Factious Citizen or the Melancholy Visioner*, 1685.

Some of the Finsbury marks were preserved as lately as the year 1846, as appears from the following memorandum respecting the annexed engraving communicated by Mr. Fairholt,—"I sketched this in September, 1846, in the Shepherd and Shepherdess Fields at Hoxton, just before the ground was built over, at which time it stood at the corner of a row of houses then building, and to be called Dorchester street. It was a stone about four feet in height; on the upper part was an iron plate cast with the arms of the Artillery company of London; the initials of the company and the date were incised below. There were two or three other stones which had also served as marks in these fields scattered at distances of about a quarter of a mile apart, and nearer to Islington; but they were all removed in this year."

[14] *To velvet-gards.*

"The cloaks, doublets, &c.," says Stubbs, in his Anatomie of Abuses, "were guarded with *velvet-guards*, or else laced with costly lace." Speaking of women's gowns, he adds, "they must be guarded with great *guards of velvet*, every guard four or six fingers broad at the least." So, in the Malcontent, 1606:—"You are in good case since you came to court; *garded, garded*:—Yes, faith, even footmen and bawds wear *velvet*." *Velvet guards* appear, however, to have been a *city fashion*. So, in Histriomastix, 1610:

> Nay, I myself will wear the *courtly* grace:
> Out on these *velvet-guards*, and black-lac'd sleeves.
> These simp'ring fashions simply followed!

Again:

> I like this Jewel; I'll have his fellow——.
> How?—you?—what fellow it?—gip, *velvet-guards!*—*Steevens.*

To "velvet-guards" means, I believe, to, "the higher rank of female citizens," the wives of either merchants or wealthy shopkeepers. It appears from the following passage in the London Prodigal, 1605, that a *guarded gown* was the best dress of a *city lady* in the time of our author:—"*Frances.* But, Tom, must I go as I do now, when I am married?—*Civet.* No, Franke, (i. e. Frances,) I'll have thee go like a *citizen*, in a *garded* gown, and a French hood." Fynes Morison is still more express to the same point, and furnishes us with the best comment on the words before us. Describing the dress of the various orders of the people of England, he says, "At public meetings the aldermen of London weere skarlet gownes, and their *wives* a close gown of skarlet, with *gardes* of black *velvet*." Itin. fol. 1617, Part III. p. 179.—*Malone.*

[15] *'Tis the next way to turn tailor.*

Tailors, like weavers, have ever been remarkable for their vocal skill. Percy

is jocular in his mode of persuading his wife to sing, and this is a humourous turn which he gives to his argument, "Come, sing."—"I will not sing."—"'Tis the next (i. e. readiest, nearest) way to turn tailor, or red-breast teacher." The meaning is "to *sing* is to put yourself upon a level with tailors and teachers of birds."—*Singer.*

I suppose Percy means, that singing is a mean quality, and therefore he excuses his lady.—*Johnson.*

The *next* way—is the *nearest* way. So, in Lingua, &c. 1607: "The quadrature of a circle; the philosopher's stone; and the *next* way to the Indies." Tailors seem to have been as remarkable for singing, as weavers, of whose musical turn Shakespeare has more than once made mention. Beaumont and Fletcher, in the Knight of the Burning Pestle, speak of this quality in the former: "Never trust a *tailor* that does not *sing* at his work; his mind is of nothing but filching."

The Hon. Daines Barrington observes that "a *goldfinch* still continues to be called a *proud tailor*, in some parts of England, particularly Warwickshire, Shakespeare's native county, which renders this passage intelligible, that otherwise seems to have no meaning whatsoever." Perhaps this bird is called a *proud tailor*, because his plumage is varied like a suit of clothes made out of remnants of different colours, such as a *tailor* might be supposed to wear. The sense then will be this:—The next thing to singing oneself, is to teach birds to sing, the goldfinch and the robin. I hope the poet meant to inculcate, that singing is a quality destructive to its possessor; and that after a person has ruined himself by it, he may be reduced to the necessity of instructing birds in an art which can render birds alone more valuable.—*Steevens.*

One instance may suffice, to shew that *next* has been rightly interpreted: "——and when mattens was done, the erles and the lordes went the *next* way to the deane's place to breckfast."—Ives's Select Papers, 4to. 1773, p. 165. This passage has been interpreted as if the latter member of the sentence were explanatory of the former; but surely they are entirely distinct. The plain meaning is, that he who makes a common practice of singing, reduces himself to the condition *either* of a tailor, *or* a teacher of music to birds. That *tailors* were remarkable for *singing* in our author's time, he has himself informed us elsewhere: "Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house," says Malvolio in Twelfth-Night, "that ye squeak out your *coziers catches*, without any mitigation or remorse of voice?"—*Malone.*

The annexed curious representation, of an Elizabethan tailor at work, is copied by Mr. Fairholt from a square of painted-glass in the old Tailors' Hall at Salisbury.

[16] *Must have some private conference.*

The present scene was probably suggested by the following narrative, related by Holinshed as happening in the year 1412, long after the period here indicated;—"Whilest these things were a dooing in France, the lord Henrie prince of Wales, eldest sonne to king Henrie, got knowledge that certeine of his fathers servants were busie to give informations against him, whereby discord might arise betwixt him and his father; for they put into the kings head, not onelie what evill rule (according to the course of youth) the prince kept to the offense of manie; but

also what great resort of people came to his house, so that the court was nothing furnished with such a traine as dailie followed the prince. These tales brought no small suspicion into the kings head, least his sonne would presume to usurpe the crowne, he being yet alive, through which suspicious gelousie, it was perceived that he favoured not his sonne, as in times past he had doone. The Prince, sore offended with such persons, as by slanderous reports, sought not onelie to spot his good name abrode in the realme, but to sowe discord also betwixt him and his father, wrote his letters into everie part of the realme, to reproove all such slanderous devises of those that sought his discredit. And to cleare himselfe the better, that the world might understand what wrong he had to be slandered in such wise; about the feast of Peter and Paule, to wit, the nine and twentith daie of June, he came to the court with such a number of noble men and other his freends that wished him well, as the like traine had beene sildome seene repairing to the court at any one time in those daies. He was apparelled in a gowne of blew satten, full of small oilet holes, at everie hole the needle hanging by a silke thred with which it was sewed. About his arme he ware an hounds collar set full of S S of gold, and the tirets likewise being of the same metall. The court was then at Westminster, where he being entred into the hall, not one of his companie durst once advance himselfe further than the fire in the same hall, notwithstanding they were earnestlie requested by the lords to come higher; but they regarding what they had in commandement of the prince, would not presume to doo in any thing contrarie thereunto. He himselfe onelie accompanied with those of the kings house, was streight admitted to the presence of the king his father, who being at that time greevouslie diseased, yet caused himselfe in his chaire to be borne into his privie chamber, where in the presence of three or foure persons, in whome he had most confidence, he commanded the prince to shew what he had to saie concerning the cause of his comming. The prince kneeling downe before his father said; Most redoubted and sovereigne lord and father, I am at this time come to your presence as your liege man, and as your naturall sonne, in all things to be at your commandement. And where I understand you have in suspicion my demeanour against your grace, you know verie well, that if I knew any man within this realme, of whome you should stand in feare, my duetie were to punish that person, thereby to remoove that greefe from your heart. Then how much more ought I to suffer death, to ease your grace of that greefe which you have of me, being your naturall sonne and liege man; and to that end I have this daie made my selfe readie by confession and receiving of the sacrament. And therefore I beseech you, most redoubted lord and deare father, for the honour of God, to ease your heart of all such suspicion as you have of me, and to dispatch me heere before your knees with this same dagger (and withall he delivered unto the king his dagger, in all humble reverence; adding further, that his life was not so deare to him, that he wished to live one daie with his displeasure) and therefore in thus ridding me out of life, and your selfe from all suspicion, here in presence of these lords, and before God at the daie of the generall judgement, I faithfullie protest clearlie to forgive you. The king mooved herewith, cast from him the dagger, and imbracing the prince kissed him, and with shedding teares confessed, that in deed he had him partlie in suspicion, though now (as he perceived) not with just cause, and therefore from thenceforth no misreport should cause him to have him in mistrust, and this he promised of his honour. So by his great wisedome was the wrongfull suspicion which his father had conceived against him remooved, and he restored to his favour. And further, where he could not but greevouslie complaine of them that had slandered him so greatlie, to the defacing not onelie of his honor, but also putting him in danger of his life, he humblie besought the king that they might answer their unjust accusation; and in case they were found

to have forged such matters upon a malicious purpose, that then they might suffer some punishment for their faults, though not to the full of that they had deserved. The king seeming to grant his reasonable desire, yet told him that he must tarrie a parlement, that such offendors might be punished by judgement of their peeres; and so for that time he was dismissed, with great love and signes of fatherlie affection. Thus were the father and the sonne reconciled, betwixt whom the said pickthanks had sowne division, insomuch that the sonne, upon a vehement conceit of unkindnesse, sproong in the father, was in the waie to be worne out of favour. Which was the more likelie to come to passe, by their informations that privilie charged him with riot and other uncivill demeanor unseemelie for a prince. Indeed he was youthfullie given, growne to audacitie, and had chosen him companions agrecable to his age; with whome he spent the time in such recreations, exercises, and delights as he fansied. But yet, it should seeme by the report of some writers, that his behaviour was not offensive, or at least tending to the damage of anie bodie; sith he had a care to avoid dooing of wrong, and to tedder his affections within the tract of vertue, whereby he opened unto himselfe a redie passage of good liking among the prudent sort, and was beloved of such as could discerne his disposition, which was in no degree so excessive, as that he deserved in such vehement maner to be suspected. In whose dispraise I find little, but to his praise verie much, parcell whereof I will deliver by the waie as a metyard whereby the residue may be measured." The engraving, of which the annexed wood-cut is an accurate copy, is taken from a cast in the British Museum, and appears to be a badge or kind of decorative order worn by the Princes of Wales, as members of the order of the Garter.

[17] *And then I stole all courtesy from heaven.*

Massinger, in the Great Duke of Florence, has adopted this expression:—

——— Giovanni,
A prince in expectation, when he lived here
Stole courtesy from heaven; and would not to
The meanest servant in my father's house
Have kept such distance.

Gifford, in the following note on this passage, gives the best explanation of the phrase, which the commentators have altogether mistaken:—"the plain meaning of the phrase is that the affability and sweetness of Giovanni were of a heavenly kind, i. e. more perfect than was usually found among men, resembling that

divine condescension which excludes none from its regard, and, therefore, immediately derived or *stolen* from heaven, from whence all good proceeds. The word *stolen* here means little else than to win by imperceptible progression, by gentle violence."—*Singer.*

[18] *And rash bavin wits.*

Bavins are brush-wood, or small faggots used for lighting fires. Thus in Lyly's Mother Bombie, 1594:—"*Bavins* will have their flashes, and youth their fancies, the one as soone quenched as the other burnt."

Why, fonde girle, what the eye liketh at morne, it hateth at night; Love is like a *bavyn*, but a blaze.—*Greene's Never too Late*, 1590.

In stacking of bavin, and piling of logs,
Make under thy *bavin*, a hovel for hogs;
And warmly enclose it all, saving the mouth,
And that to stand open, and full to the south.—*Tusser.*

[19] *Carded his state.*

The metaphor seems to be taken from mingling *coarse* wool with *fine*, and *carding* them together, whereby the value of the latter is diminished. The King means, that Richard mingled and *carded* together his royal state with capering fools, &c. A subsequent part of the speech gives a sanction to this explanation:

For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With *vile participation.*

To *card* is used by other writers for, to mix. So, in the Tamer Tamed, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

But mine is such a drench of balderdash,
Such a strange *carded* cunningness.

Again, in Greene's Quip for an upstart Courtier, 1620: "—you *card* your beer, (if you see your guests begin to get drunk,) half small, half strong," &c. Again, in Nashe's Have with you to Saffron Walden, 1596: "—he being constrained to betake himself to *carded* ale." Shakespeare has a similar thought in All's Well that Ends Well: "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together."—*Steevens.*

[20] *Of every beardless vain comparative.*

Of every boy whose vanity incited him to try his wit against the king's. When Lewis XIV. was asked, why, with so much wit, he never attempted raillery, he answered, that he who practised raillery ought to bear it in his turn, and that to stand the butt of raillery was not suitable to the dignity of a king, Scudery's Conversation.—*Johnson.*

I believe comparative means here, one who affects wit, *a dealer in comparisons*, what Shakespeare calls, somewhere else, if I remember right, a *simile-monger*. "The most *comparative* prince" has already occurred in the play before us, and the following passage in Love's Labour Lost, is yet more apposite in support of this interpretation:

—The world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of *comparisons*, and wounding flouts.—*Malone.*

[21] *He was but as the cuckoo is in June.*

"I sing, like the cuckoo in June, to be laughed at," Decker's Gulls Hornbook, 1609. The cuckoo, just previous to its departure hence, which is correctly the first week in July, is said to acquire a more harsh and discordant note. This

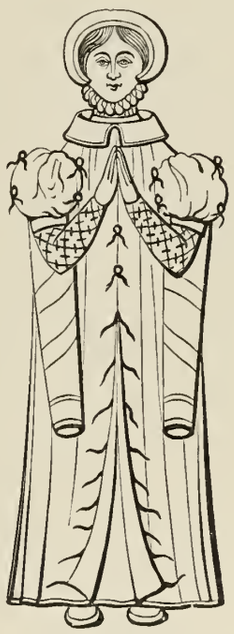
bird renews its visit to us, as correctly, in the middle of April. Again, in the Sun's Darling, a masque in which Decker joined with John Ford, we have: "I was born a *cuckoo* in the *spring*, and *lost my voice in summer*, with laying my eggs in a sparrow's nest."—*Nott.*

[22] *Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word.*

There was no such person as *Lord Mortimer of Scotland;* but there was a *Lord March of Scotland*, George Dunbar, who having quitted his own country in disgust, attached himself so warmly to the English, and did them such signal services in their wars with Scotland, that the Parliament petitioned the King to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of saving his life at the battle of Shrewsbury, as is related by Holinshed. This, no doubt, was the lord whom Shakespeare designed to represent in the act of sending friendly intelligence to the King.—Our author had a recollection that there was in these wars a Scottish lord on the King's side, who bore the same title with the English family, on the rebel side, (one being the Earl of March in England, the other, Earl of March in Scotland,) but his memory deceived him as to the particular name which was common to both. He took it to be *Mortimer* instead of *March.—Steevens.*

[23] *Like an old lady's loose gown.*

Shakespeare was here probably thinking of the fashions of his own age. The annexed engraving, a copy of a church monumental brass of the sixteenth century, exhibits a specimen of "an old lady's loose gown," no doubt of a kind similar to that here referred to.



[24] *I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's-horse.*

I suppose a *brewer's horse* was apt to be lean with hard work.—*Johnson.*

A *brewer's horse* does not, perhaps, mean a *dray-horse*, but the cross-beam on which beer-barrels are carried into cellars, &c. The allusion may be to the taper form of this machine. A *brewer's horse*, however, is mentioned in Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher, 1630: "—to think Helicon a barrel of beer, is as great a sin as to call Pegasus a *brewer's horse.*"—*Steevens.*

The commentators seem not to be aware, that, in assertions of this sort, Falstaff does not mean to point out any *similitude* to his own condition, but, on the contrary, some striking *dissimilitude.* He says here, "I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse;" just as in the Second Act he asserts the truth of several parts of his narrative, on pain of being considered as "a rogue —a Jew—an Ebrew Jew—a bunch of raddish—a horse."—*Tyrwhitt.*

That Falstaff was unlike a *brewer's horse*, may be collected from a conundrum which I found in the Devil's Cabinet Opened: "What is the difference between a drunkard and a *brewer's horse?* Because the one carries all his liquor on his back, and the other in his belly?" But *malt-horse*, which is the same thing, was a common term of reproach in our author's time. So, in the Comedy of Errors, "Mome, *malt-horse*, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch." So, in Ben Jonson's Every

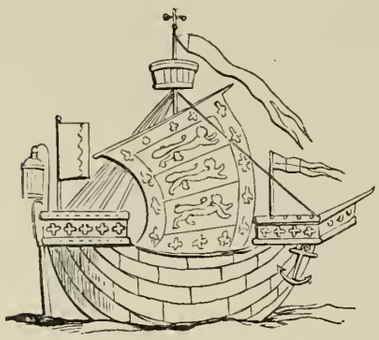
Man in his Humour,—"Why he has no more judgment than a *malt-horse*." Again, in Bartholomew Fair, "I did not tell you of his fables, I, no, no, I am a dull *malt-horse*, I, I know nothing."—*Boswell.*

[25] *The inside of a church.*

It requires no sagacity to see that the *inside of a church* is not one of those vile comparisons, as Prince Henry termed the knight's similes in a former scene; it is certainly a repetition of his confessing that he was utterly unacquainted with any place of devotion.—I believe, in the days of Shakespeare, brewers' horses did not resemble those of our days, they were probably poor jades, worn out with service; and therefore the comparison of the fat Falstaff with a lean Rosinante is not so idle. In the reign of Henry IV. the business of brewing was carried on by females. Whether the men chiefly employed themselves, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, in the occupation of brewing, I know not.—*Davies.*

[26] *Thou bearest the lantern in the poop.*

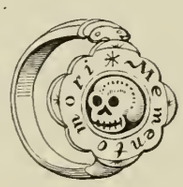
Decker, in his Wonderful Yeare, 1603, has the same thought. He is describing the Host of a country inn: "An antiquary might have pickt rare matter out of his *nose*.—The Hamburghers offered I know not how many dollars for his companie in an East-Indian voyage, to have stoode a nightes *in the Poope of their Admirall, onely to save the charges of candles*."—*Steevens.*



This appears to have been a very old joke. So, in A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pietifull, &c. by Wm. Bulleyne, 1564: "Marie, this friar, though he did rise to the quere by darcke night, he needed no candell, his nose was so redd and brighte; and although he had but little money in store in his purse, yet his nose and cheeks were well set with curral and rubies."—*Malone.*

The annexed engraving of a vessel of the early part of the fifteenth century, in which there is a lantern in the poop, is copied by Mr. Fairholt from the seal of John Holland, Lord Admiral of England, 1417.

[27] *A death's head, or a memento mori.*

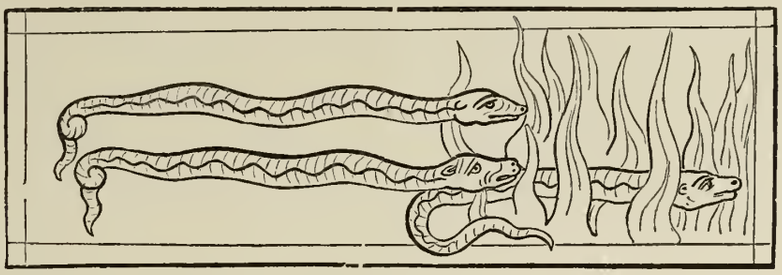


"She's mortality beyond a death's head and memento," Blind Lady, 1660. A death's head ring was, oddly enough, usually worn by a bawd. "And, as if I were a bawd, no ring pleases me but a *death's head*," Northward Hoe, 1607. "So much for her vocation, trade and life; as for their death, how can it bee bad, since their wickednesse is alwayes before their eyes, and a deathes head most commonly on their middle finger," Marston's Dutch Courtezan. The annexed engraving is a copy of a fine specimen of this ancient kind of ring.

[28] *That salamander of yours with fire.*

The same simile is found in an anecdote related in Tarlton's Jests, "At last hee espied one that sate on his left side, which had a very red face, he being a very great gentleman, which was all one to Tarlton, hee presently in great haste

called his host, Who doe I serve, my host, quoth Tarlton. The Queenes Majestie, replied the good man of the house. How happens it then, quoth Tarlton, that to her Majesties disgrace, you dare make me a companion with servingmen, clapping my Lord Shandoyes cullisance upon my sleeve, looking at the gentleman with the red face. Mee thinkes, quoth he, it sits like the Saracens Head without Newgate. The gentlemans salamanders face burnt like Etna for anger. The rest laughed heartily. In the end, all enraged, the gentleman swore to fight with him at next meeting." The annexed very early and curious engraving of salamanders is copied from an illuminated manuscript of the fourteenth century.



"There is a vulgar error," says the author of the Brief Natural History, p. 91, "that a salamander lives in the fire. Yet both Galen and Dioscorides refute this opinion; and Mathiolus, in his Commentaries upon Dioscorides, a very famous physician, affirms of them, that by casting of many a salamander into the fire for tryal he found it false. The same experiment is likewise avouched by Joubertus."

Perhaps the most curious notice on this subject is that by Topsell, 1609.—"But the greatest matter in the salamander to be inquired after is whether it can live and be nourished by and in the fire, or whether it can passe thorough the fire without any harme, or quench and put out the same. Which opinions in the very relation and first hearing, doe crosse one another, for how can that either be nourished or live in the fire, which quencheth the same beeing put into it? Aristotle, that never saw a salamander himselfe, but wrote thereof by heare-say, hath given some colour to this opinion, because he writeth, the salamander is an evidence, that the bodies of some creatures are not wasted or consumed in the fire, for (as some say) it walketh in the fire and extinguisheth the same. Now whether this beseemed so great a phylosopher to write uppon heare-say, who tooke upon him to gather all naturall learning into his owne graunge or store-house, and out of the same to furnish both the present and all future ages, I leave it to the consideration of every indifferent reader that shall peruse this story. I, for mine owne parte, rather judge it to be lightnes in him, to insert a matter of this consequence in the discourse of this beast, without either authours, or experience gathered by himselfe. This one thing I marvaile at, why the Egyptians, when they will expresse or signifie a man burnt, doe in theyr Hierogliphicks paint a salamander, except eyther fire can burne a salamander, or else contrary to all their custome, they demonstrate one contrary by another. Nicander plainely affirmeth, that the salamander dooth without all harme passe thorough the fire, and the scholiast addeth, that there are certaine passages in the skinne, out of which issueth a kind of liquour that quencheth the fire: and hee telleth a story of one Andreas, who did dippe a peece of cloth in the blood of a salamander, and tried afterward whither it would burne or not, but did not find that it would burne, wherfore he put it uppon his hand, and thrust that into the fire, and then also he felt no manner of paine. And therefore the said Nicander calleth this creature Ciporrhinon, because of a certaine fatte humour which issueth out of it, quenching the

fire, but I rather thinke that this fat humour maketh the skinne to glister, for if it were properly fatte, it would rather kindle and encrease the fire then quench or extinguish the same. Suidas followeth the common received opinion, that the salamander quencheth the fire, although it be not bredde of the fire as krckets are, like ise, and when the fire is so quenched, it is in vaine to blow or kindle the same againe with any bellowes, as they say hath beene tryed in the forges of smithes. And this also caused Serenus to write, the potent salamander is never hurt by flames. Sencca consenteth heere-unto, and Zoroastres: and so great hath beene the dotage about this opinion, that some have written that it ascendeth up to the fire neere the moone, farre above the reach of the eagles or swiftest fowles. Thus say they that write, and maintaine the salamanders abyding in the fire without harme. Now on the contrary, let us also heare their opinions, which deny this naturall operation in the salamander. Pliny affirmeth, that in his owne experience hee found that a salamander was consumed in the fire, and not the fire by it, for he saith he burned one to powder, and used the same powder in medicines. Sextius also denyeth that it quencheth the fire, and unto this opinion agreeth Dioscorides. Aetius writeth, that when it is first put into the fire, it devideth the flame, and passeth thorough speedily without harme, but if it tarry long therein it is burned and consumed, because the liquor or humiditie thereof is wasted. And this is also graunted by Galen, Theophrastus, and Niphus. And Matthæolus affirmeth that hee tryed the same, and found that if burning coales were layde uppon it, then it burned like unto any other rawe flesh, but beeing cast into the fire, it burneth not speedily. Albertus writeth, that there were some which brought to him a certaine thing which they called wooll, and said that it would not burne, but he found it not wooll, but a vapoury adhærencie of a thing which flyeth from the strokes of hammers uppon hot burning yron, and beeing collected uppon cloth, or cleaving to any part of the forge, it there becommeth in shew like yellowish pale wooll. The said authour affirmeth, that hee tooke a spyder, and layde the same upon a hot burning yron, where it continued unburned and unharmed without motion a great while, by reason of his thicke skinne and coldnesse, and unto another hee suffered a little candle to be put, which instantly put it out. And for the same causes, that is to say, both the thicknesse of the skinne, and cold constitution, commeth it to passe, that a salamander can live so long in the fire without burning or consuming to ashes, for indeed the skin thereof is so hard, that it is cutte or piereed with a knife with great difficultie; and so when the force of the fire hath broken the skinne, then also issueth foorth a cold humour, which for a season keepeth the heate out. For this beast is said to be very full of humour, and the certaintie thereof may most manifestly appeare by his full and grosse body, and also by this, that it is sildome seene to issue or come forth of his denne, except it be against raynie weather; and yet as the egges of other serpents beeing cast into a hot burning furnace, do for a season rest in the same unburned, and yet are afterward consumed, so is it with the salamander." The above rude woodcut of a salamander is copied from one in the Hortus Sanitatis, 1509.

[29] *Holland of eight shillings an ell.*

In this age of power-looms we are apt to forget the high price of clothing in old times, and to think that the hostess was imposing upon Falstaff when she charged the holland of his shirts at so high a price, but there is no ground for such a notion. Falstaff's shirts, according to this calculation, would come to about 22*s.* a piece; and we learn from Stubbes's Anatomie of Abuses, in his second edition of 1583, that the shirt of the meanest man cost at least five shillings. He thus concludes his invective upon this subject: "In so much as I have heard of shirtes that have cost some ten shillynges, some twentie, some fortie, some five pound, some twentie nobles, and (whiche is horrible to heare,) some ten pounde a peece, yea the meanest shirte that commonly is worne of any doest cost a crowne, or a noble at the least; and yet this is scarsly thought fine enough for the simplest person that is."—*Malone.*

"Aug. 10, Payd to James Holford for three qrs. of fine Holland, at 8*s.* the ell, 6*s.*," Journal of the Rev. Giles Moore, 1668. Holland is charged at seven shillings an ell in a mercer's bill dated in November, 1710.

[30] *Will you make a younker of me?*

Younker is here used for a novice, a dupe, or a person thoughtless through inexperience. So in the Merchant of Venice:—

> How like a *younker*, and a prodigal,
> The scarfed bark puts from her native bay.

Again in Gascoigne's Glass for Government, 1575:—"These *yonkers* shall pay for the rost." See Spenser's Eclogue on May, and Sir Tho. Smith's Commonwealth of England, book i. ch. xxiii. This contemptuous distinction is likewise very common in the old plays. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Elder Brother:—

> "I fear he'll make an ass of me, a *yonker*."

I learn, however, from Smith's Sea-Grammar, 1627, (there was an earlier edition,) that one of the senses of the term *younker*, was "the young men" employed "to take in the topsailes." They are mentioned as distinct characters from the sailors, who "are the *ancient* men for hoisting the sailes," &c.—*Steevens.*

[31] *Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?*

There is a peculiar force in these words. "To take mine ease in mine inne," was an ancient proverb, not very different in its application from that maxim, "Every man's house is his castle!" for *inne* originally signified *a house* or *habitation.* Sax., inne, *domus*, *domicilium.* When the word *inne* began to change its meaning, and to be used to signify *a house of entertainment*, the proverb, still continuing in force, was applied in the latter sense, as it is here used by Shakespeare: or perhaps Falstaff here humorously puns upon the word *inne*, in order to represent the wrong done him more strongly. In John Heywood's Works, 1598, is "a dialogue wherein are pleasantly contrived the number of all the effectual proverbs in our English tongue, &c. together with three hundred epigrams on three hundred proverbs." In ch. vi. is the following:—

> Resty welth willeth me the widow to winne,
> To let the world wag, and *take my ease in mine inne.*

And among the epigrams is: [26. *Of Ease in an Inne.*]

> Thou *takest thine ease in thine inne*, so nye thee,
> That no man in his inne can take ease by thee.

Otherwise:

Thou *takest thine ease in thine inne*, but I see,
Thine *inne* taketh neither ease nor profit by thee.

Now in the first of these distichs the word *inne* is used in its ancient meaning, being spoken by a person who is about to marry a widow for the sake of a home, &c. In the two last places, *inne* seems to be used in the sense it bears at present.—*Percy.*

Inne, for a habitation, or a recess, is frequently used by Spenser, and other ancient writers. So, in A World toss'd at Tennis, 1620: "These great rich men must *take their ease in their inn*." Again, in Greene's Farewell to Follie, 1617: "The beggar Irus that haunted the palace of Penelope, would *take his ease in his inne*, as well as the peeres of Ithaca."—*Steevens.*

I believe *inns* differed from *castles*, in not being of so much consequence and extent, and more particularly in not being fortified. So *inns* of court, and in the universities, before the endowment of colleges. Thus, Trinity college, Cambridge, was made out of and built on the site of several *inns*.—*Lort.*

These great rich men must *take their ease i' their inn*: they'll walk you a long mile or two to get a stomach for their victuals, but not a piece of a furlong to get an appetite to their prayers.—*The World Tost at Tennis.*

[32] *A seal-ring of my grandfather's.*

Is the appearance of copper so much like gold, that one may be mistaken for the other? Formerly, about the time of Falstaff's grandfather, gold was a scarce commodity in England, so scarce that they frequently made rings of copper, and plated them thinly with gold. I have seen two or three of them. As the look of both was alike, Falstaff might insist upon its being gold; on the contrary, the Prince, from the quality of the wearer, and lightness of the ring, might with equal fairness maintain, that it was only plated.—*Anon.*

If his understanding were not honester then his will, no man should keepe a good conceit by him, for he thinkes it no theft to sell all he can to opinion. His pedigree and his father's *seale-ring*, are the stilts of his crazed disposition.—*Overbury's New and Choise Characters*, 1615.

Item, I give and bequeath to the Corporation of God's-Gift College aforesaid, these goods and implements following, that is to say: first, my *seal ring* with my arms, to be worn by the Master and his successors. Next I appoint that a common seal shall be made for the said College, at the charge of my executors, which said two seals shall be repaired by the College as often as need shall require.—*Alleyn's Will*, 1626.

This seems to have been the usual price of such a ring about Falstaff's time. In the printed Rolls of Parliament, vol. vi. p. 140, we meet with "A *signet of gold*, to the value of xl. marcs."—*Ritson.*

The first specimen of a seal-ring is that of Richard Quiney, 1598, the engraving representing an impression from it, from one attached to a letter. The second specimen is Shakespeare's own seal-ring, or rather the one of his age generally attributed to him.

[33] *Than in a stewed prune.*

Stewed prunes were to be found in every brothel. So, in Maroccus Extaticus, or Bankes's Bay Horse in a Trance, 1595: "With this stocke of wenches will this trustie Roger and his Bettrice set up, forsooth, with their pamphlet pots and *stewed prunes*, &c. in a *sinful saucer*," &c.

This is shee that laies wait at all the carriers for wenches new come up to London, and you shall know her dwelling by a dish of *stewd pruins* in the window, and two or three fleering wenches sit knitting or sowing in her shop.—*Lodge's Wits Miserie*, 1596, p. 38.

She hath onely this one shew of Temperance, that let a gentleman send for tenne pottles of wine in her house, hee shall have but ten quarts; and if he want it that way let him pay for't, and take it out in *stewde prunes*.—*Overbury's New and Choise Characters*, 1615.

[34] *No more truth in thee than in a drawn fox.*

That is, a fox drawn over the ground to leave a scent, and keep the hounds in exercise, while they are not employed in a better chase. It is said to have no truth in it, because it deceives the hounds, who run with the same eagerness as if they were in pursuit of a real fox.—*Heath.*

I am not, however, confident that this explanation is right. It was formerly supposed that a *fox* when *drawn* out of his hole, had the sagacity to *counterfeit death*, that he might thereby obtain an opportunity to escape. For this information I am indebted to Mr. Tollet, who quotes Olaus Magnus, xviii. 39, "Insuper finget se mortuam," &c. This particular and many others relative to the subtility of the fox, have been translated by several ancient English writers.—*Steevens.*

The quotation from Olaus Magnus does not support Steevens's assertion that the fox when *drawn* out of his hole was supposed to counterfeit death; for it is stated by that writer, and indeed by others, that he uses this device when hungry, to attract the birds, who mistake him for carrion. The following passage from Turbervile's Noble Arte of Venery or Hunting is offered, but with no great confidence, as a possible illustration of the phrase in question: "Foxes which have been beaten have this *subtletie* to *drawe* unto the largest part of the burrow where three or foure angles meete together, and there to stand at baye with the terriers, to the ende they may afterwardes shift and goe to which chamber they list."—*Douce.*

A *drawn fox* is a hunted fox: "When we beat the bushes, &c. after the fox we call it *drawing*," Gent. Recr. Hunting, p. 17. The tricks and artifices of a hunted fox were supposed to be very extraordinary. Morose, a cunning avaricious old man, is called "that *drawn fox*," Beaumont and Fletcher's Woman's Prize, i. 2.—*Nares.*

[35] *Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife.*

Maid Marian was one of the characters in the ancient morris dance, generally a man dressed like a woman, sometimes a strumpet; and therefore forms an allusion to describe women of a masculine character. In Laneham's Letter from Kenilworth or Killingworth Castle, a brideale is described, in which mention is made of "a lively Moris dauns, according too the auncient manner: six dauncerz, *Mawdmarion*, and the fool." Again, Dr. Gabriel Harvey, in his *Pierce's Supererogation*, 4to. 1593, speaking of Long Meg of Westminster, says—"Although she were a lusty bouncing rampe, somewhat like Gallemetta or *maid Marian*, yet she was not such a roinish rannel, such a dissolute gillian-flirt," &c. In Blount's Glossographia, 1656, the *Morisco* is defined, "a dance wherein there were usually five men and a boy dressed in a girles habit, whom they call *Maid*

Marrian." Maid Marian was very frequently personated by a man. In Randolph's Amyntas, Act v., the stage direction is, "Jocastus with a morrice, himselfe *Maid-marrion*."

The best account of this character is thus given by Douce,—"None of the materials that constitute the more authentic history of Robin Hood, prove the existence of such a character in the shape of his mistress. There is a pretty French pastoral drama of the eleventh or twelfth century, entitled *Le jeu du berger et de la bergere*, in which the principal characters are *Robin* and *Marion*, a shepherd and shepherdess. Warton thought that our English Marian might be illustrated from this composition; but Ritson is unwilling to assent to this opinion, on the ground that the French Robin and Marion "are not the Robin and Marian of Sherwood." Yet Warton probably meant no more than that the name of Marian had been suggested from the above drama, which was a great favourite among the common people in France, and performed much about the season at which the May games were celebrated in England. The great intercourse between the countries might have been the means of importing this name amidst an infinite variety of other matters; and there is indeed no other mode of accounting for the introduction of a name which never occurs in the page of English history. We have seen that the story of Robin Hood was, at a very early period, of a dramatic cast; and it was perfectly natural that a principal character should be transferred from one drama to another. It might be thought likewise that the English Robin deserved his Marian as well as the other. The circumstances of the French Marian being acted by a boy contributes to support the above opinion; the part of the English character having been personated, though not always, in like manner. Little, if any, stress can be laid on the authority of an old play cited by Steevens to prove that "*Maid Marian* was originally a name assumed by *Matilda*, the daughter of Robert Lord Fitzwater, while Robin Hood remained in a state of outlawry." This is rather to be considered as a dramatic fiction, designed to explain a character the origin of which had been long forgotten. Maid Marian not only officiated as the paramour of Robin Hood in the May games, but as the Queen or Lady of the May, who seems to have been introduced long before the games of Robin Hood. In the isle of Man they not only elected a queen of May, but likewise a queen of winter. Gatherings for the May lady, as anciently for Robin Hood, were lately kept up at Cambridge, but in a corrupted form, the real occasion of this ceremony being, in all probability, quite unknown to the gatherers. Maid Marian was usually dressed according to the fashion of the time, as we may collect from the figures of her in Tollett's window, and Israel's engraving. In both the kirtle and petticoat are alike; and the pendant veil is supported by the hand. The English figure holds a flower, and has a fancy coronet as *queen of the May*. The other has apparently an apple in her hand, and her steeple head-dress is what was actually worn in the middle of the fifteenth century by queens and ladies of high rank. Barnaby Rich, who wrote in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., inveighing against the foppery of men's apparel, exclaims, in his Honestie of this Age, 1615, "And from whence commeth this wearing, and this embroidering of long locks, this curiosity that is used amongst men, in frizeling and curling of their haire, this gentlewoman-like starcht bands, so be-edged and belaced, *fitter for Maid Marion in a Moris dance*, then for him that hath either that spirit or courage that shold be in a gentleman?" It appears that the Lady of the May was sometimes carried in procession on men's shoulders; for Stephen Batman speaking of the Pope and his ceremonies, states that he is carried on the backs of four deacons, "after the maner of carying whytepot queenes in Western May games." Her usual gait was nice and affected. Thus in the description of the family visit to the royal guest, in the old ballad of the Miller of Mansfield:

And so they jetted down towards the king's hall:
The merry old miller, with his hands on his side;
His wife, like Maid Marian, did *mince* at that tide.

"But although the May-lady was originally a character of some delicacy and importance, she appears to have afterwards declined in both respects. In the time of Elizabeth she was usually represented by some smooth-faced and effeminate youth. Falstaff tells the hostess, that "for *womanhood* Maid Marian may be the Deputy's wife of the ward to her;" meaning perhaps that she was as masculine in her appearance as the country clown who personated Maid Marian: and in Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas, Dorothea desires her brother to conduct himself with more gentleness towards his mistress, unless he would choose to marry Malkyn the May Lady; another allusion to the degraded state of Maid Marian, who is here assimilated to a vulgar drudge or scullion both in name and condition. But during the whole of her existence mirth and gaiety were her constant companions. The translator of the Hospitall of Incurable Fooles, 1600, 4to, speaking of Acco, the old woman who became mad on beholding her ugliness in a mirror, says that "one while shee could be *as merrie as Maid Marrian*." Nor was this character, even in later times, *uniformly* vulgar. Every one will call to mind Nicholas Breton's pretty sonnet of Phyllida and Corydon, where the shepherdess,

". . . . with garlands gay
Was made the Lady of the Maye."

The accompanying engraving, representing Robin Hood and Maid Marian, is copied from one attached to a black-letter ballad of the seventeenth century entitled, "A famous Battle between Robin Hood and Maid Marian, declaring their love, life, and liberty."

[36] *I pray God, my girdle break.*

Alluding to the old adage—"ungirt, unblest." Thus, in the Phantastick Age, an ancient ballad:

Ungirt, *unblest*, the proverbe sayes,
And they, to prove it right,
Have got a fashion now adayes
That's odious to the sight:
Like Frenchmen, all on points they stand,
No *girdles* now they wear, &c.

Perhaps this ludicrous imprecation is proverbial. So, in 'Tis Merry when Gossips Meet, a poem, 4to. 1609:

How say'st thou, Besse? shall it be so, girle? speake:
If I make one, *pray God my girdle break!*—*Steevens.*

This wish had more force formerly than at present, it being once the custom to wear the purse hanging by the girdle; so that its breaking, if not observed by the wearer, was a serious matter.—*Malone.*

Widow. I hope you will, sir: I was bred in Ireland, where the women begin the salutation.—*Tim.* I wonnot kiss, truly.—*Widow.* Indeed you must.—*Tim.*

Wou'd my girdle may break if I do.—*A Match at Midnight.* So in Massinger's Maid of Honour, Sylli says, "The King— *break girdle, break!*"

[37] *Hostess, I forgive thee.*

The frontispiece to the Wits, or Sport upon Sport, printed for Henry Marsh, 1662, represents the interior of the Red Bull Theatre, supposed to be taken from the front of the stage, the point of sight being on a level with the foot-lights. The spectators are also ranged along the sides of the stage, on which stand *Falstaff and the Hostess*, Claus, the French Dancing-Master, the Changeling, and Simpleton the Smith. The figures on the stage are supposed to be portraits of the popular actors in these drolls. The one playing Simpleton is known to be Robert Cox, then a great favourite, of whom the publisher thus speaks in his preface: "I have seen the Red Bull playhouse, which was a large one, so full, that as many went back for want of room as had entered. Robert Cox, a principal actor and contriver of these pieces, how have I heard him cryed up for his John Swabber, and Simpleton the Smith; in which latter, he being to appear with a large piece of bread and butter on the stage, I have frequently known some of the female spectators to long for it."

[38] *Do it with unwashed hands too.*

That is, do it immediately, or the first thing in the morning, even without staying to wash your hands. So in the More the Merrier, a collection of Epigrams, 1608:

———as a school-boy dares
Fall to *ere wash'd his hands*, or said his prayers.

Perhaps, however, Falstaff alludes to the ancient adage:—*Illotis manibus tractare sacra.* I find the same expression in Acolastus, a comedy, 1540: "Why be these holy thynges to be medled with *with unwashed hands?*"—*Steevens.*

I cannot accede to this explanation. It appears to me that Falstaff means to say, do it without retracting, or repenting of it. When a man is unwilling to engage in a business proposed to him, or to go all lengths in it, it is a common expression to say,—I *wash my hands* of it; and in the Gospel of St. Matthew, we find that when Pilate was forced to condemn Christ by the tumult of the multitude, "he took water, and *washed his hands*, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person." And in King Richard III. the second Murderer says:

———a bloody deed!
How fain, like Pilate, would I *wash my hands*
Of this most grievous guilty murder done.—*M. Mason.*

This explanation derives some confirmation from Falstaff's preceding speech,—"O I do not like this *paying back*, it is a double labour."—*Ibid.*

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, *and* Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.
Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.[1]
Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.—

Enter a Messenger *with letters.*

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.
Mess. These letters come from your father,—
Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?
Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.

Hot. Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.[2]
Wor. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.
Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—
He writes me here, that inward sickness,—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it:—were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read[3]
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.
Doug. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,

If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt[4]
Brook no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the offering side[5]
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,[6]
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use:—
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.
Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.
Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.
Hot. No harm:—what more?
Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,[7]
And his comrades, that daff the world aside,
And bid it pass?
Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plum'd like estridges[8] that with the wind;[9]
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;[10]
Glittering in golden coats, like images;[11]
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,[12]
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours.—Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.—
O that Glendower were come!
Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.
Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.
Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.
Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thousand.
Hot. Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us take a muster speedily :
Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily.
Doug. Talk not of dying : I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one half-year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Public Road near Coventry.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry ; fill me a bottle of sack : our soldiers shall march through ; we'll to Sutton-Cop-hill to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour ; and if it make twenty, take them all ; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain : farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet.[13] I have misused the king's press damnably.[14] I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders,[15] yeomen's sons ; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans ; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum ; such as fear the report of a caliver[16] worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck.[17] I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter,[18] with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services ; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus[19] in the painted cloth,[20] where the glutton's dogs licked his sores ; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers,[21] revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen ; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace ;[22] ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient :[23] and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad

fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets,[24] and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but[25] a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves;[26] and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.[27]

Enter Prince HENRY *and* WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack! how now, Quilt![28]

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare,—too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.
Wor. It may not be.
Doug. You give him, then, advantage.
Ver. Not a whit.
Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.
Ver. Do not, my lord.
Doug. You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.
Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,—
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:—
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.
Doug. Yea, or to-night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To-night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.
Hot. So are the horses of the enemy

In general, journey-bated and brought low :
The better part of ours are full of rest.
Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours :
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.
Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name
Because you are not of our quality,[29]
But stand against us like an enemy.
Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty!
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs;[30] and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
Which he confesseth to be manifold,—
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.
Hot. The king is kind; and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself,[31]
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,[32]
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,—

My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,[33]
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.
In short time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state:[34]
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,—
Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king,—to be engag'd in Wales,[35]
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry

Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?
Hot. Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so, farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.
Hot. And may be so we shall.
Blunt. Pray God you do.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—York. *A Room in the* Archbishop's *House.*

Enter the Archbishop of York *and* Sir MICHAEL.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.
Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,—
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,—
Who with them was a rated sinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,—
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear; there is
Douglas
And Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:—
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivals,[36] and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.
Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,—
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so, farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

[1] *But I will beard him.*

To *beard* is to oppose face to face in a hostile or daring manner. So, in Drayton's Quest of Cynthia:—

That it with woodbine durst compare
And *beard* the eglantine.

Again, in Macbeth:—

—— met them dareful, *beard* to *beard.*

Again, in Chapman's version of the first Iliad:—

—— or in this proud kind bear
Their *beards* against me.

This phrase, which soon lost its original signification, appears to have been adopted from romance. In ancient language, to *head* a man, was to *cut off his head*, and to *beard* him, signified to *cut off his beard;* a punishment which was frequently inflicted by giants on such unfortunate princes as fell into their hands. So, Drayton, in his Polyolbion, Song 4:—

And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,
Made of the *beards* of kings.—*Steevens.*

——— suffer uncontrol'd
These barons thus *to beard* me in my land.—*Marlowe.*

[2] *Not I, my lord.*

The line should be read and divided thus:—

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I.
Hot. His mind!

Hotspur had asked, "who leads his powers?" The Messenger answers, "His letters bear his mind." The other replies, "His mind!" As much as to say, I enquire not about his mind, I want to know where his powers are. This is natural, and perfectly in character.—*Warburton.*

The earliest quarto, 1598, reads—"not I my *mind;*"—the compositor having

inadvertently repeated the word *mind*, which had occurred immediately before; an error which often happens at the press. The printer of the third quarto, in 1604, not seeing how the mistake had arisen, in order to obtain some sense, changed *my* to *his*, reading, "not I *his* mind," which was followed in all the subsequent ancient editions. The present correction, which is certainly right, was made by Capell. In two of the other speeches spoken by the Messenger, he uses the same language, nor is it likely that he should address Hotspur without this mark of respect. In his *first* speech the Messenger is interrupted by the impetuosity of the person whom he addresses, to whom, it may be supposed, he would otherwise have there also given his title.—*Malone.*

I have followed Malone in printing this *first* speech with a break after—*father*, ——. At the same time I suspect that the word—*come*, which deprives the sentence of all pretensions to harmony, was a playhouse interpolation, and that the passage originally ran as follows:—"These letters from your father——."—*Steevens.*

[3] *For therein should we read.*

To read the bottom and the soul of hope, and the bound of fortune, though all the copies, and all the editors, have received it, surely cannot be right. I can think on no other word than *risque:*

—— therein should we *risque*
The very bottom, &c.

The *list* is the *selvage;* figuratively, the utmost line of circumference, the utmost extent. If we should with less change read *rend*, it will only suit with *list*, not with *soul* or *bottom.*—*Johnson.*

I believe the old reading to be the true one. So, in King Henry VI. Part II.:—

—— we then should *see the bottom*
Of all our fortunes.—*Steevens.*

I once wished to read—*tread*, instead of *read;* but I now think, there is no need of alteration. To *read a bound* is certainly a very harsh phrase, but not more so than many others of Shakespeare. At the same time that *the bottom* of their fortunes should be displayed, its *circumference* or boundary would be necessarily exposed to view. *Sight* being necessary to reading, *to read* is here used, in Shakespeare's licentious language, for *to see.* The passage quoted by Steevens from Henry VI. strongly confirms this interpretation. To it may be added this in Romeo and Juliet:—

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
Which *sees* into the *bottom* of my grief?

And this in Measure for Measure:

—— and it concerns me
To *look* into the *bottom* of my place.

One of the phrases in the text is found in Twelfth Night:—"She is the *list* of my voyage." The other (the *soul* of hope) occurs frequently in our author's plays, as well as in those of his contemporaries. Thus, in A Midsummer Night's Dream, we find—"the *soul* of counsel;" and in Troilus and Cressida—"the *soul* of love." So also, in Lust's Dominion:—

——— Your desperate arm
Hath almost thrust quite through *the heart of hope.*—*Malone.*

There has been much perplexity caused by the word *read* in this passage. Some say *read* means 'to see,' others that it is used in its old signification 'to

discover or unravel,' as, 'Arede my riddle.' But is it well to speak of either seeing or discovering by *a desperate battle* "the bottom and the soul of hope, the *list* and *utmost bound* of fortune?" In case of such a battle, the bottom and the soul of hope, the list and utmost bound of fortune, are not seen, not discovered, not read; but they are *reached*. "Reade," as the word stands in the folio, is an evident and a very easy misprint for *reach*. In much manuscript *ch* resembles even *d*.—*R. G. White*.

[4] *The quality and hair of our attempt.*

The *hair* is put for, the complexion or character. The metaphor appears harsh, but, perhaps, was familiar in our author's time. We still say something is *against the hair*, as *against the grain*, that is, against the natural tendency.—*Johnson*.

In an old comedy called the Family of Love, I meet with an expression which, very well supports Dr. Johnson's explanation: "—— They say I am of the right *hair*, and indeed they may stand to't." Again, in the Coxcomb, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

—— since he will be
An ass against the *hair*.—*Steevens*.

This word is used in the same sense in the old interlude of Tom Tyler and his Wife, 1598:—"But I bridled a colt of a contrarie *haire*."—*Malone*.

To the quotations already adduced in defence of Johnson's explanation I have to add, not only—"A lady of my *hair* cannot want pitying," Fletcher's Nice Valour, act i. sc. 1, but also another passage which proves indisputably that the Doctor was right. In the play of Sir Thomas More (MS. Harl. 7368), a fellow named Faulkner is brought in custody before Sir Thomas; and when the said Faulkner,—who in consequence of a vow wears *his hair very long*,—tells Sir Thomas that he is servant to a secretary, we find (fol. 12);

Moore. A fellow of your *haire* is very fitt
To be a secretaries follower!—

Sir Thomas using the word with a quibble,—"grain, texture, complexion, character."—*Dyce*.

Hair was anciently used metaphorically for the *colour*, *complexion*, or *nature* of a thing. *Pelo* (in Italian) is used for the *colour* of a horse, also for the *countenance* of a man: and *poil*, in French, has the same significations; *esser d'un pelo*, *estre d'un poil*, to be of the same *hair*, quality, or condition.—*Singer*.

A studie thay fonden swyth fayre,
And a stude of good *eeir*.—*Seven Sages*, ed. Wright, p. 5.

Gar. But what more sayes it, good Fawne?—*Her*. Faith, lady, very strange thinges! It sayes that some ladies *of your hayre* shall have feeble hams, short memories, and very weake eye sight, so that they shall mistake their owne page, or even brother-in-law, sometimes for their husbandes.—*Marston's Parasitaster*, 1606.

An husband was all her care, and many grave men she had choice of, but she gave small intertainement to any of their *haire*, she had rather have the legge of a larke, then the body of a kite; yet the feathers hang in her maw, which she cannot digest nor vomite, till death lance her throate with his razor.—*Nixon's Strange Foot-post*, 1613.

The commentator, by the word *hair*, in this place, understands *complexion* or *character*, and finds fault with the harshness of the metaphor. But I think, from the last part of the sentence, that the poet meant the expression literally.

Worcester compares the slightness of their cause to a single *hair*, which is a thing of too subtle a nature to bear being *divided*.—*Griffith*.

[5] *We of the offering side.*

All the latter editions read, *offending*, but all the older copies which I have seen, from the first quarto to the edition of Rowe, read—"we of the *off'ring* side." Of this reading the sense is obscure, and therefore the change has been made; but since neither *offering* nor *offending* are words likely to be mistaken, I cannot but suspect that *offering* is right, especially as it is read in the copy of 1599, which is more correctly printed than any single edition, that I have yet seen, of a play written by Shakespeare. The *offering side* may signify that party, which, acting in opposition to the law, strengthens itself only by *offers;* increases its numbers only by *promises*. The king can raise an army, and continue it by threats of punishment; but those, whom no man is under any obligation to obey, can gather forces only by *offers* of advantage: and it is truly remarked, that they, whose influence arises from *offers*, must keep danger out of sight. The *offering side* may mean simply the *assailant*, the challenging side in opposition to the *defendant;* and it is likewise true of him that *offers* war, or makes an invasion, that his cause ought to be kept clear from all objections. Baret renders, '*Attentare* pudicitiam puellæ, to *assaile* a maydens chastitie; to *offer*.'—*Johnson*.

[6] *Draws a curtain.*

To *draw* a curtain had anciently the same meaning as to *undraw* one has at present. So, in a stage direction in King Henry VI. Part II. (quarto, 1600,) "Then the *curtaines* being *drawne*, Duke Humphrey is *discovered* in his bed." *Fear*, in the present instance, signifies a terrific object.—*Steevens*.

[7] *The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales.*

According to the old chronicler, Titus Livius,—"This Prince was in stature beyond the middle size, of a handsome face, long neck, slender person, and neat limbs, yet of wonderful strength and swiftness in running; insomuch that without dogs or bow, with two attendants only, he could catch that swiftest of beasts the deer. He took delight in music, but in feats of the chace or military exercises was moderate, as well as in other amusements of that kind during the King his father's time." Stowe says, "he was passing swift in running, insomuch that he with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild buck, or doe, in a large park."

[8] *All plum'd like estridges.*

Malone's notion, that a line had been omitted, has not my concurrence. Nor do I think with Douce, that by *estridges*, estridge-falcons are here meant, though the word may be used in that sense in Antony and Cleopatra. The ostridge's plumage would be more likely to occur to the poet, from the circumstance of its being the cognizance of the prince of Wales. So in Drayton's Polyolbion, Song 22:—

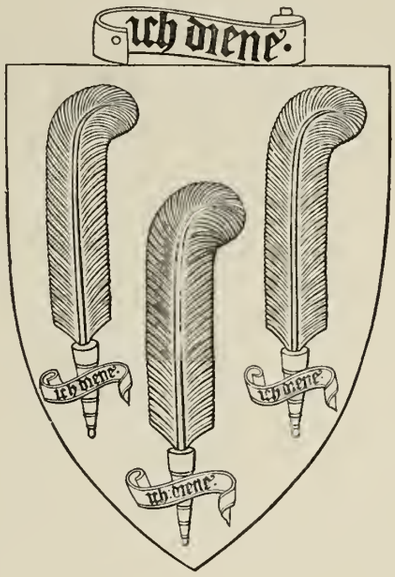
> Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been,
> The Mountford's *all in plumes like estridges* were seen.

Bating, or to *bate*, in falconry, is the unquiet fluttering of a hawk. *To beat the wing, batter l'ale*, Ital. All birds *bate*, that is, flutter, beat, or flap their wings to dry their feathers after bathing; and the mode in which the ostrich uses its wings, to assist itself in running with the wind, is of this character; it is a fluttering or a flapping, not a flight. The fluttering motion and flapping of the plumed crests of the prince and his associates naturally excited these images. *Bated* refers both to the flapping of the plumes, and of the wings of the ostrich; the plumage of that bird is displayed to more advantage when its wings are in

motion, than when at rest; and hence the propriety of representing the feathers of the helmets flouting the air to the plumage of the ostrich when its wings were in motion, or when it "bated the air, like eagles lately bathed."—*Singer.*

Under the state of Cambyses himself, must our *feathered estrich*, like a piece of ordnance, be planted valiantly, because impudently, beating down the mews and hisses of the opposed rascality. —*The Gulls Hornbook*, 1609.

Let them both remember that the *estridge* disgesteth hard yron to preserve his health.—*Lilly's Euphues.*



In the opinion of Dr. Grey, "all plum'd like estridges" means, "all dressed like the Prince himself, the ostrich-feather being the cognizance of the Prince of Wales." See the annexed engraving of the Prince's shield, surmounted with the words, *Ich Diene*, the face of the shield including three ostrich feathers. "This coronet was won by the valiant Prince Edward, the Black Prince, at the battle of Cressy, from King John of Bohemia, who there wore it, and whom he there slew; since which time it has been the cognizance of our Princes. See Minsheu's Guide into the Tongues, 512, 571."—*Grey.*

[9] *That with the wind.*

That is, that go with the wind. "Be not so short, sweet lady, I must *with* you,"—Massinger's Very Woman. A variety of unnecessary alterations have been made by modern editors in this and the next line. Ostriches are generally hunted on horseback, and the art of the hunter is to turn them from the gale, by the help of which they are too fleet for the swiftest horse to keep up with them.

[10] *Bated like eagles having lately bath'd.*

That is, *that* bated, &c., an elliptical mode of construction of frequent occurrence. From the context, observes Malone, it appears evident that two distinct comparisons were here intended, that two objects were mentioned, to *each* of which the Prince's troops were compared; and that our author could never mean to compare *estridges* to *eagles;* in each of the subsequent lines a distinct image is given.

To *bate*, as appears from Minsheu's Dict. 1617, was originally applied to birds of prey, when they swoop upon their quarry. *S'abbatre, se devaller*, Fr. Hence it signifies, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, to flutter: "à Gal. *batre*, (says Minsheu,) i. e. to beat, because she [the hawk] beats herself with unquiet fluttering." So, in the following passage from David and Bethsabe, 1599,

> Where all delights sat *bating*, wing'd with thoughts,
> Ready to nestle in her naked breast.

Again, in Greene's Card of Fancy, 1608: "—made her check at the prey, *bate* at the lure," &c. Writers on falconry also often mention the *bathing* of hawks and eagles, as highly necessary for their health and spirits. All birds, after *bathing*, spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with

them in order to dry themselves. This, in the falconer's language, is called *bating*, and by Shakespeare, "bating with the wind." It may be observed that birds never appear so lively and full of spirits, as immediately after *bathing*.—*Steevens.*

This appears to be justly explained by Steevens. When birds have bathed, they cannot fly until their feathers be disentangled, by *bating* with the wind.—*M. Mason.*

Then, as an eagle,—who, with pious care,
Was *beating* widely on the wing for prey,—
To her now silent eiry does repair,
And finds her eallow infants forc'd away.
Dryden's Annus Mirabilis, 4to, 1688, p. 28.

[11] *Glittering in golden coats, like images.*

This alludes to the manner of dressing up images in the Romish churches on holydays; when they are bedecked in robes very richly laced and embroidered. So in Spenser's Fairy Queen, book i. ch. iii.:

He was to weet a stout and sturdie thiefe
Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments, &c.
The *holy saints* of their *rich vestiments*
He did disrobe, &c.—*Steevens.*

[12] *With his beaver on.*

Dr. Warburton would read *with his beaver up;* and he remarks that "the *beaver* is only the *visiere* of the helmet, which, let down, covers the face. When the soldier was not upon action, he wore it *up*, so that his face might be seen, but when upon (in) action, it was let down to cover and secure the face." All this is correct, except that the beaver is certainly not the visor. Dr. Johnson says, "there is no need of all this note; for beaver may be a helmet." This too is very just; the beaver, a part only of the helmet strictly speaking, is frequently used to express a helmet generally. Thus, in the first scene of the third part of King Henry VI., "I cleft his *beaver* with a downright blow." Malone remarks that Warburton seems not to have observed, that Vernon only says, he saw *young Harry*, not that he saw his *face*. But surely, Warburton having contended for the reading *beaver up*, could not have misconceived Vernon's meaning as above.—*Douce.*

[13] *I am a souced gurnet.*

Gurnet is a fish of the *piper* kind, of which there are several species; the *grey*, the *red*, the *streaked*, &c.; all, as well as the *piper* itself, comprised under the genus *trigla* of Linnæus. It was probably thought a very bad and vulgar dish when *soused*, or pickled; hence, *sous'd gurnet* was a common term of reproach. So, in Decker's Honest Whore, 1635:—"Punck! you *souc'd gurnet!*" Again, in the Prologue to Wily Beguiled, 1606:—"Out you *souced gurnet*, you wool-fist!"—*Steevens.*

It should seem from one of Taylor's pieces, entitled A Bawd, 12mo. 1635, that a *sowced gurnet* was sometimes used in the same metaphorical sense in which we now frequently use the word *gudgeon*: "Though she (a bawd) live after the flesh, all is fish that comes to the net with her;—She hath baytes for all kinde of frye: a great lord is her Greenland whale; a countrey gentleman is her cods-head; a rich citizen's son is her *sows'd gurnet*, or her *gudgeon*."—*Malone.*

To souce a carp or gurnet.—Take fair water and vinegar, so that it may be sharp, then take parsly, time, fennel, and boil them in the broth a good while, then put in a good quantity of salt, and then put in your fish, and when it is well boiled,

put the broth into a vessel and let it stand.—*The True Gentlewoman's Delight*, 1676.

Stuck thick with cloves upon the back,
Well stuff'd with sage, and for the smack,
Daintily strew'd with pepper black,—*Souc'd gurnet.*
The Counter-Scuffle, 1658.

[14] *I have misus'd the king's press damnably.*

Thus, in the Voyage to Cadiz, 1597, (Hakluyt, i. 607), "—about the 28 of the said moneth, a certaine Lieutenant was degraded and cashierd, &c. for the taking of money by the way of corruption of *certaine prest souldiers in the countrey*, and for placing of *others in their roomes*, *more unfit for service*, and of less sufficiency and abilitie."—*Steevens.*

[15] *I press me none but good householders.*

This practice is complained of in Barnabie Rich's Souldier's Wishe to Briton's Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill, 1604, p. 62: "Sir, I perceive by the sound of your words you are a favourite to Captaines, and I thinke you could be contented, that to serve the expedition of these times, we should take up honest *householders*, men that are of wealth and abilitie to live at home, such as your captaines might chop and chaunge, and make marchandise of," &c.—*Steevens.*

[16] *The report of a caliver.*

Caliver, a handgun or small musket, so named from being originally harquebuses of a standard *calibre*. Skinner and others derive it from *calibre*, which means only the bore, or diameter of a piece. But the more numerous authorities define it as "a small gun used at sea," and some as exactly synonymous with *arquebuse*. It was probably of various sizes, but the quotations show that it was carried by infantry.—*Nares.*

He is so hung with pikes, halberds, petronels, *calivers*, and muskets, that he looks like a justice of peace's hall.—*B. Jons. Sil. Wom.* iv. 2.

In the following passage it is accented on the middle syllable:

Tall souldiers thence he to the world delivers
And out they fly, all arm'd with pikes and darts,
With halberts, and with muskets, and *calivers.*
Harrington's Epigrams, i. 90.

In an inventory of the goods at Grafton and Salwarpe, belonging to Dame Frances Talbott, taken 28th November, 1568, occur, "Kalyvers, handgonnes, flaskes, touchboxes, and ropes for matches." Some troops levied by Queen Elizabeth for the Irish service in 1584 were armed with calivers. The money for the purchase of these pieces was paid by the different counties where the troops were raised; and the price of the caliver, furnished with flaske and touch-box, lace and mould, was thirteen shillings and sixpence.

The caliver differed from the musket in being lighter and shorter, and consequently fired without a rest. Shakespeare makes Falstaff say, "Put me a caliver into Wart's hand," meaning, that he was not strong enough to manage a musket. Edmund York, an officer who had served with reputation in the Netherlands, and was employed by Queen Elizabeth to discipline the militia of London, gives the following explanation of its origin: "I remember, when I was first brought up in Piemont in the countie of Brisack's regiment of old bandes, we had our particular calibre of harquebuze to our regiment, both for that one bullet should serve all the harquebuzes of our regiment as for that our colonel should not be deceived of his arms, of which word calibre come first that unapt term we

use to call a harquebuze a calliver, which is the height of the bullet and not of the piece. Before the battle of Mountgunter, the Princes of the religion caused several thousand harquebuses to be made all of one calibre, which was called Harquebuse de calibre de Monsieur le Prince; so I think some man, not understanding French, brought hither the name of the height of the bullet of the piece, which word calibre is yet continued with our good cannoniers." Sir John Smith speaks of it in this way. He says, "It is supposed by many that the weapon called caliver is another thing than a harquebuse; whereas in truth it is not, but only a harquebuse; savinge that it is of greater circuite or bullet than the other is of; wherefore the Frenchman doth call it a peece de calibre, which is as much as to saie, a peece of bigger circuite." Hence it appears that the caliver was in reality a fire-arm of a regulated standard as to the diameter of its bore, and that this was greater than that of the arquebus. In the "Mainement des Armes," printed at the commencement of the sixteenth century, the infantry are represented some armed with calivers, others with muskets, and the rest with pikes. Both the caliver and musket being made to fire with match-locks, the soldier is made to carry the match-cord lighted at both ends. Those armed with the caliver have attached to their girdles at the left hip a sword, and at the right a powder-flask, touch-box, bullet-bag, and spare match-cord. The musketeer instead of the girdle, has a belt over his left shoulder, from which his bandileers are suspended before and behind, and at its lowest part the bullet-bag and priming box. I have seen a match-lock caliver at Brancepeth Castle, Durham, having on it the date 1611, and several Italian and German specimens with wheel locks are in my son's collection. "Cullivers" are mentioned in the Hengrave inventory, dated 1603.—*Meyrick.*

[17] *Worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck.*

The repetition of the same image disposed Hanmer, and after him Warburton, to read, in opposition to all the copies, a *struck deer*, which is indeed a proper expression, but not likely to have been corrupted. Shakespeare, perhaps, wrote a *struck sorrel*, which, being negligently read by a man not skilled in hunter's language, was easily changed to *struck fowl*. *Sorrel* is used in Love's Labour's Lost for a young *deer;* and the terms of the chase were, in our author's time, familiar to the ears of every gentleman.—*Johnson.*

Fowl; thus the first quarto, 1598. In a subsequent copy (1608) the word *fowl* being erroneously printed *fool*, that error was adopted in the quarto 1613, and consequently in the folio, which was printed from it.—*Malone.*

Fowl seems to have been the word designed by the poet, who might have thought an opposition between *fowl*, that is, domestic birds, and *wild-fowl*, sufficient on this occasion. He has almost the same expression in Much Ado about Nothing: "Alas poor *hurt fowl!* now will he creep into sedges."—*Steevens.*

[18] *Such toasts and butter.*

This term of contempt is used in Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit without Money:—"They love young *toasts and butter*, Bow-bell suckers."—*Steevens.*

"Londiners, and all within the sound of Bow-bell, are in reproach called cocknies, and *eaters of buttered tostes*," Moryson's Itin. 1617.—*Malone.*

[19] *As ragged as Lazarus.*

The Canon and the Curate find out waies,
To make romances good, and write good plaies,
Such as may edifie; such I have seen
Of holy subjects, and with Psalmes between

The Acts of Dives and of Lazarus;
Of Hester good, and great Ahasheverus:
Which now, through poets vanity and sloth,
Are seen in puppet plaies, or painted cloth.
Gayton's Notes on Don Quixote, 1654.

In the English Rogue, ed. 1719, p. 99, a curious anecdote is told of a tailor who used "an old *painted cloth*, that had been the hanging of some room," for the inner lining of a cloak; on it was painted the "devils tormenting Dives in the flames," and a rent having accidentally been made exhibiting this picture, the poor owner of the cloak was nearly frightened out of his senses.

[20] *The painted cloth.*

Painted cloth was cloth or canvas, on which paintings in oil were depictured. It often took the place of hangings or tapestry, as appears from a passage in Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 1615. Robert Arden, Shakespeare's maternal grandfather, had several painted cloths in his house at Wilmecote, near Stratford-on-Avon. Joshua, a character in Sampson's Vow Breaker, 1636, constantly refers to painted cloth containing scriptural subjects, with appropriate sentences.

Painted-cloth, as a species of hangings for rooms, is very frequently mentioned in old authors, and has generally been supposed and explained to mean tapestry; but was really *cloth*, or canvas *painted in oil*, with various devices and mottos. Tapestry being both more costly and less durable, was much less used, except in splendid apartments; nor though coloured, could it properly be called painted. In the accounts of Corpus Christi Gild, Coventry, 1 Hen. VIII., is a charge for painting part of the hall, "and for the clothe, and the *peyntyng of the hyngyng* that hongs at the hy deys next the seyd cupburd." The old council house, at St. Mary's Hall in Coventry, exhibited till 1812 a very perfect specimen of the *painted cloth hangings*. The roof of this curious room is of oak, ornamented with carved figures, of no mean workmanship. Benches, with wainscotting, surround the room to a convenient height, and the space between the wainscotting and a rich cornice of vine-leaves *gilt* was covered with *painted cloth*. The arms of England and of the city, with the prince's plume, (which has a peculiar reference to Coventry,) formed the principal subjects of the painted cloth, and the whole was surrounded with an ornamental border. At certain intervals, in the upper border, scrolls were painted, inscribed, in black letter, with various texts of scripture, applicable to the destination of the room. This *painted cloth* was put up early in the reign of Eliz., and is still preserved, but was removed from its situation in 1812, by the corporation, being much decayed."—*Nares*.

Mayster Thomas More, in hys youth, devysed in hys father's house in London, a goodly hangyng of *fyne payuted clothe*, with nyne pageauntes, and verses over every of those pageauntes.—*Sir Th. More's Engl. Works, by Rastell.*

[21] *Younger sons to younger brothers.*

Raleigh, in his Discourse on War, uses this very expression for men of desperate fortune and wild adventure. Which borrowed it from the other, I know not, but I think the play was printed before the Discourse.—*Johnson*.

Perhaps Oliver Cromwell was indebted to this speech, for the sarcasm which he threw out on the soldiers commanded by Hampden: "Your troops are most of them *old decayed serving men* and *tapsters*," &c.—*Steevens*.

[22] *The cankers of a calm world, and a long peace.*

So, in the Puritan: "—hatched and nourished in the idle *calms* of peace." Again, in Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil, 1592: "—all the *canker-wormes that breed on the rust of peace*."—*Steevens*.

[23] *An old faced ancient.*

"The flag, the banner, the ancient," Nomenclator, 1585. "An old faced ancient," is an old standard mended with a different colour. It should not be written in one word, as *old* and *faced* are distinct epithets. To *face* a gown is to *trim it;* an expression at present in use. In our author's time the *facings* of gowns were always of a colour different from the stuff itself. So, in this play:—

To *face* the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour.

Again in Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611:—"Your tawny coats with greasy *facings* here."—*Steevens.*

So, in the Puritan, a comedy, 1607: "——full of *holes*, like a shot ancient."—*Malone.* "The bed they have swaddled him in is the peece of an old torne *ancient*," Decker's Whore of Babylon, 1607.

The explanation of Steevens is that most generally admitted; it is the very reverse of *dishonourable* for a standard to be *ragged.* If the text be genuine, the meaning must be, "As dishonourably ragged as one that has been an ensign all his days; that has let age creep upon him and never had merit enough to gain preferment."—*Theobald.*

[24] *I had unloaded all the gibbets.*

The annexed representation of a gibbet, and criminals hanging upon it, is copied by Mr. Fairholt from an illuminated manuscript of the early part of the fifteenth century.

[25] *There's but a shirt and a half.*

The old copies read—*There's* not *a shirt*, &c. Corrected by Rowe. In the Merchant of Venice, printed by J. Roberts, 4to. 1600, *but* has taken the place of *not*:—"Repent *but* you that you shall lose your friend."—*Malone.*

So all the old copies, folio and quarto, the meaning being, "There's not *above* a shirt and a half," &c. This seems to have been the phraseology of the time; for afterwards, Falstaff says, according to every ancient authority, "There's *not* three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end." Modern editors, in both cases have printed it "There's *but*," &c.—*Collier.*

[26] *Like a herald's coat without sleeves.*

Tabard, (Fr. tabarre), taberd, a jacket, jerkin, mandilion, or sleeveless coat, worne in times past by noblemen in the warrs, but now only by heralds, and is called their coat of arms in service. Verstegan tells us, in his Restitution of Decayed Intelligence, "that tabert was anciently a short gown, that reached no further than to the mid-leg, that it remaineth for the name of a gown in Germanie and in the Netherlands, and that in England it is now the name only of a heralds coat." But what Stowe tells us, in his Survey of London, is more remarkable, where talking of several fair inns in Southwark, he takes occasion to speak of the Tabard Inn as the most ancient of them, and thereupon writes thus: "amongst

the which innes, the most ancient is the Tabard, so called of the signe, which as wee now terme it, is of a jacket or sleevelesse coate, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulders; a stately garment, of old time commonly worne of noblemen and others, both at home and abroad in the wars; but then, to wit, in the warres, their armes embroidered, or otherwise depict upon them, that every man by his coate of armes might bee knowne from others; but now these Tabards are onely worne by the Heralds, and bee called their Coates of Armes in Service."

[27] *They'll find linen enough on every hedge.*

This propensity of soldiers in a march to purloin, is noticed by a writer contemporary with Shakespeare. Barnabie Rich says, "Fyrst by the way as they travayle through the countrey where they chaunce to lye all night, the good wyfe hath spedde well if shee fynde hyr sheetes in the morning, or if this happe to fayle, yet a coverlet or curtens from the bed, or a carpet from the table, some bed clothes or table napkins, or some other thing must needs packe away with them, there comes nothing amisse if it will serve to by drinke," A Right Excellent and Pleasaunt Dialogue betwene Mercury and an English Souldier, &c. 1574.—*Reed.*

[28] *How now, blown Jack? how now, Quilt?*

Compare with this, Spenser, in his View of the State of Ireland, "The quilted leather jack is old English; for it was the proper weed of the horseman, as you may read in Chaucer, where he describeth Sir Thopas' apparel, &c." *Quilt* was an extraordinary word to be used here, and it seems that it was suggested to the poet's mind by the word *jack*, with which, in another sense of it, it was as we see connected.—*Douce.*

The fashion of play-making I can properly compare to nothing so naturally as the alteration in apparel; for in the time of the Great-crop-doublet, your huge bombasted plays, *quilted* with mighty words to lean purpose, was only then in fashion. And as the doublet fell, neater inventions began to set up.—*Middleton.*

[29] *Because you are not of our quality.*

Quality, in our author's time, was frequently used in the sense of *fellowship* or *occupation*. So, in the Tempest: "Task Ariel and all his *quality*," that is, all those who were employed with Ariel in similar services or occupations; his fellows. Again, in Hamlet: "—give me a taste of your *quality*."—*Malone.*

[30] *The nature of your griefs.*

That is, *grievances*. So, in A Declaration of the Treasons of the late Earle of Essex, &c. 1601: "The Lord Keeper required the Earle of Essex, that if he would not declare his *griefs* openly, yet that then he would impart them privately."—*Malone.*

[31] *My father, and my uncle, and myself.*

The Percies were in the highest favour with King Henry the Fourth for some time after his accession. Thomas Earl of Worcester was appointed Governour to the Prince of Wales, and was honoured with the custody of Isabel, widow of King Richard the Second, when she was sent back to France after that king's deposition. Hotspur, who accompanied him on that occasion, in the presence of the ambassadors of both nations, who met between Calais and Boulogne, protested "upon his soul" that she was a virgin, "sound and entire even as she was delivered to King Richard, and if any would say to the contrary, he was ready to prove it against him by combat," Speed, p. 753.—*Malone.*

[32] *To sue his livery.*

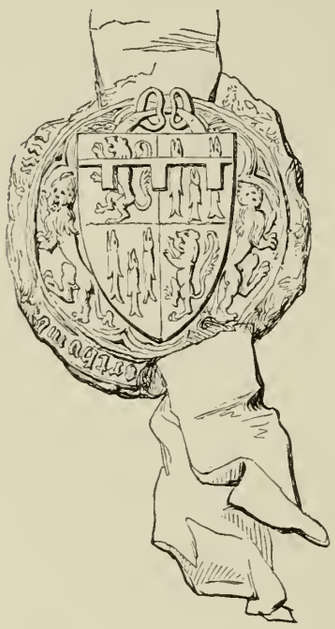
This is a law phrase belonging to the feudal tenures; meaning, to sue out the delivery or possession of his lands from those persons who on the death of any of the tenants of the crown, seized their lands, till the heir sued out his livery.—*Steevens.*

Before the 32d year of King Henry the Eighth, wardships were usually granted as court favours, to those who made suit for, and had interest enough to obtain them.—*Ritson.*

During the existence of the feudal tenures, on the death of any of the King's tenants, an inquest of office, called *inquisitio post mortem*, was held, to inquire of what lands he died seized, who was his heir, of what age he was, &c., and in those cases where the heir was a minor, he became the ward of the crown; the land was seized by its officers, and continued in its possession, or that of the person to whom the crown granted it, till the heir came of age, and *sued out his livery*, or *ousterlemaine*, that is, the delivery of the land out of his guardian's hands. To regulate these inquiries, which were greatly abused, many persons being compelled to sue out livery from the crown, who were by no means tenants thereunto, the Court of Wards and Liveries was erected by Stat. 32 Hen. VIII. c. 46.—*Malone.*

[33] *Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him.*

The circumstances are referred to more at length in the play of Richard the Second. "The duke of Lancaster, after that he had coasted alongst the shore a certeine time, and had got some intelligence how the peoples minds were affected towards him, landed about the beginning of Julie in Yorkshire, at a place sometime called Ravenspur, betwixt Hull and Bridlington, and with him not past threescore persons, as some write; but he was so joifullie received of the lords, knights, and gentlemen of those parts, that he found means, by their helpe, forthwith to assemble a great number of people, that were willing to take his part. The first that came to him, were the lords of Lincolneshire, and other countries adjoining, as the lords Willoughbie, Ros, Darcie, and Beaumont. At his comming unto Doncaster, the earle of Northumberland, and his sonne sir Henrie Persie, wardens of the marches against Scotland, with the earle of Westmerland, came unto him, where he sware unto those lords, that he would demand no more, but the lands that were to him descended by inheritence from his father, and in right of his wife. Moreover, he undertooke to cause the paiment of taxes and tallages to be laid downe, and to bring the king to good government, and to remoove from him the Cheshire men, which were envied of manie; for that the king esteemed of them more than of anie other; happilie, bicause they were more faithfull to him than other, readie in all respects to obeie his commandements and pleasure," Holinshed's Chronicle. A seal of this nobleman, here engraved, is taken from an impression attached to a deed of the time of Henry IV.



[34] *Task'd the whole state.*

Task'd is here used for *taxed;* it was once common to employ these words indiscriminately. Memoirs of P. de Commines, by Danert, folio, 4th edit. 1674, p. 136: "Duke Philip, by the space of many years, levied neither subsidies nor *tasks.*" Again, in Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse, 1579: "—like a greedy surveiour being sent into Fraunce to govern the countrie, robbed them and spoyled them of all their treasure with unreasonable *taskes.*" Again, in Holinshed, p. 422: "There was a new and strange subsidie or *taske* granted to be levied for the king's use."—*Steevens.*

[35] *To be engag'd in Wales.*

The old copies read *engag'd*, which Theobald altered to *incag'd* without reason: to be engaged is to be pledged as an hostage. So in Act v, Sc. 2:—"And Westmoreland that was *engag'd* did bear it."

[36] *And many more corrivals.*

An old gentleman's young *corrivall* in love meeting him in a morning said unto him: Olde Sir, sweete love beseemes not your yeares: he answered, If you meane it by me, know ye that in my country a man of fifty yeares is accounted younger then an asse of fifteene.—*Copley's Wits, Fits and Fancies*, 1614.

That no foule fac'd lady shal rayle on her that is fayrer, because she is fayrer: nor seeke by blacke calumniation to darken her fame unlesse she be her *corrivall.*—*Overbury's New and Choise Characters*, 1615.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—*The* King's *Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN of Lancaster, Sir WALTER BLUNT, *and* Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.[1]

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky[2] hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.
K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathise,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
[*The Trumpet sounds.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:[3]

This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?
Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.
K. Hen. You have not sought it! how comes it, then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace![4]
Wor. It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time: you swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,

You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,[5]
Useth the sparrow,—did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety-sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses,[6] read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour,[7] that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,[8]
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majesty,—
I am content that he shall take the odds

Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,[9]
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do: but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt* King, BLUNT, *and* Prince JOHN.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. [*Exit* Prince HENRY.] What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour?[10] a word. What is that word, honour? air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not

suffer it :—therefore I'll none of it : honour is a mere scutcheon:[12]
—and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Rebel Camp.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know,[12] Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.
Ver. 'Twere best he did.
Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us ;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults :
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes ;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks ;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,—
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood ;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen :
All his offences live upon my head
And on his father's ; we did train him on ;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.
Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS ; Officers *and* Soldiers *behind.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd :—deliver up
My Lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news ?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.
Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.
Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*
Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!
Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.
Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking?[13] seem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you:[14]
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstru'd in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
Upon his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince, so wild, at liberty.[15]
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm with speed:—and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this,—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—*Esperance!*—Percy!—and set on.[16]—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Plain near Shrewsbury.*

Excursions, and parties fighting. Alarum to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS *and* BLUNT, *meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?
Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.
Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight, and* BLUNT *is slain.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.
Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.
Hot. Where?
Doug. Here.
Hot. This, Douglas? no; I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd[17] like the king himself.
Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?
Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.
Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.
Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free[18] at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate.—Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt:—there's honour for you! here's no vanity![19]—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are peppered: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's-end, to beg during life.—But who comes here?

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile.—Turk Gregory[20] never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.[21]

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gettest not my sword;[22] but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city.[23] [*The* Prince *draws out a bottle of sack.*

P. Hen. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?
[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.[24] If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado[25] of me. I like not such grinning honour[26] as Sir Walter hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, *and* WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.[27]—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.
P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.
P. Hen. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.
K. Hen. I will do so.—
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.
West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.
P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And God forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!
P. John. We breathe too long:—come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.
[*Exeunt* Prince JOHN *and* WESTMORELAND.
P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.
K. Hen. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,[28]
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.
P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them:—what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the* King *being in danger, re-enter* P. HENRY.

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight:* DOUGLAS *flies.*

Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe awhile:—
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;[29]
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O God, they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death!
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.

[*Exit.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more :
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Nor shall it, Harry ; for the hour is come
To end the one of us ; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !
P. Hen. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee ;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal ! to it, Hal !—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter DOUGLAS ; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth ![30]
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh :—
But thought's the slave of life, and life Time's fool ;[31]
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue :—no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies.*
P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy : fare thee well, great heart !—
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough :—this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal :—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!
[*He sees* FALSTAFF *on the ground.*
What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man:
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,[32]
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:[33]
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*rising.*] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [*Takes* HOTSPUR *on his back.*[34]

Re-enter Prince HENRY *and* Prince JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.
P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?
P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
On the ground.—
Art thou alive? or is it fantasy

That plays upon our eyesight? I prithee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes without our ears:—
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]: if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself.[35] I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.[36] If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh:[37] if the man were alive, and would deny it, zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have. [*A retreat is sounded.*
The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt* Prince HENRY *and* Prince JOHN.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do. [*Exit, bearing off the body.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

The trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, *and others, with* WORCESTER *and* VERNON *prisoners.*

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?

And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,[38]
A noble earl,[39] and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:[40]
Other offenders we will pause upon.—
[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON, *guarded.*
How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us[41] how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

P. John. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fifth Act.

[1] *And Sir John Falstaff.*

In the old and modern editions the Earl of Westmoreland is made to enter here with the King; but, it appears from a passage in the next scene that he was left as a hostage in Hotspur's camp, till Worcester should return from treating with Henry.—*Malone.*

[2] *Above yon busky hill.*

Busky is *woody.* (*Bosquet*, Fr.) Milton writes the word perhaps more properly, *bosky.*—*Steevens.*

I do not know whether Shakespeare ever surveyed the ground of Battlefield, but he has described the sun's rising over Haughmond hill from that spot, as accurately as if he had. It still merits the name of a busky hill.—*Blakeway.*

I will go seeke him in the *busky* groves.
The Woman in the Moone, 1597.

In medieval English, *busk* is generally put for *bush.* "Under a busk of thorn," Langtoft, p. 14. "Hii hovede under boskes," Robert of Gloucester, p. 547. "Under boske shal men weder abide," Proverbs of Hendyng. Peele, in Edward the First, 1593, speaks of "a busky wood."

[3] *To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel.*

Shakespeare must have been aware that the King was not at this time more than *four* years older than he was at the deposition of King Richard. And indeed, in the next play, he makes him expressly tell us, that it was then—

—— but *eight years* since
Northumberland, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance.

But it is altogether fruitless to attempt the reconciliation of our author's chronology.—*Ritson.*

[4] *Peace, chewet, peace.*

A magpie was also and commonly termed a pie, so that Prince Henry may possibly imply that Falstaff was a chattering pie by calling him a chewet, which

was sometimes made into the form of a pie. Other explanations may, however, be preferred.

Chewet certainly meant a sort of minced, or forced-meat pye; but as Prince Henry, when he calls Falstaff *Chewet*, is reproving him for unseasonable chattering, interrupting grave business, it is more likely that he alluded to the chattering bird, called in French *chouëtte*, by us chough, or jack-daw. As for the other *chewet*, Cotgrave uses it to explain the French word *goubelet*, thus, "a little round pie, resembling our *chuet*." Lord Bacon mentions *chuets*, in his *Natural History*, and calls them minced meat. In the following proverbial line, bird or minced-pye may suit equally well:—"Chatting to chidyng is not worth a *chuet*," Heywood's Poems, 4to. G. 4.—*Nares.*

In an old book of cookery, printed in 1596, I find a receipt to make *chewets*, which, from their ingredients, seem to have been fat greasy puddings; and to these it is highly probable that the Prince alludes. Both the quartos and folio spell the word as it now stands in the text, and as I found it in the book already mentioned. So, in Bacon's Natural History; "As for *chuets*, which are likewise minced meat, instead of butter and fat, it were good to moisten them partly with cream, or almond and pistachio milk," &c. It appears from a receipt in the Forme of Cury, a Roll of ancient English Cookery, compiled about A.D. 1390, by the Master Cook of King Richard II., that these *chewets* were fried in oil. Cotgrave's Dictionary explains the French word *goubelet*, to be a kind of round pie resembling *our chuet.*—*Steevens.*

For to make chewets bake.—Take a clode of the same venison, and mince it small, and sewet amonges it; cast therto powther of peper, saffron, and salte, and a little of swete wine; and make small cofins, and put in faire peces of mary, and take the same stuffe, and fyll it therewith; and put therin herde yolkes of eggis, clowes, mace, and rasons of corans ynoughe; then close him faire, and bake him, and serve him forth for chewets.—*Wyll Bucke's Testament.*

"*Frilingotti*, a kinde of daintie *chewet* or minced pie," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. "Minced pies, or chewits, of capon, tongue, or veal," Holme's Academy of Armory, 1688.

For the thrid course of the bucke; the potage mogets and nowmbleis stued, the hosteis in sewe chitterlinges broyled, and therbur, and isinge, and the fench rostid and the filet, and noumbles, rosted stekes drye, and the breste chopped, and *chewets*, bake dowcetts, and tendrens, and the liver rostid; and if it be a doo, take the lure.—*Wyll Bucke.*

[5] *As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird.*

The term *gull*, applied to a nestling bird in quite an unfledged state, is still in provincial use in Cheshire. The cuckoo's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckoo's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurse.—*Johnson.*

Thus, in Holland's Translation of the tenth Book of Pliny's Nat. Hist. ch. 9: "The titling, therefore, that sitteth, being thus deceived, hatcheth the egge and bringeth up the chicke of another bird:—and this she doth so long, untill the young *cuckow* being once fledge and readie to flie abroad, is so bold as to seize upon the old titling, and eat up her that hatched her."—*Steevens.*

Cuckoos deposit their eggs in the nests of a great variety of small birds, intrusting them to the care of the hedge warbler, pied wagtail, titlark, yellow bunting, green grosbeak, whinchat, &c. Among these, they usually select the three first, but shew a much greater partiality to the hedge warbler than to any of the rest. The hedge warbler commonly takes up four or five days in laying her eggs, and during this time, generally after she has laid one or two, the cuckoo

contrives to deposit hers among the rest. This intrusion often occasions some discomposure, for the old hedge warbler at intervals, whilst she is sitting, not unfrequently throws out some of her own eggs; and sometimes injures them in such a way that they become addle; however, she is rarely observed to throw out or injure that of the cuckoo. She continues to sit the same length of time as if no foreign egg had been introduced, the cuckoo's requiring no longer incubation than her own; nay, it frequently happens that it is hatched first. The titlark is often selected by the cuckoo to take charge of its offspring, but as it is a bird less familiar than many that have been mentioned, its nest is not so often discovered. The young cuckoo, soon after it is excluded from the egg, commences the extraordinary practice of turning out its companions, which are usually left to destruction. The mode of accomplishing this is very curious; with the assistance of its rump and wings, it contrives to get a young bird upon its back, and making a lodgment for the burden by elevating its pinions, clambers backward with it up the side of the nest till it reaches the top, where resting for a moment, it throws off its load with a jerk, and quite disengages it from the nest. It remains in this situation a short time, feeling about with the extremities of its wings, as if to be convinced whether the business is properly executed, and then drops into the nest again. It frequently examines, as it were, an egg or nestling with the ends of its wings before it begins its operations; and the nice sensibility which these parts appear to possess, seems sufficiently to compensate for the want of sight, of which sense it is at first destitute. It is wonderful to see the extraordinary exertions of the young cuckoo, when it is two or three days old, if a bird be put into the nest that is too weighty for it to lift out. In this state it seems ever restless and uneasy, but this disposition for turning out its companions continues to decline, from the time it is two or three, till it is about twelve days old, when it usually ceases; indeed, the disposition for throwing out the egg appears to cease a few days sooner, for the young cuckoo after it has been hatched nine or ten days, will frequently remove a nestling that has been placed in the nest with it, when it will suffer an egg, put there at the same time, to remain unmolested. The growth of the young cuckoo is very rapid, and as it is fed for a long period by the small birds that have the care of it, they frequently have to perch on its back, or half expanded wing, in order to gain a sufficient elevation to put the food into its mouth.—*Blackwall.*

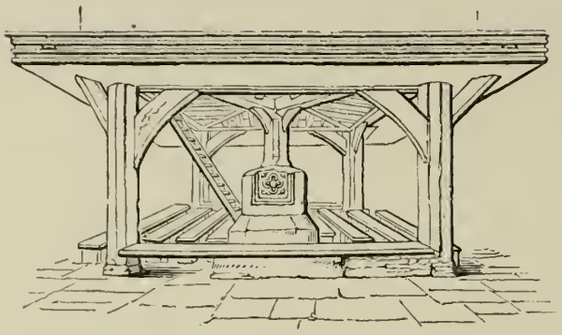
I made choice of you, that like an asse you might bear your burden, and patronize your owne scourge, as dooth the silly hedge-sparrow, that so long fostereth up the cuckow in her neast, till at length she be devoured of her; or the viper that is destroyed of her owne whelpes.—*The Trimming of Thomas Nashe*, 1597.

> For others egges he eates, and then doth laye
> His egges in their neasts, and so goes his waye,
> Leaving his younge by them there to be cherisht,
> By whom of late their younge ones rudely perisht.
> A *cuckowe* his is cald, which still doth singe
> Of his leude deedes, yet never but in Springe.
>
> *The Newe Metamorphosis*, 1600, i. 65.

Which is the vylest creature in the world?—The cucko, for she kiles the sparow that hatcht her young.—*Breton's Olde Mans Lesson*, 1605.

Like as the ingrate, and unkind cuckowe, after that shee is nourished and brought up of the poore hedge-sparrowe, to some good perfection of age, in so much that shee is able to get her owne foode and living, is then so much forgetfull of the kind love of this sparrow, that, all mercie and compassion set apart, shee eateth and devoureth her up.—*Cawdray's Treasurie of Similies*, 1600.

[6] *Proclaim'd at market-crosses.*



There was anciently a very fine market-cross at the poet's native town, Stratford-on-Avon, but it has long since been removed. The accompanying woodcut represents its remains, used partly as a support for a small structure, as they appeared about the year 1800. The base of the original stone cross is now preserved in the garden of Mr. Heritage, a builder at Stratford.

[7] *With some fine colour.*

This is an allusion to our ancient fantastic habits, which were usually *faced* or turned up with a colour different from that of which they were made. So, in the old Interlude of Nature,

His hosen shall be freshly garded
Wyth *colours* two or thre.—*Steevens.*

[8] *More active valiant, or more valiant young.*

That is, more actively valiant, or more valiantly young: or, one more valiant with activity, and young with valour. He plainly imitates Sir Philip Sydney, who in his Astrophel and Stella thus speaks of Edward IV.—"Nor that he could *young-wise*, *wise-valiant* frame."—*Upton.*

[9] *No, good Worcester, no.*

As there appears to be no reason for introducing the negative into this sentence, I should suppose it an error of the press, and that we ought to read:—"*Know*, good Worcester, *know*," &c. There is sufficient reason to believe that many parts of these plays were dictated to the transcribers, and the words, *know* and *no*, are precisely the same in sound.—*M. Mason.*

[10] *What is honour?*

'Tis not praise for the author bid me tell you, that now he is dead, he is of Falstaff's minde, and cares not for honour.—*Five New Plays by Richard Brome*, 1653, *Address.*

To the King's playhouse, and there saw Henry the Fourth; and, contrary to expectation, was pleased in nothing more than in Cartwright's speaking of Falstaffe's speech about "what is Honour?" The house full of Parliament men, it being holiday with them: and it was observable how a gentleman of good habit sitting just before us, eating of some fruit in the midst of the play, did drop down as dead, being choked; but with much ado Orange Moll did thrust her finger down his throat, and brought him to life again.—*Pepys' Diary*, 2 Nov. 1667.

[11] *Honour is a mere scutcheon.*

This is very fine. The reward of brave actions formerly was only some honourable bearing in the shields of arms bestowed upon deservers. But Falstaff

having said that *honour* often came not till after death, he calls it very wittily a *scutcheon*, which is the painted heraldry borne in funeral processions; and by *mere scutcheon* is insinuated, that whether alive or dead, honour was but a name.—*Warburton.*

[12] *O, no, my nephew must not know.*

This said, and thus resolv'd, e'vn bent to charge
Upon the king who well their order view'd,
And wary noted all the course at large,
Of their proceedings, and their multitude:
And deeming better, if he could discharge
The day with safety, and some peace conclude;
Great proffers sent of pardon and of grace,
If they would yield, and quietness embrace.
Which though his fears might drive him to propose;
To time his bus'ness to some other end;
Yet sure he could not mean t'have peace with those
Who did in that supreme degree offend.
Nor were they such as would be won with shows,
Or breath of oaths, or vows could apprehend;
So that (in honour) th' offers he doth make,
Were not for him to give, nor them to take.
And yet thus much his courses to approve,
He was not bloody in his natural;
And yield he did to more, than might behove
His dignity to have dispens'd withal.
And unto Worc'ster he himself did move
A reconcilement to be made of all;
But Worc'ster knowing 't could not be secur'd,
His nephew's onset yet for all procur'd.

Daniel's Civil Wars of England.

[13] *How show'd his tasking.*

Thus the quarto, 1598. The others, with the folio, read—*talking.* I know not whether *tasking* is not here used for *taxing;* his satirical representation. So, in As you Like it:—"———my *taxing*, like a wild goose, flies." *Tasking*, however, is sufficiently intelligible in its more usual acceptation. We yet say, "he took him to *task*."—*Malone.*

[14] *By still dispraising praise, valued with you.*

This foolish line is indeed in the folio of 1623, but it is evidently the player's nonsense.—*Warburton.*

This line is not only in the first folio, but in all the editions before it, that I have seen. Why it should be censured as nonsense I know not. To vilify praise, compared or *valued* with merit superior to praise, is no harsh expression. There is another objection to be made. Prince Henry, in his challenge of Percy, had indeed commended him, but with no such hyperboles as might represent him above praise; and there seems to be no reason why Vernon should magnify the Prince's candour beyond the truth. Did then Shakespeare forget the foregoing scene? or are some lines lost from the Prince's speech?—*Johnson.*

I do not suspect any omission. Our author in repeating letters and speeches of former scenes in his plays, seldom attends minutely to what he had written. I believe, in these cases he always trusted to memory.—*Malone.*

[15] *Of any prince, so wild, at liberty.*

Of any prince that played such pranks, and was not confined as a madman. —*Johnson.*

The quartos, 1598, 1599, and 1608, read—*so wild* a libertie. Perhaps the author wrote—*so wild* a libertine. Thus, in Antony and Cleopatra :—"*Tie up the libertine in a field of* feasts."—*Steevens.*

Our author uses the expression in the text again, in King Richard III :—

> My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.—
> And so doth mine. I muse, why she's *at liberty.—Malone.*

The reading of all the old editions, except the first quarto and the third, which give *a libertie.* We cannot think that Johnson's interpretation is correct :—"of any prince that played such pranks, and was not confined as a madman." Hotspur means to say he never knew of any prince so wild of his own unrestrained will, or, if we adopt the reading of the first and third quartos, he never heard of so wild a liberty belonging to any prince.—*Knight.*

[16] *Now,—Esperance !—Percy !—and set on.*

Percy's war-cry and exhortation are from the Chronicle :—"The Lord Percy, as a captain of high courage, began to exhort the captains and soldiers to prepare themselves for battle, since the matter was grown to that point, that by no means it could be avoided, so that (said he) this day shall either bring us all to advancement and honour, or else, if it shall chance us to be overcome, shall deliver us from the king's spiteful malice and cruel disdain; for playing the men, as we ought to do, better it is to die in battle, for the commonwealth's cause, than through coward-like fear, to prolong life, which shall afterwards be taken from us by the sentence of the enemy.....The king's party crying St. George upon them; the adversaries cried Espérance, Percy." Hall in his Chronicle, says, "Then suddenly the trumpets blew; the King's parte cried *Sainct George* upon them. The adversaries cried, *Esperaunce :* and so, furiously the armies joyned."

Esperance, or *Esperanza*, has always been the motto of the Percy family. *Esperance en Dieu* is the present motto of the Duke of Northumberland, and has been long used by his predecessors. Sometimes it was expressed *Esperance ma Comforte*, which is still legible at Alnwick castle over the great gate.—*Percy.*

Our author seems to have used *Esperance* as a word of four syllables. So, in the Merry Wives of Windsor :—"*And* Honi soit qui mal y pensé, *write.*" In French metre, the *e* final always makes a syllable, though it does not in prose.—*M. Mason.*

I prefer reading "Now,—Esperance !—*a Percy !* and set on," and in this I am sanctioned by the following line from Drayton,—"And still the people cried *a Percy*, Esperance," Polyolb. S. 22.—*Anon.*

[17] *Semblably furnished.*

That is, in resemblance, alike. This word occurs in the Devil's Charter, 1607 :—"So, *semblably* doth he with terror strike." Again, in the Case is Alter'd, by Ben Jonson, 1609 :—"*Semblably* prisoner to your general." The same circumstance is also recorded in the 22d Song of Drayton's Polyolbion :—

> The next, sir Walter Blunt, he with three others slew,
> *All armed like the king*, which he dead sure accounted;
> But after, when he saw the king himself remounted,
> This hand of mine, quoth he, four kings this day have slain,
> And swore out of the earth he thought they sprang again.—*Steevens.*

[18] *Shot-free.*

A play upon *shot*, as it means the part of a reckoning, and a missive weapon discharged from artillery.—*Johnson.*

So, in Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher, 1630: "—the best *shot* to be discharged is the tavern bill; the best alarum is the sound of healths." Again, in the Play of the Four P's, 1569:

Then, after your drinking, how fall ye to winking?
Sir, after drinking, while the *shot* is tinking.

Again, Heywood, in his Epigrams on Proverbs:—

And it is yll commynge, I have heard say,
To the end of a *shot*, and begynning of a fray.—*Steevens.*

[19] *Here's no vanity!*

In Shakespeare's time, the negative was often used to express ironically the excess of anything; but perhaps, there was no irony intended here: for Falstaff might very naturally say, on seeing Sir W. Blunt dead; Here's no vanity; this is past jesting; this is a serious affair.—*Edwards.*

[20] *Turk Gregory never did such deeds.*

Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the Emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his History, hath made Gregory so odious, that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope in one.—*Warburton.*

On the subject of Hildebrand's exploits an ancient tragedy was written, though the title of it only has reached us. Hence, perhaps, our author's acquaintance with Turk Gregory.—*Steevens.*

Hildebrand was the family name of Pope Gregory the Seventh, so blackened by Fox, and other writers against the Romish Church, that his name became proverbial in this country for violence and mischief. In an old abridgment of Fox's Martyrs, by a Dr. Bright, printed 1589, I find him thus described: "This *Hildebrand* was a most wicked and reprobate monster, a *sorcerer*, a *necromancer*, an old companion of *Silvester*, *Theophilactus*, and *Laurentius*, conjurers," page 136. Any name of reproach being thought fair to such a character, Shakespeare has made Falstaff call him Turk.—*Nares.*

Lead him a prisoner to the lady too.
Sn. Warrant ye, though he were Gog or *Hildebrand.*—*The Wits.*

[21] *I have made him sure.*

The Prince's answer, which is apparently connected with Falstaff's last words, does not cohere so well as if the knight had said—*I have made him sure; Percy's safe enough.* Perhaps a word or two like these may be lost.—*Johnson.*

Sure has two significations; *certainly disposed of*, and *safe.* Falstaff uses it in the *former* sense, the Prince replies to it in the *latter.*—*Steevens.*

[22] *Thou get'st not my sword.*

As an illustration of the minute differences sometimes found in various copies of the same edition, it may be worth notice that *getst* is erroneously printed *gets* in some copies of ed. 1632, and, a few lines previously, *hooues* is misprinted *houres.* In two copies of this edition now before me, the last page but one has

no fewer than four variations, *happiast* and *happiest*, *tenor of my* and *tenor of thy*, *slane* and *slayne*, *fortnne* and *fortune*, the erroneous readings all occurring in one copy, thus affording a curious instance of the type in a form being corrected during the process of working off an impression.

[23] *There's that will sack a city.*

The same quibble may be found in Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher, 1630: "—it may justly seem to have taken the name of *sack* from the *sacking* of cities." The same comic circumstance occurs in the ancient Interlude of Nature,

Glotony. We shall have a warfare it ys told me.
Man. Ye; where is thy harnes?
Glotony. Mary, here may ye se,
Here ys harnes inow.
Wrath. Why hast thou none other harnes but thys?
Glotony. What the devyll harnes should I mys,
Without it be a *bottell?*
Another *bottell* I wyll go purvey,
Lest that drynk be scarce in the way,
Or happely none to sell.—*Steevens.*

Enter two Vintners with wine.

AST. } O brave! march fair.
CAR., *&c.* }
LOD. Are you come? that's well.
MAT. Here's ordnance able to sack a city.
LOD. Come, repeat, read this inventory.
FIRST V. *Imprimis*, a pottle of Greek wine, a pottle of Peter-sameene, a pottle of Charnico, and a pottle of Leatica.
LOD. You're paid?—*The Honest Whore.*

Sir John Falstaffe robb'd with a bottle of sacke; so doth hee take mens purses with a wicked roule of tobacco at his girdle.—*New and Choise Characters of Severall Authors*, 1615.

[24] *If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.*

Mr. Knight prints;—"*Fal.* If Percy be alive I'll pierce him, if he do come in my way, so: if he do not," &c., and remarks; "We have altered the punctuation of this passage, believing that the 'so' applies to some action of Falstaff with his bottle of sack—perhaps thrusting his sword into the cork;"—without any mention of Jackson, who expressly says, "I should imagine it stood originally thus: 'Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him if he do come in my way, so!' (*Here he uses the soldier's cork-screw; runs the point of his sword into the cork*)." That this punctuation grossly corrupts the passage is proved, not only by *two speeches of Falstaff* in the next scene; but also by innumerable passages in early dramas, besides the following:—"Well, and you do not like my humour, I can be but sory for it: I bit you for good will, and if you accept it, *so;* if no[t], go." Chapman's Humorous Dayes Myrth, 1599.—*Dyce.*

If I escapte unseene, why *so* it is;
If not, I care not much, it is but so, &c.
Belchier's Hans Beer-pot, His Invisible Comedie, 1618.

Certainly "he'll pierce him," that is, Prince Henry will, who is just gone out to seek him. Besides, "I'll pierce him," contradicts the whole turn and humour of the speech.—*Warburton.*

I rather take the conceit to be this; to *pierce* a vessel is to *tap* it. Falstaff

takes up his bottle, which the Prince had tossed at his head, and being about to animate himself with a draught, cries: "If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him," and so draws the cork. I do not propose this with much confidence. Ben Jonson has the same quibble in his New Inn,—"Sir *Pierce* anon will *pierce* us a new hogshead." —*Johnson.*

I believe Falstaff makes this boast that the Prince may hear it; and continues the rest of the speech in a lower accent, or when he is out of hearing. Shakespeare has the same play on words in Love's Labour's Lost.—*Steevens.*

Shakespeare was not aware that he here ridiculed the serious etymology of the Scottish historian: "*Piercy a penetrando* oculum Regis Scotorum, ut fabulatur Boetius," Skinner.—*Holt White.*

Percy seems to have been pronounced as if written *Piercy.* John Davies of Hereford in 1605 dedicated his Humours Heaven on Earth to Algernon Lord Percy, son to the Earl and Countess of Northumberland; and in the dedication he thus puns on the name:

Read, little lord, this riddle learn to read;
So, first appose; then tell it to thy peers:
So shall they hold thee both in name and deed,
A perfect *Pierc-ey* that in darkness cheers.
A *Pierc-ey*, or a piercing eye doth shew
Both wit and courage; and if thou wilt learn
By moral tales sins mortal to eschew,
Thou shalt be wise and endless glory earn:
That so thou maiest thy meanest tutor prays;
So *Percie's* fame shall *pierce* the *eye* of days.—*Hunter.*

[25] *A carbonado.*

A *carbonado* is a piece of meat cut cross-wise for the gridiron. So, in the Spanish Gypsie, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:—

Carbonado thou the old rogue my father,——
While you slice into collops the rusty gammon his man.—*Steevens.*

A *carbonado* for supper.—Make cutlets of pork that is well roasted or boiled, and broil it a little upon a gridiron, then take onions and mince them small, and set them a stewing with a little verjuice; and when they are stewed, put to them a little mustard and white powder; this done, put your cutlets into a dish, and your sawse to them, and some dried toasts under them.—*The Queen's Royal Cookery*, 1715.

[26] *I like not such grinning honour.*

Inculcate frequently the proverb, and comment upon it, that one pair of legs is worth two pair of hands; that to fly is better than to die, commending Falstaff in the play deriding Sir Henry Blunt that was slain; there lies grinning honour, &c. In short, let safety and security be above all things applauded.—*Proteus Redivivus, or the Art of Wheedling*, 1679.

[27] *Thou bleed'st too much.*

After this there happened a great insurrection in England itself towards the north; and he accompanied his father there to suppress the rebellion. A large body of the rebels assembled in arms at Shrewsbury; against whom the father and son fought a long, hard, and bloody battle, in which the valour of this Henry the Prince was highly distinguished. Here, while exerting himself strenuously and with too little caution in the fight, he was wounded in the face with an arrow, and it was thought that his life was in danger. But when they would have led him

off the field, he said "With what spirit will the rest fight, if they see me their prince, and son of the king, retiring in fear? Lead me wounded as I am into the foremost rank, that I may encourage our fellow soldiers not by words but deeds, as becomes a prince." And forthwith he made a bolder attack than before upon the enemy.—*The Chronicle of Titus Livius.*

———His most courageous son,
Who bravely coming on in hope to give them chace,
It chanced he with a shaft was wounded in the face.
Drayton's Polyolbion, s. 22.

[28] *I saw him hold lord Percy at the point.*

So, Holinshed, p. 759: "—the earle of Richmond withstood his violence, and *kept him at the sword's point* without advantage, longer than his companions either thought or judged."—*Steevens.*

[29] *Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion.*

That is, thy lost *reputation;* for in that sense the word was then used. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Thierry and Theodoret:—

What *opinion* will the managing
Of this affair bring to my wisdom! my invention
Tickles with approbation on't!

Again, in the Gamester, by Shirley, 1637:—"Patience! I mean you have the *opinion* of a valiant gentleman; one that dares fight and maintain your honour against odds."—*Reed.*

[30] *Thou hast robb'd me of my youth.*

Shakespeare has chosen to make Hotspur fall by the hand of the Prince of Wales: but there is, I believe, no authority for the fact. Holinshed says, "The king slew that day with his own hand six and thirty persons of his enemies. The other (i. e. troops) of his party, encouraged by his doings, fought valiantly, and slew the Lord Percy, called Henry Hotspur." Speed says Percy was killed by an unknown hand.—*Malone.*

Prince Henry at this battle was not seventeen years of age. Why does Hotspur level his complaint there? He a little before wishes Prince Harry's name in arms were as great as his own; that his own renown might be still the higher in overcoming him; and here he says that the loss of life he better brooks than the loss of those high titles which the Prince wins of him by his defeat. Why then this regret—at the loss of his *youth?* I have a strong suspicion that our poet wrote:—"O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my *worth*," thou hast cut off the fame of all my budding honours, by this conquest of thine.—*Theobald.*

[31] *And life Time's fool.*

Hotspur in his last moments endeavours to console himself. The glory of the prince *wounds his thoughts;* but *thought*, being dependent on *life*, must cease with it, and will soon be at an end. *Life*, on which *thought* depends, is itself of no great value, being the *fool* and sport of *time;* of *time*, which with all its dominion over sublunary things, *must* itself at last be stopped.—*Johnson.*

Hotspur alludes to the Fool in our ancient farces, or the representations commonly called Death's Dance, &c. The same allusion occurs in Measure for Measure, and Love's Labour's Lost.—*Steevens.*

Steevens could not very easily have supported his opinion, that the allusion here is to the fool in the ancient farces, or in the representations called the Dance of Death; a character which has been altogether misconceived in the course of

the annotations on Shakespeare. Dr. Johnson's interpretation is much more natural and intelligible, and the allusion is certainly to the common or domestic fool, who was retained for the express purpose of affording *sport* to his still more foolish employers. In this sense our author uses *death's fool*, *fortune's fool*, and *fate's fool*. "Love's not Time's fool," Sonnet 116.—*Douce.*

[32] *So fat a deer to-day.*

There is in these lines a very natural mixture of the serious and ludicrous, produced by the view of Percy and Falstaff. I wish all play on words had been forborn.—*Johnson.*

I find the same quibble in the Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599:—"Life is as *dear* in *deer*, as 'tis in men." Again, in A Maidenhead Well Lost, 1632, a comedy, by Heywood:—"There's no *deer* so *dear* to him, but he will kill it."—*Steevens.*

Fat is the reading of the first quarto, 1598, the most authentic impression of this play, and of the folio. The other quartos have—*fair.*—*Malone.*

Clown. Oh, noble captain, we shall all be slain. Tancred, a prince of Italy, with an army hath beset the foot of the mountains, and hath vow'd to make venison of all us poor out-laws, and kill us like deer. God be with you: I'll go shift for one.

Charles. Dear we will be to him, before he do it,
And dearly sell our desperate carcases.—*Heywood's Four Prentices of London.*

So *fat* a deer seems to be the better reading, for Turbervile, in the Terms of the Ages of all Beasts of Venerie and Chase, oberves: "—You shall say by anie deare, a great deare, and not a *fayre* deare, unless it be a rowe, which in the fifth year is called a *fayre* rowe-bucke."—*Tollet.*

[33] *Embowell'd will I see thee by and by.*

An ingenious commentator has disputed the usual sense of *embowel'd* in this speech, on the ground that the prince would not be guilty of such *brutality* as to see Falstaff *eviscerated;* and he therefore contends that the meaning is, *put into the bowels of the earth.* But surely the prince designs no more than that Falstaff's body shall be embalmed in the usual manner. When the knight rises, he exclaims, "if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to *powder me*, and eat me to-morrow," evidently alluding to the practice of evisceration and subsequent treatment of a dead body by strewing aromatics over it for preservation. If the body were to be put into the bowels of the earth, as the commentator contends, Falstaff's "eat me to-morrow" would manifestly be an absurd expression. The following curious extract from the arraignment of Hugh Le Despenser, the favourite of Edward II., will set the question at rest for ever: "*Hugh* contraytour este trove, par quoy vous argardent touz lez bonez gentz de realme, meyndrez et greyndres, ryches et povrez par comun assent, que vous come larone estes trove, par quey vous serrez pendue. Et contreytour estez trove, par quey vous serrez *treynez* et quarterecez, et envoye parmy le realme. Et pur ceo que vous fuistez utlage par nostre seignour le roy et par commune assent, et estez revenue en courte sanz garrant, vous serrez decollez. Et pur ceo que vous abbestatez et procurastez discorde entre nostre seignour le roy et la royne et lez altrez del realme, si serret *enbouelleez*, et puis ils serront ars. Retrayez vous traytour tryrant reneyee, si alez vostre juyse prendre. Traytour malveys et attaynte." In English, "*Hugh Le Despencer*, you have been found an arch-traitor, for which cause all good people of the realm, great and small, rich and poor, by common consent, award you a convicted felon; *therefore you shall be hanged.* And forasmuch as

you have been found a traitor, *you shall be drawn and quartered and* (*your limbs*) *dispersed throughout the kingdom.* And having been outlawed by our lord the king, and by common assent, you have unwarrantably returned into court; *and therefore you shall be beheaded.* And because you have procured and abetted discord between our lord the king, and the queen, and others of the realm, *you shall be embowelled, and* (*your bowels*) *afterwards burnt.* Begone, traitorous renegade tyrant, and await the execution of your sentence. Wicked and attainted traitor!"—Knighton, inter Historiæ Anglicanæ Decem Scriptores, col. 2549. The author of Aulicus Coquinariæ, 1650, speaking of the opening of King James the First's body, has these words: "The next day was solemnly appointed for *imbowelling* the corps, in the presence of some of the counsell, all the physicians, chirurgions, apothecaries, and the Palsgrave's physician."—*Douce.*

[34] *Takes Hotspur on his back.*

The following extract, though referring to the last century, probably gives us information respecting a piece of stage-business of a much earlier date. "No joke ever raised such loud and repeated mirth, in the galleries, as Sir John's labour in getting the body of Hotspur on his back. If Hotspur and Falstaff had been on ill terms, or any quarrel had taken place between them, the hero, if he was so inclined, could have teazed the fat knight in such a manner as to have given him no little vexation. How Booth and Harper managed this pantomimic scene is not very easy to tell. Booth's weight and roundness of figure would render the bulky Harper's lifting him on his back worse than walking a hundred yards on uneven ground. Quin had little or no difficulty in perching Garrick upon his shoulders, who looked like a dwarf on the back of a giant. But oh! how he tugged and toiled to raise Barry from the ground! As they were rivals, and sometimes jarred, we may, without breach of charity, suppose, that Hotspur sometimes enjoyed the sweat of Falstaff. If the dead man was not friendly to the living, he might have made the weighing him up an Herculean labour. At length this upper-gallery merriment was done away by the difficulties which Henderson encountered in getting Smith on his shoulders. So much time was consumed in this pick-a-pack business, that the spectators grew tired, or rather disgusted. It was thought best, for the future, that some of Falstaff's ragamuffins should bear off the dead body," Davies.

[35] *Let him kill the next Percy himself.*

To St. James's, and there Sir W. Coventry took Sir W. Pen and me apart, and read to us his answer to the General's letter to the King, that he read last night; wherein he is very plain, and states the matter in full defence of himself, and of me with him, which he could not avoid; which is a good comfort to me, that I happened to be involved with him in the same cause. And then, speaking of the supplies which have been made to this fleet, more than ever in all kinds to any, even that wherein the Duke of York himself was, "Well," says he, "if this will not do, I will say, as Sir J. Falstaffe did to the Prince, Tell your father, that if he do not like this, let him kill the next Piercy himself."—*Pepys' Diary*, 29 Aug. 1666.

[36] *And fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.*

The whineard of the house of Shrewsberry is not like it, nor the two handed fox of John Falstaffe, which hewed in sunder fourteen out of seven principall assaylants, and left eighth and twentie equally divided bodies in the field, all slain while Shrewsberrie clock could stricke seven; of the men you must take in. Upon this new sword of Quixot's, when he got it, these words were to be seen;—*Sum* Quixoti, *pro vincere inimicos meos.* Which is thus in English;

I am Don Quixots guartha, my spatha,
With basket hilts, and blade of a lath-a.
Gayton's Festivous Notes on Don Quixot, 1654.

The want of which, caught in a humming lie,
The Knight that fought byth' clock at Shrewsberry.
The Don had kept a register, and did set downe
What gyant must be fought that day; what towne
Reliev'd; what castle batter'd; all was there,
But that he durst not shew the register.—*Ibid.*

[37] *I gave him this wound in the thigh.*

Lord Littleton observes that Shakespeare applied an action to Falstaff, which William of Malmsbury tells us was really done by one of the Conqueror's knights to the body of King Harold. I do not however believe that Lord Littleton supposed Shakespeare to have read this old Monk. The story is told likewise by Matthew Paris and Matthew of Westminster; and by many of the English chroniclers, Stowe, Speed, &c.—*Farmer.*

[38] *Three knights upon our party slain to-day.*

Of the knights, two are, Blunt, of whom we have heard already, and Sir John Shirley; but, besides these, Holinshed mentions Sir John Clifton, and Sir Nicholas Gausell, also noticed by Shakespeare, but not as killed, Sir John Cockayne, Sir John Calverley, Sir John Massie, Sir Hugh Mortimer, Sir Thomas Wendesley. These names are found in Otterbourne. The prince had said previously—"The spirits of Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms."—*Courtnay.*

[39] *A noble earl.*

Edmund Stafford, fifth earl, 1385, descended from a Bagot, who married the heiress of Stafford. This earl married Ann the daughter of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester. The present Viscount Stafford represents the family through females.

And dear it cost, and much good blood is shed,
To purchase thee a saving victory;
Great Stafford, thy high Constable, lies dead,
With Shorley, Clifton, Gawsell, Calverly.
Daniel's Civill Wars of England, iv. 53.

[40] *Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too.*

Worc'ster (who had escap'd unhappily
His death in battle) on a scaffold dies,
The next day after, in the company
Of other chiefest of that enterprise.—*Daniel*, iv. 57.

In a note on this passage it is observed that "Thomas Piercy, Earl of Worcester, with Sir Richard Vernon, and the Baron of Kinderton, were taken in the battle, and beheaded."

[41] *Hath taught us.*

"Hath *shown* us—" Thus the quarto 1598. In that of 1599, *shown* was arbitrarily changed to *taught*, which consequently is the reading of the folio. The repetition is much in our author's manner.—*Malone.*

Malone prints "*shown* us" for "taught us," though "shown" occurs in the line immediately preceding. His avowed reason was, that the quarto, 1598, has

"*shown* us," but this is a mistake, for not only has the quarto, 1598, "*taught* us," but every subsequent copy, quarto and folio. Malone had no copy of the first quarto, and hence, probably, arose his error.—*Collier.*

It is not impossible that the copy of ed. 1598, used by Malone, had the reading, *shown.*

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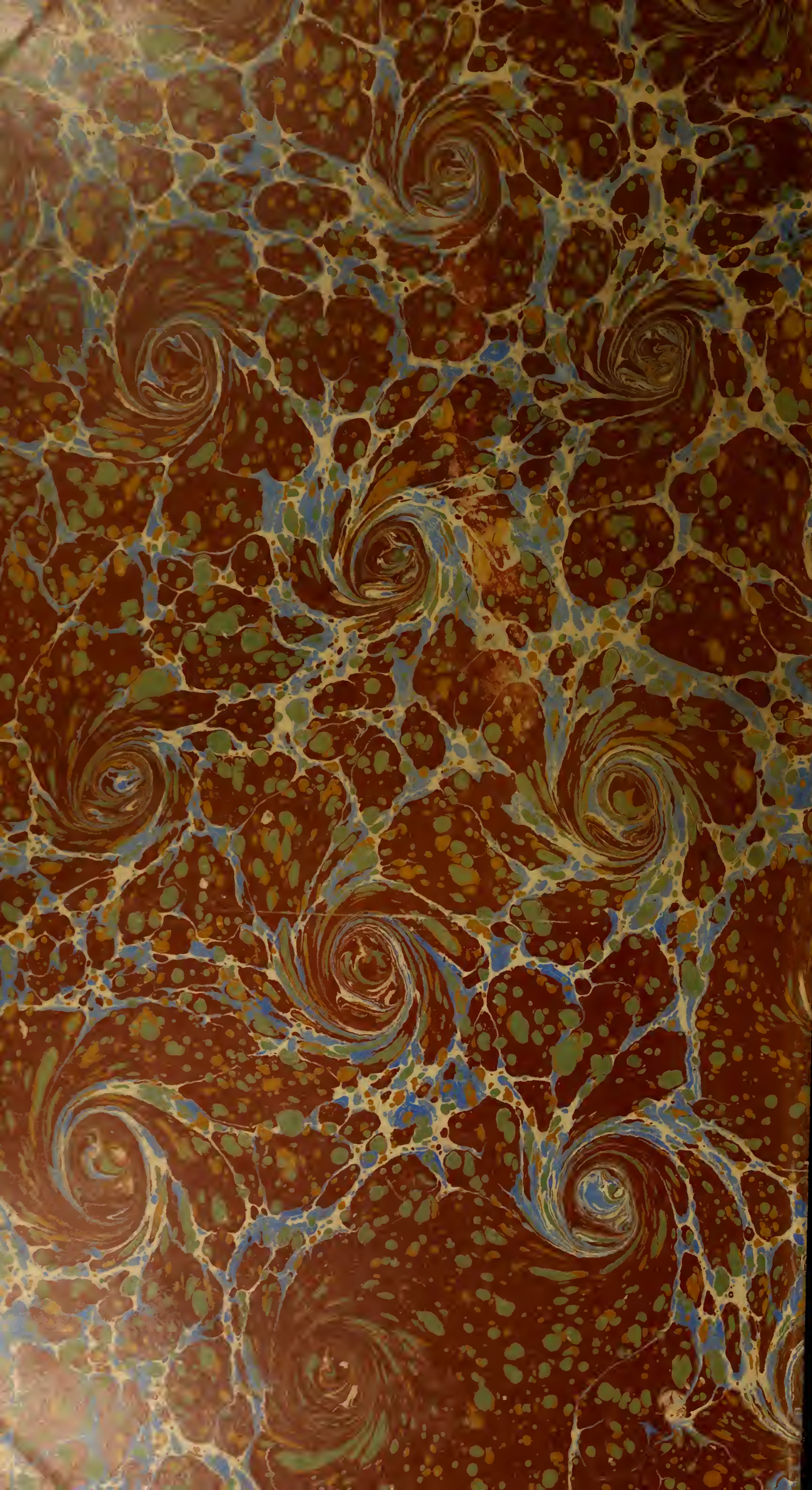
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